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# COMFORT

Mid-Summer Short-Story Number

The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes  
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See story, "Reforming Father" on page 3.

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# COMFORT

## EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

### National Menace in Lawless Spirit that Inspired the Massacre of Non-Union Miners Near Herrin, Illinois

**R**ARELY, if ever, has the country been so horrified as it was by the atrocious massacre of the non-union miners employed at the Southern Illinois Coal Company's mine six miles from Herrin, Illinois, on Thursday, June 22nd. This mine, in which the coal lies so near the surface that it can be uncovered by steam shovels, was being worked by non-union laborers from away under protection of guards brought by the Company from Chicago to prevent interference by the union coal miners who were on strike. Of the mines in that district this was the only one that attempted to operate regardless of the strike, and there had been threats of forcible interference, but the first outbreak of violence was early in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 21st, when strikers ambushed in a clump of trees fired on ten mine guards traveling along the road in a truck and severely wounded three of them before the truck could get out of range. This was the beginning of a riotous uprising of strikers that within a few hours brought together a mob of more than five thousand men bent on attacking the non-union workers at the mine.

In the streets of neighboring mining towns crowds of strikers, incited by the harrangues of impromptu speakers, armed themselves with rifles, shotguns and pistols and started for this mine. At Herrin the mob invaded two hardware stores, bound and gagged the proprietors and clerks and forcibly took and carried away all the weapons, ammunition and explosives found in these establishments. Through that afternoon and the following night a battle was waged between the small force of mine guards posted behind a stockade and the thousands of strikers who surrounded them and from trees and other vantage points on the encircling hills directed against them a ceaseless rain of bullets. It is claimed that the besieged laborers took no part in the fight, but sought such shelter as was available within the works and consequently very few, if any, of them were hurt during the battle. The occupants of the mine lost their food and water supply by the capture of their provision car and the blowing up of the pumping station by the strikers.

As further resistance against such a vastly superior attacking force was hopeless the superintendent of the mine at sunrise ran up a white flag and yielded to the strikers' demands which included immediate surrender and assurance that the Company would cease attempting to operate the mine. The casualties among the strikers had been few—no more than two of them reported killed. The defenders had lost more heavily in the fight, but just how many of them were killed or wounded before they surrendered has not been ascertained because of subsequent occurrences. Thus ended the fighting but not the slaughter which was resumed with a vengeance as soon as the strikers got the helpless objects of their animosity in their power.

#### Massacred after Surrender

According to the Associated Press reports, the substantial accuracy of which stands unchallenged, more than fifty and maybe sixty mine guards and non-union laborers fell into the hands of the strikers, and after they had been disarmed and securely bound at least nineteen of these helpless prisoners were murdered in cold blood and nearly as many more wounded. The fiendish barbarity that characterized this massacre can hardly be matched outside of Turkey, Mexico and Soviet Russia. The report states that the mine superintendent was the first to be shot and fell dead; the others were tied together in small groups and then rushed off in different directions. Joseph O'Rourke, in the hospital at Herrin, with half-a-dozen bullet holes through his body gave the reporter a vivid description of the bloody work that followed. Mr. O'Rourke said:

"They tied five men with me, took us out on the road and told us to run. We ran and hun-

dreds of bullets followed us. We staggered on, but finally three of our group fell, pulling down the others tied with us, several bullet holes being in me already. I laid there while men came up and fired more shots into us from three or four feet. Then everything went black. I woke up later and begged for water but there was not any. I remember being dragged along the road, but I don't know what by." O'Rourke's story was confirmed by two of the men tied with him, who, though terribly wounded, were still alive; the other three were killed. These were the six found beside the road that morning by the Associated Press reporter who tried to carry water to them, but was not permitted to help them, and he gives the following account of this incident and of other evidences seen by him as indicative of the utter savagery that actuated the mob and appeared to dominate the community:

"Out in a road near the mine, six men tied together, all of them wounded by bullets and blows, lay in a scorching sun, while hundreds of men and women laughed at their pleas for water. One of the men, his face bloody and one shoulder shot away, apparently was within a few moments of death. 'Please boys give me a drink,' he moaned. A laugh from the hundreds of spectators was the only reply. The A. P. reporter rushed to a house for water and when he returned he was faced by a crowd and quickly drawn pistols and told to keep away. When the man begged again for water, 'For God's sake,' a young woman with a baby in her arms placed her foot on the body and said, 'I'll see you in hell before you get any water.' The men apparently had been dragged down a rock road behind an automobile. Their clothes were torn and pieces of gravel were imbedded in their flesh." Of other sights that he beheld that Thursday morning he says:

"The scenes of death today were gruesome. Bodies, many with limbs shot away, lay along the roadside or were strung from trees. Men wounded and dying were stretched out on roads and in fields with none of the hundreds of passers-by able to lend a helping hand. Attempts to assist the wounded in the early part of the day brought rebuffs from the spectators, backed in some cases by drawn guns. Later the feeling quieted down and some of the wounded were taken to hospitals." Besides the nineteen dead in the Herrin morgue and the wounded in the hospitals how many more fell victims to the rage of the union strikers and their sympathizers will never be determined because an unknown number were burned at the mine, and other bodies are said to have been thrown into a pond. Most of them were strangers and but few of the corpses have been identified. It seems hardly probable that any of those who surrendered at the mine could have escaped unhurt; if so, they are not telling of it.

#### A Community Pervaded by a Defiant Spirit of Lawlessness

Extremely revolting as was the horrible inhumanity of the mob the affair assumes a graver aspect as an example of a community pervaded by a defiant spirit of lawlessness not only manifest in the prevailing sentiment of the populace but also apparent in the apathetic inaction of, if not positive encouragement by, local officials charged with the duty of upholding the law and preserving the peace. On the day following the massacre Governor Small, of Illinois, indignant because of the neglect of duty on the part of these officials both as to efforts to prevent the tragedy and to bring the perpetrators to justice, appointed a military commission consisting of Maj. Gen. Foreman and four other National Guard officers to make an investigation. The Governor's view of the recreant conduct of the county officials is reflected in the reported instructions to Gen. Foreman "particularly to learn why the District Attorney had not taken steps toward convening a special session of the grand jury; why the cor-

oner's inquest had not been held, and why these officials repeatedly refused to authorize Col. Hunter (representing the Adjutant General) to call for troops, even after an indignation meeting of miners was held the day before the fighting started and even after the miners had marched on the mine; also to learn why Sheriff Thaxton repeatedly told Col. Hunter that he could handle the situation and yet ignored Col. Hunter's request that some special preparations for an emergency be made."

He was ordered to "investigate the failure of the local officials to send out an adequate force of deputies the night the fighting began and during the next day when almost unheard-of deeds of cruelty and brutality were committed; and why repeated requests from the Governor for information after the trouble started were ignored by county authorities, and why, when he was receiving scores of telegrams from private citizens telling of the outrages he was continually informed by the authorities that the situation was well in hand and that the troops were not needed."

Later the coroner went through the formality of holding an inquest which turned out, as expected—a disgraceful travesty, screening instead of bringing to light, the guilty. The few law-abiding citizens of that community who were not in sympathy with the outrageous purpose and action of the mob constituted so small a minority that they were cowed and powerless to oppose the dominant majority of the populace whose lawless and defiant attitude was exhibited in the brazen effrontery of their threats as well as by their flagrant misconduct. When it was rumored that the Governor might send the militia to restore peace and enforce a respectful observance of law they announced their determination to resist the authority of the State, and the generally expressed sentiment was that the way they had settled this labor dispute was exclusively their own local affair in which they would not submit to any meddling from outside, and that the punishment of the non-union miners by the mob was justifiable and no more than was deserved for working in the places of union men who were out on strike.

#### Lawlessness as a Strike Adjunct Must Be Sternly Dealt With

These murdered non-union miners died martyrs to the cause of human liberty, but their sacrifice will not have been in vain if, as a horrible example of the consequences naturally resulting from the policy of intimidation and violent interference with personal and property rights so commonly resorted to by strikers to gain their ends, it arouses the people and public officials throughout the land to an appreciative sense of the dangerous and wicked tyranny involved in any person or group of persons assuming to dictate the terms on which another shall sell his own labor, and spurs the Federal and State authorities to take measures to eradicate this evil. Touching on this subject in his Fourth-of-July address President Harding said:

"The foremost thought, in the Constitution is the right to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. Men must be free to live and achieve. Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied a right to work and live by that work. It does not matter who denies.

"Every American has the right to labor without any other's leave. It would be no less an abridgment to deny men to bargain collectively. Government can not tolerate any class or grouped domination through force. It will be a sorry day when group domination is reflected in our laws. Government, and the laws which government is charged with enforcing, must be for all the people, ever aiming at the common good."

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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# REFORMING FATHER

By Maud Mary Brown

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**M**R. Deane cast a gratified glance over the sparsely-filled Pullman, opened his brief case, and settled himself to a consideration of a recent Supreme Court decision.

His peace was, however, of short duration, for at the next stop two girls entered the car and, amid much chatter and high-pitched laughter, found their chairs opposite his.

Their bright, restless eyes raced up one aisle and down the other.

"Antiques!" sniffed one disgustedly as she applied herself to the retouching of an already overdone face.

From that moment Mr. Deane found concentration impossible. Explosions of mirth battered against his ear-drums and fragments of conversational rubbish entangled themselves in his brain till, in sheer self-defense, he retreated to the smoking compartment.

The only other occupant of the compartment was a stout and affable stranger. "What is it, brother?" he queried, smiling at Mr. Deane's wild look.

Ordinarily Mr. Deane would have resented the familiarity, but in his present state of mind he ignored it.

"Those dratted girls!" He smiled at his own vehemence.

"Know what they're doing? Gambling, if you please. That is, when they're not using lipsticks or discussing petting parties or reviling the railroad companies for not providing women a place to smoke. In heaven's name, where is the present generation headed?"

The stranger's shrewd eyes twinkled. "I take it you haven't a little fairy in your home," he said.

"I have a daughter, if that's what you're driving at, but if she dressed the way those girls are dressed or talked the way they talk, old as she is, and she's seventeen, I'd paddle her."

The stout man chuckled. "Either familiarity has bred blindness," he observed, "or your daughter is a damned lonesome girl."

Mr. Deane bridled. "Of course my daughter is modern," he said, "and as keen as a brier, if you'll take a father's word for it, but she's a gentwoman."

"Conceivably, by the world's standards, those girls out there are, too."

"Then they conceal it admirably. There's something deucedly wrong with our system. The youngsters are running away and are headed straight for destruction. Something ought to be done."

"Well, the insurrection began in the home, and I guess it will have to be stopped there."

"What do you mean?"—sharply.

"Why, I have a notion that the trouble began when paddling as a family institution went out of fashion." The fat man sat back and drew firmly at his cigar.

"You may be right," assented Mr. Deane doubtfully. "But my Deborah never needed it. If she had, my wife would have seen that she got it."

He reverted once more to the offensive girls outside whose shrill laughter frequently reached their ears.

"Why," he said, "if my daughter was like that, I'd drive her out into the country some dark night and lose her."

The stranger laughed softly. "Well, if she didn't choose to be lost, you'd most likely find her on your doorstep the next morning. The chances are, though, that she'd thank you for the lift and run ahead to meet new adventure."

Mr. Deane, more troubled than he would have cared to admit, leaned forward, a little surprised that he was finding it so easy to talk with this stranger.

"You know," he began, "admitting that you're right about the paddling—what are we going to do about it now? We can't turn our children back to the paddling age—we've got to start from here. Not," he added, straightening, "that it's my problem."

The stranger rose and collected his bags, for the train was already slackening for his station.

"We've got to give the youngsters a job," he said seriously. "They need an outlet for their vitality. Their splendid energy that ought to be turned into power is wasted in fidgeting. Set 'em to work and the problem will solve itself."

Mr. Deane rose. "I believe you're right," he said as he held out his hand.

The stout man turned in the door of the compartment, his cheeks pink. "I'll never see you again," he began diffidently, "or I wouldn't be saying this."

"I'm not a Godly man; I'm a traveling man, no better, no worse than the average, but I believe that when parents had family prayers and took their brood to church, they raised a sturdier crop of youngsters than we're doing today."

"There's something incongruous about a vanity case in church, and a boy hesitates to light his cigarette on the way home with dad and mother."

"We've made long and progressive strides away from Puritanism, but we've lost something, too. For one thing, we've lost sight of the structural value of work in character building. Here I go. Good by."

He turned and dropped off the car without a backward look.

Mr. Deane settled back with a smile. "I've heard worse sermons in my day," he soliloquized. "And the beggar's right. Oh, thank heaven that Deborah's steady. I'll get her some violets on the way up from the station. How she'll love them! I believe I have just begun to appreciate my daughter."

He finished his journey, his thoughts very tender.

Mrs. Deane met her husband in the hall and received the two bunches of violets.

"Lovely," she cried. "You must have won your case."

"It happens I did, but those are not by way of celebrating that. It occurred to me on the way home, that I haven't half appreciated Deborah and what you have made of her."

Mrs. Deane smiled ruefully. "You mustn't over-rate us," she warned. "Dinner is ready. Dale, run along and brush up. I want to hear the news."

"Where is Deborah?" he asked later, as he seated his wife at the table.

"Not in yet. She went to a matinee with the girls."

"The Daily Dozen?" he smiled. "She's popular, isn't she?"

Mrs. Deane nodded. "There she comes now. Hurry, Deborah!" she called as the street door banged. "We've begun dinner."

But Deborah, it appeared, was in no haste. Through a mirror, without turning his head, Mr. Deane could see into the hall.

He saw the smart hat tossed carelessly on a seat; he saw Deborah's long, white fingers fluttering through the thick, bright curls of her bobbed hair; he observed the flash of a powder-puff and the swift, deft stroke of a lip-stick.

His heart lurched. All her gestures were those of the girls of the train. He felt his cheeks growing hot at the thought of his boasts to the stranger.

"You're late, Deborah," he said as she slid into her place.

"I'm not hungry," she replied indifferently.

"But a dinner hour is an engagement, Deborah."

She lifted the heavy lids of her fog-gray eyes. "What's an engagement between friends?" she said. "Besides," she drawled, "if you insist upon having your dinner at the prehistoric hour of six, you must expect your modern offspring to be tardy."

"Please see that you're on time in future, Deborah," he said, making his voice severe.

Deborah, with a gesture copied from the screen, laid her napkin beside her plate.

"Excuse me, mother," she said. "I am going to my room."

And she went, with a stride also borrowed from the screen.

"You've done it, Dale," Mrs. Deane sighed as they heard her door close.

"Done what, I'd like to know," he said defensively.

"You've mounted her on her high horse. The modern girl is very jealous of her dignity, dear, and she doesn't like censure."

"Dignity! You've given them too much credit. Gad, Cynthia! Deborah surprises me. I didn't realize she was like that."

"Are people today are a problem."

"Young people afraid of her, Cynthia?"

She flushed. "Of course not Dale; don't be silly; but we've got to keep her from being defiant and hard."

He was silent for a few moments. Then, "I think I've taken Deborah a good deal for granted," he said. "I suppose I have just established an ideal in my mind and named it Deborah. I find myself rather shocked. Do you like her like this, Cynthia?"

"Of course I don't. None of us mothers does. But what are we to do? It's a vogue that we are hoping will soon pass."

"I suppose, mother, that we are, in the last analysis, responsible for what she is. I suppose it isn't quite fair to lay it all to the times."

"She is fundamentally sound, Dale."

"Well, she won't be long, assuming she's as bad as she's painted."

"You've just begun to think on a subject that has worried me for a year. I have tried to be tolerant and understanding, Dale. We can't fight the times; we can't force our daughter into a class by herself without making her miserable. And a happy girlhood is a precious heritage."

"But she doesn't look happy. We've got to think this thing through, mother."

His voice took a lower register as they heard Deborah's step on the stairs.

"Honey," called Mrs. Deane brightly, "I forgot to tell you that father brought you some violets."

Deborah, pretty, and as gay as a parakeet in her colorful frock, stood poised in the doorway. It seemed to her father, even before she spoke, that she was desquinted insolent.

"Violets?" she scoffed. "Violets are like weak tea when you're expecting a cocktail. Why be a piker, old dear? Why not say it with orchids?"

"Where are you going, dear?" broke in her mother hastily.

"To the Kialto again, mumus. We are all cuckoo over Trentino. So long." The door closed definitely behind her.

The eyes of Deborah's parents met. "She was only paying her score, Dale," Mrs. Deane sighed. "After all, it may be better than sulking."

Mr. Deane rose abruptly and retreated to his library, but all the evening his brief case lay unopened upon his desk. The responsibility of parenthood suddenly appeared to him as a baffling task.

Clearly his wife was intimidated by the situation—obsessed by the fear that she might drive their headstrong daughter further along the path of recklessness. That put the matter directly up to him and he was as bereft of a constructive plan as an infant.

Late in the evening an impulse sent him softly up the stairs and into Deborah's room. Inside he stood, hands in pockets, looking curiously about. Pictures of screen favorites were in every conceivable place. There were several of the precious Trentino.

"If each one cost a quarter," Mr. Deane mused, "this gallery runs into money."

He stroled over to the dressing table and stood looking at the untidy jumble of jars and boxes, lip-sticks and eyebrow pencils. Between thumb and finger, he held up a cigarette holder and looked at it as one who distrusts the evidence of his senses.

"Deborah!" he breathed. "Oh, my God!" It was not a profanity.

"Well?"

How long he had stood there, he had no means of knowing, but at Deborah's sharp monosyllable he wheeled and faced her.

"Hello, Deborah!" Trained always to be on guard, he commanded a natural voice.

"I was just prowling around," he explained.

She flushed resentfully. "Oh!" she said.

"Jolly little room, Deb."

He was suddenly alert and feeling his way with the unerring instinct which had made him one of the cleverest lawyers of his state.

"What does mother say to all this?" His gesture included the entire room.

"She makes a noise like a mother," snapped Deborah.

He laughed. "She would. You and I know that mother is just a little bit—prudish—don't we, puss?"

Deborah's fog-gray eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You seem to have changed your tune since dinner," she said.

"Oh, that! That, my child, was for mother's benefit."

Puzzled, she sank into a chair and he hastily averted his eyes from a silken knee.

"Was it a petting party tonight?" he asked casually.

She flushed crimson. "What do you know about petting parties?" she shot at him.

"I am my daughter's father, Deb. And not so old as you seem to think."

He went over to her, and though she tried to elude him, he placed a hand under her firm little chin and tilted her face upward.

"Are we going to be pals?" he asked.

She lowered her eyes but he did not permit her to free her head.

"How about urging mother to go out to Oregon this summer with Aunt Carrie?"

"No!" said Deborah sternly, her eyes turning to black.

"Better think it over."

He held the cigarette holder to her and forced her reluctant hands to take it.

"Will you have a good night cigarette with dad?" he urged, his eyes holding hers.

"No!" she cried again. "I won't as a p-prize," she explained falteringly.

"Fine business. Well, if you won't smoke with me, I'll cut along. Night, Deborah."

She followed him to the door and without a word shut it behind him and stood with her back to it, her breath coming fast.

"Father!" she agonized. "Oh, my God!" It was not profanity.

She flung the cigarette holder into the grate and threw herself into a chair.

She had had a fairly steady diet of moving pictures. She knew from them that men often led double lives; that the gaming table or drink or designing women frequently ruined homes.

Some such vicious agency must be responsible for her father's attitude. And he thought that she would condone it! She shuddered at the monstrous suggestion.

How long had he kept his vice hidden—or could keep it? How long before his personal and professional honor would be dragged through the mire of public scandal? Poor mother! It would kill her. It might be the best thing for her to go away while she tried to straighten things out at home.

She went to bed but not to sleep. She had constructed a hasty but very convincing plot and had set herself to play the major role.

Mr. Deane also passed a white night. Tearing out of one's daughter's mind the ideal that has been proudly implanted is a painful operation. He awoke neither rested nor comforted.

For the first time in months, Deborah was on time for breakfast and her white cheeks and shadowed eyes tortured her father. However, he gaily brought up the subject of his wife's trip.

"Deborah and I had a conference last night,"

he began, "and we decided that you need a change, mother."

Deborah leaped to Deborah's lips but she bit it back.

"Leave you two helpless infants?" laughed Mrs. Deane.

"Helpless! Are we going to stand for that, chick?"

Deborah braced herself. She wanted most terribly to put her hand on her mother's shoulder and to cuddle her hand in hers. She wanted to be shielded from the blow which she feared. But to be shielded was no longer her line of conduct. From now on she must shield mother.

"Dance go, mother," she urged gently.

Restless and uneasy, Deborah again went to the pictures in the evening. The plot was trite, but so apt as to seem to her to hold a psychic warning. There was the old-fashioned, devoted wife; the smart, pleasure-loving husband; a designing woman completed the triangle.

When it was over, she refused to go with her crowd for ice cream. She insisted upon going home alone, notwithstanding the fact that her parents would disapprove of her going up-town unaccompanied at that time of evening. She felt so old and tired that it seemed impossible that anything could harm her now.

She had reached the dark end of Main Street when a man fell into step beside her.

"Hello, girly!" he began insinuatingly.

Deborah until that moment unmindful that she was being followed, wheeled. She was not frightened; there was not room enough in her mind for another emotion.

"What do you want?" she demanded sharply.

"No up-stage stuff goes with me, girly."

She peered into his weak, not ill-natured face.

"What do you think I am?" she asked quietly.

He stared at her in turn and her face and breeding got across to him. "I see," he said.

"You're a false alarm. Run along home to mamma. And take it from me, sister, it's rotten business to advertise unless you intend to deliver the goods."

He slouched away, leaving Deborah to race home, her blood at fever heat from rage and humiliation.

She crept softly up the stairs and went to bed without turning on the light. She was thankful for the darkness; thankful for the safety of home. And she must keep it safe. For mother.

Mrs. Deane, her objections overborne by her husband and her daughter, began preparations for her trip, and Deborah, much to her mother's surprise, voluntarily separated herself from her crowd to help her.

"We're running up some frightful bills," protested Mrs. Deane when urged on to some fresh extravagance.

"Don't you care, mother. If you only knew how desirable you look! It pays to dress to the nines, mums, even if you are married. You'll come home rested and prepared to vamp dad," she finished with a wise nod of her bright curls.

The day came when the last bag was closed, and Deborah, her heart heavy, went with her father to see her mother aboard her train.

For the first time in her life, responsibility, like a cumbersome garment, descended upon her shoulders as she watched the train round the curve and disappear.

She drove her father up to his office, he settling back on the cushions with a deep breath.

"Don't you, our little holiday sister," he said.

"Don't call me that," she said sharply.

"What's the matter, Deb? You look like a ghost. Did you leave off your make-up as a last concession to mother? Well, she's gone now. Go as far as you like."

"I'm not using any more," said Deborah stiffly.

"Oh, well, suit yourself, though personally I'm for it. And, Deborah, I may not be home to dinner tonight. Amuse yourself with the Daily Dozen. Have them all over to dinner, if you like."

Deborah narrowly missed a truck. "Father," she said, slowing down. "I shall be most awfully lonesome tonight. I don't feel like larking. Please come home."

He sighed. "I thought," he said, "that our freedom began today."

Deborah drove home and wandered disconsolately over the house. She had just slumped in a chair to give herself over to woe when the telephone shrilled.

"No," she answered Sylvia Gray's impetuous summons. "I can't go on a picnic—or to the country club—or to the movies tonight. No, I don't want to dance on your piazza. I'm busy. With mother away, the cares of this house are on my shoulders."

Her color rose hotly as she listened. "Laugh!" she cried. "Laugh all you like. No, it won't do you any good to come over. Well, I'm not trying to be polite. Bye."

That call electrified her. With broom and duster and flowers, with alluringly-placed chairs and magazines within easy reach of them, she contrived to re-place a soul in the rooms that, with her mother's absence, had seemed so drearily empty.

Then she went to the kitchen, presided over by chocolate-colored Edna.

"I want a perfectly scrumptious dinner," Deborah told her. "Everything that father likes."

"No thick steak," Edna said good-naturedly. "And apple pie."

Deborah's face fell. "I thought eclairs or meringues, or something like that."

"You leave it to me, Miss Deborah; I know what Miss Deane likes."

"All right, light of my life," Deborah sighed. "Make it snappy, though, and never mind the bills."

Mr. Deane brought a martyred air home that evening. He but faintly praised the excellent dinner, grew uneasy over his coffee and deferred lighting his cigar.

"Now, why don't you run along and play?" he suggested when they went into the library. He looked at his watch. "I have an engagement—"

"Break it," Deborah advised swiftly.

She pushed him into his favorite chair, drew up a smoker's stand and thrust an open magazine into his hand.

"I ran across this article today," she said, "and I knew you would like it."

He leaned back reluctantly. "What's the big idea?" he asked querulously.

"I'm lonesome," Deborah replied softly.

"All right," he said wickedly. "I'll amuse you by reading this article aloud."

Deborah was bored to tears and managed to look reasonably intelligent only by sheer will power. It was a long article and it was nearly midnight before she groped her way up the stairs to her room.

"It anchored him," she said sleepily, "and who cares if my brain does reel? Mother," she added as her drowsy head touched the pillow, "I've won the first round."

The Daily Dozen were on hand early the next morning, but Deborah shook her head at their plans for the day.

"Count me out," she said; "I'm playing golf with father this afternoon."

"Playing with father?" they booted.

"You're posing, Deborah Deane," the astute Sylvia Gray accused. "You're trying this minute to look like Elsie Ferguson."

Deborah's eyes darkened and her color rose.

"She looks like something picked out of the garbage," a pert-faced girl jeered. "Here, honey; take my vanity case, and for the love of John, re-touch!"

"Oh," flared Deborah, "keep your old vanity case! You're all so darned young!"

On Sunday morning Mr. Deane came down to breakfast, beaming.

"No church for me today," he gloated.

"Don't fool yourself, dad," Deborah said calmly. "You're going with me."

He stared. "Why, I don't believe you've been to church for a year, Deb."

"Well, I'm going today. In mother's place. And you're coming, too, dad."

"But this is the limit, Deb. I spent Friday evening with you; yesterday afternoon we played golf together and dined at the club and I danced with you in the evening."

"If you've the nerve to call it dancing," Deborah giggled.

"And now you're planning to take me to church. What's the idea, Deb? I like you, but I ask you when my vacation is going to begin. Do you plan to personally conduct me for two months? What?"

"There's the first bell, dad; run along and get dressed."

For the afternoon Deborah staged a motor jaunt with a picnic supper on the river, and her father, sighing inwardly for his easy-chair and the Sunday paper, was dragged along by his energetic daughter.

Those two days were a fair example of the ones which followed. Only a few evenings did Mr. Deane succeed in breaking away from the vigilant Deborah, and on those nights she sat by the window in her room, waiting anxiously for his stealthy tread on the stairs, and not till she had heard his door close would she go to bed.

It taxed all her time and ingenuity to keep him amused. She speedily observed that when the house became untidy or there was a slackening of the supervision of the meals, he grew restless and more difficult to manage.

So, unaccustomed as she was to responsibility and labor, and hating both as she did, she nevertheless put a little more of the weight of her young shoulders against the wheel she had determined to move.

However, she was not wholly unhappy. An inherited love of order gave bringing it about its own peculiar satisfaction, and under Edna's good-natured instruction she took as keen an interest in being her father's birthday cake as she had once taken in powdering her nose.

Too, she loved mystifying her friends and when, on rare occasions, she joined them in their frolics, she was thrilled under the admiring attention of the boys and the resultant irritation of the girls. She was creating a vogue and it stimulated her far more than she had ever been stimulated by running with the pack.

Mostly she dramatized herself. Mostly she wore a rapt expression and premeditated every word and gesture. However, as the days passed, life to Deborah became more than a posture; it became a vital experience, with service as its motivation.



# Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



He came forward to greet them  
with extended hand.



I cannot take it! I cannot take it—and  
from you, of all persons! he said brokenly.



He linked his arm familiarly  
with Ralph's, and drew him  
from the room.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Roosevelt, who learns her grandmother gave her the name of Star. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and Mr. Sherbrooke draws an exquisitely carved stone from his necktie and Stella pins the shawl. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cold reception from her aunt and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father. Mr. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Upon his arrival he is taken to the lodge to sleep. Mr. Roosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch, where they meet Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Roosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Roosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arrange a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her, and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Roosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions, and accusing him with untruthfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Roosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carrol leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Roosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. The next day is her eighteenth birthday and to celebrate Mr. Roosevelt invites her for a ride and calling at a beautiful house she is met by Mrs. Blunt who has a nice lunch for them, after which they go through the house and Mr. Roosevelt admits she is to be his heiress. Going to Newport, they meet Mrs. Richards and Josephine, who are stunned when they learn of his immense wealth and intention to leave all to Stella, and Mrs. Richards resolves to stay and make Star as uncomfortable as she can. Ralph Meredith and his sister arrive. Going on a picnic, Josephine picks up a pet dog which proves to be mad, and Star saves her from a horrible fate and falls fainting in Ralph Meredith's arms and through Grace's explanation of Star's courage, she becomes the heroine of the place and Mrs. Richards and Josephine suddenly return home. Ralph seeks an interview with Star and asks for her love. She tells the story of her life and betrothal to Archibald Sherbrooke and while he appears a traitor she loves him still. Promising Ralph she will still be his friend, they join Grace and Mr. Roosevelt. Ralph leaves for New York and after a short visit through the White Mountains and at Niagara, Grace, Star and Mr. Roosevelt plan a Western trip.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### "I PROMISE."

ON returning to New York, Star learned that Ralph Meredith had sailed for Europe a couple of days before their arrival. One day they were out making a few necessary purchases, when suddenly, in one of the stores, they came upon Mr. Richards. He looked aged and careworn, neglected and unhappy. His face lighted with momentary pleasure, however, when he caught sight of Mr. Roosevelt and Star, and he came forward to greet them with extended hand.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you once more," he said, heartily. "I am not going to reproach you either for running away from us, for, unpleasant as it is for me to say it, I could not blame you under the circumstances."

But it is only within a week or two that I have learned of the change in your life; and, Uncle Jacob, I am sincerely glad that you did not lose your fortune, as we supposed."

"Thank you. Then you do not feel aggrieved over the ruse I played upon you?" replied Mr. Roosevelt, regarding him searchingly.

"Not at all; it was no more than right that you should wish to know who was worthy to be your heir," but he sighed heavily as he spoke, as he remembered how unworthy his wife had proved herself to be.

"How goes the world with you?" Mr. Roosevelt asked, and noticing the return of the careworn look to Mr. Richards' face.

"Rather discouragingly just now. I have met with some pretty heavy losses lately; don't know whether I shall be able to pull through all right or not. A couple of weeks will tell the story, however."

He spoke in a desperate tone, and there was a look in his eyes that made Star shudder and involuntarily draw closer to Mr. Roosevelt.

"You don't mean that you are in danger of going under?" he said, in surprise, and remembering how his wife and daughter had flourished at Newport.

"Just that," Mr. Richards returned, nervously; "but if it were not for the horror I have of debt, and the thought that others must suffer through me, I would gladly lay down my arms and give up the battle; I am tired to death of this endless struggle to keep up appearances."

"But," he added, trying to speak more cheerfully, "I won't bore you with my troubles. How well you are both looking; and Star—they tell me you are the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride.' I declare I was never prouder of anything in my life when I heard it. I always knew you'd make your mark in the world."

"Now that I have found you," he said, later, "tell me where you live and I will come to see you. I will not invite you to Brooklyn," he continued, with a frown, "for I know you could not come there with any comfort, though I should be glad enough to see you there."

While he was speaking, Star had drawn a little back, so that Mr. Roosevelt was between her and Mr. Richards, and he could not see her face at all.

"Uncle Jacob," she whispered, close to his ear, "cannot we do something to help him out of his trouble? He looks so wild and desperate that he frightens me. He was always kind to me, and I'll willingly give up California or anything else you please."

Josephine's face flushed hotly at these words, and a strange gleam came into his fine eyes. He appeared to take no notice of her plea, but after giving Mr. Richards their street and number, continued:

"If you have no other engagement, George, come up and dine with us tonight, and see how cozy we are. We have dinner at six, and as I leave for California on Wednesday night, I am afraid we shall not see you again."

George Richards caught his breath with a sudden gasp at this intelligence, and Star noticed again that frenzied gleam in his eyes which had made her heart throb painfully.

"California, do you?" he said, trying to speak steadily. "Well, I will come, of course, then; for life is uncertain, you know, and I may never see you again," he added, with a harsh, grating laugh. "Thank you for the invitation, and as I have no engagement, I will be on hand in season for dinner. But I must be off now, for I have agreed to meet a couple of gentlemen at twelve, and it only wants fifteen minutes of that now."

He lifted his hat and bowed to them, then turned away; but the white-haired gentleman and the beautiful girl who stood looking after him saw the aged, dejected look return almost instantly to his face, and heard the heavy sigh that escaped his lips, telling of some fearful burden of care that was weighing his life away.

"So you want me to help George Richards out of his trouble, do you, Star?" Mr. Roosevelt said, on their way home, and his eyes rested fondly on the graceful figure sitting by his side, driving her pretty gray ponies.

"Perhaps it was presuming in me to ask you to do so, Uncle Jacob," Star answered, gravely, and flushing a vivid crimson; "but I feel very sorry for him. He was kind to me in many ways while I was living with his family, and but for him I should have been made a common servant."

When George Richards was ushered into Jacob Roosevelt's luxurious and cozy dining-room that evening, where the table was laid with exquisite taste for three, his eyes lighted, and the look of care vanished as if by magic from his face.

"He is almost himself again, I think," Star thought, with a happy little smile, as once, after a comic song which she sang to him, Mr. Richards leaned back in his chair and laughed long and heartily.

But this could not go on forever, and finally Mr. Roosevelt led him to talk business, and asked him to tell him just what his trouble was.

Once the anxious, careworn man again said, "I do not like to trouble you, Uncle Jacob," he said, unhesitatingly. "You have had your day of business, with all its cares and perplexities, without bothering your brain with those of other people. I'm in a terrible muddle, it is true; but—I guess there will be some way out of it; and there came into his eyes that same wild, desperate look which Star had noticed in the morning, and which made her shudder with a terrible fear."

But Mr. Roosevelt insisted, and finally drew from him a true statement of facts.

"I am sorry you are having such a hard time of it, George," he said, thoughtfully, when he had concluded, "How much would it take to relieve you of your embarrassment?"

Mr. Richards cast a startled look at the old gentleman at this question; then, while a deep flush mounted to his brow, he said:

"I can raise enough to meet all my present liabilities with ten thousand dollars. I have tried to borrow it everywhere, but everybody seems to have become suddenly shy of me for some reason, and I might as well be without a dollar in the world as without the whole amount. If I could raise it, it would set me on my legs again, for my credit would be good, and, with care and patience, I believe I could retrieve my position."

Star almost held her breath while she waited for Mr. Roosevelt's reply to this.

To her infinite surprise, he turned to her. "My dear," he said, gently, "you shall return some of the kindness of which you told me this morning. I think you understand what I want you to do."

He glanced at her concluded toward the private drawer in his desk, where he always kept his checkbook, and she knew that he wanted her to go and fill out a check for the amount that Mr. Richards had named to the desk, unlocked the drawer with trembling fingers, and drew forth the book.

Opening it, she filled out a check, as she had often done for him during the last few months, then tearing it out, carried it to him, with a pen filled with ink.

He turned it over and wrote his name on the back without a word, and then returned it to her to sign.

She took it mechanically, but stood irresolute for a moment, looking at him, while her cheeks grew crimson.

"Give it to him, dear; it is to be your gift," Mr. Roosevelt said, glancing at Mr. Richards, who sat staring at them both in blank amazement.

A brilliant smile parted Star's red lips; she shot a grateful look at Uncle Jacob, and, advancing to their visitor's side, laid the check down before him.

One glance at the figures, and the overburdened man bowed his head upon the table with a groan.

"I cannot take it! I cannot take it—and from you of all persons!" he said, brokenly.

"Why not, from her?" Mr. Roosevelt asked, huskily. "All that I have belongs to this dear girl, and, as I have told her many times, I live only to make her happy. She asked me to do this today after we met you, because, she said, you had been kind to her in the past, and she longed to help you out of your trouble. So take it as her gift, my boy; make the best use of it that you can, and welcome."

George Richards groaned again, while he reached forth and grasped the old man's hand, wringing it in silent gratitude, yet overwhelmed with shame and remorse as he remembered all that he and the fair-haired, gentle girl standing beside him had suffered while they were members of his family.

When he arose to take his leave, he took both of Star's hands in his and drew her aside, where he could speak to her alone.

"But for you," he said, in unsteady tones, "I should have been a ruined man a week hence. To tell you that I am ashamed to receive this gift from you does not express half what I feel when I look back and remember your position in my family. But you have bestowed it so kindly and delicately that it would be churlish in me to refuse it; and you have taught me a lesson, which, God helping me, I will never forget—a lesson of forgiveness and charity; and no one in my house shall ever be treated unkindly again, no matter what their position may be," he concluded, with stern resolution.

"Please forget all the past, Mr. Richards," Star returned, sweetly, but with evident embarrassment. "I never entertained any feeling save that of gratitude and good-will toward you, for you proved yourself interested in my welfare in more instances than one while I was with you. But," she added, solemnly, while she clung tightly to his hands, and looked into his eyes with an expression which made them droop guiltily before her, "will you not promise me that, no matter how dark the future may be to you, no matter what trials or disappointments may come to you, you will never again meditate doing yourself an irreparable wrong?"

A streak of dusky red shot across the man's forehead, while his veins filled out hard and full.

"Star," he stammered, "what do you mean?—what do you know?"

"You know what I mean. I read it in your eyes, I heard it in the tones of your voice this morning."

He raised her hands and kissed them reverently, and two hot tears rolled over his cheeks and dropped upon them in the act.

"I promise," he whispered, hoarsely. "My child, I should indeed have been ruined, body and soul, but for you. God bless you!"

Star and Mr. Roosevelt followed him to the door as he went out, both trying to cheer him with kind wishes for the future.

A mighty sob burst from the overcharged heart of George Richards as he reached the street, and the tears—tears of mingled remorse, gratitude and relief—rolled thick and fast over his face.

He had proceeded some distance, when he stopped short and seemed about to retrace his steps.

"How thoughtless of me!" he muttered, impatiently. "I meant to tell her all about Lord Carrol. He deserves to be set right with her, and she deserves—well, nothing can be too good for her; but they knocked everything out of my head by their unexplained generosity. I will not go back tonight," he added, after thinking a moment, "I will write her tomorrow the whole story."

But the morrow brought its busy cares and perplexities, and his resolution was forgotten. After that it was too late, for he did not know where to address her during her absence; and so Star still believed her lover to be false, and still mourned her shattered idol.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### "YOU ARE THE TRAITOR."

Mr. Roosevelt, Star and Grace Meredith, with good-natured Mrs. Blunt to attend to matters of comfort, started on the day appointed for their Western trip, and while they are gone, we will follow Ralph Meredith on his voyage across the Atlantic to the Old World.

Arriving in London, he transacted what business he had to do there, and then turned his attention, with what interest he could muster while his heart was still so sore from his recent disappointment, to the attractions which the great city afforded.

He visited the House of Parliament, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery of Art, and many other points of interest, reserving Westminster Abbey until the last, as he wished to give plenty of time to this wonderful and magnificent structure and its countless curiosities.

Upon his second visit thither, and while he was in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, with his guide, who was pointing out for his admiration the beauties of its architecture, the vaulted roof, with its magnificent carvings, and many precious relics gathered there, a clear, sweet voice suddenly broke the solemn stillness of the place by calling out just behind him.

"Why, Archie Sherbrooke, do you know what time it is? Quarter-past eleven, and we promised Lady Dunham that we would be back in season to attend the rehearsal at the Albert Memorial Hall with her."

Ralph had thought that he was the only visitor there that morning, and that silvery voice speaking that name, which he remembered, but too well, gave him a shock which went the blood coursing like fire through his veins.

"It is later than I thought, Vivien; we must go at once, if we keep that appointment," a rich, manly voice said in reply; and, turning quickly to look at the speaker, Ralph saw a tall, handsome young man of perhaps two or three-and-twenty, with the head of an Apollo, the form of an Adonis, and having a keen, intellectual face, with frank, truthful eyes, and a pleasant, winning smile.

The lady who accompanied, and who addressed him, was a year or two younger evidently, and almost as lovely as Star, Ralph thought, although her beauty was of a different style.

Archie Sherbrooke! There surely could not be two young men of the same age, handsome as one of the gods, and bearing the same name. His heart had bounded into his throat as he heard it spoken, his face had flushed a painful crimson while his hands instinctively clasped themselves in hot indignation, and he longed to confront the handsome traitor and denounce him for the villainous part he had played.

This, then, must be the man who had broken Star Gladstone's heart and ruined her life; there was not a doubt of it in his own mind.

The young lady had spoken of a rehearsal at the Albert Hall. He knew there was to be a concert there that evening, and possibly it might be an outgrowth of the rehearsal. He would go and see.

Accordingly, at the hour designated upon the bills, he went, armed with a powerful opera glass, and procuring a conspicuous seat, he swept tier after tier of faces, searching for those which he had seen in the morning.

But disappointment was the result of his efforts; for that fair, girlish face was nowhere to be seen, nor could he find him who had been the young lady's attendant.

Suddenly, however, a strangely sweet, bird-like voice, rising clear and full on the air, drew his attention to the stage, and there, with a thrill which tingled through every nerve, he saw the lovely girl for whom he was looking.

Ralph Meredith sought for her name upon his program which stated that the concert was given, under the auspices of some of the nobility, for some charitable object, and that the talent was all amateur.

"Miss Vivien Sherbrooke," he read, and he again experienced that sudden heartthrob. He listened intently throughout her song; and then, as the sweet voice died away, and she turned to leave the stage, he leaned breathlessly forward to watch her, while thunders of applause went rolling up into the heights above him.

"I believe Vivien never sang so well before; but I am glad that part of the program is over."

"Yes," replied deeper but more familiar tones. "I was a trifle anxious myself, although I know she never fails in what she undertakes. Vivien is a jewel!"

"You are right, Archie. So is my son; and I am surprised that, at your age, some one has not won you both away from me," returned the lady, in suppressed, but fond and playful tones.

"You are not anxious to get rid of either of us, I hope, mother?"

"No, indeed; and yet it would be expected in the natural course of events; and with so many fair maidens and gallant young gentlemen playing the agreeable to me, I cannot but feel some curiosity as to who will eventually get my treasures."

There was no reply to this speech, but Ralph was sure he heard a sigh.

After a few moments he turned and ran his eye with seeming carelessness over the sea of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)





This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

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Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**A** FEW cold shivers would come amiss these hot August days so this seems a most propitious time to publish letters that tell of the most thrilling experiences in the lives of the most exciting things that ever happened to you, or the most embarrassing or the most amusing. We can thrill, sympathize or laugh with each other, as the case may be.—Ed.

HYDRO, OKLA.

**TAP! TAP!**  
Did I hear someone say "Come in"? I've come all this way to pay you a visit and I haven't anything particular to talk about either, as husband and I do not quarrel and I don't know anything about children, only that they are the dearest, sweetest things in the whole world. I have two dear little baby girls that are the joy and sunshine of our home.

So many sisters have asked Mrs. Wilkinson about herself so I'll do likewise. What do you look like and where do you live and what do you dream about? We've teased you to tell us but it seems that you won't but I'll find out, see if I don't.

I married when very young and am a happy wife and mother. Husband and I always kneel, with our arms around each other, for prayer, and our little baby girls always say their prayers and kiss mamma, papa and always good night every night before going to bed. We are indeed a happy family. My husband is one of the best in the world and I always ask his advice when I'm puzzled over anything. We try to please each other and are doing so have always been happy.

SUNSHINE.

**Sunshine.**—I just naturally dislike to talk about myself, particularly when it means using good space that might be devoted to a letter from a more interesting person than myself. I'm just one of you and my life is and has been more or less like the life of the average woman, only that I am more fortunate than some inasmuch that I am in a position to play hostess to the sisters. Nellie Fischer, in her letter, has told you more about me than I could be persuaded to tell in months and months.—Ed.

PRINCETON, N. J.

**DEAR SISTERS:**  
Did you think I had "dropped out"? Not so. Farmer's Wife had me scared when she entered her complaint a while ago that too many people who wrote much and said nothing were given preference in our corner to the farmers' wives who had something worth while to say. I thought she meant me so, to use a slang expression, I said to myself, "Here is where I take a back seat and keep quiet."

First of all I want to tell the Mormon sister from Salt Lake City that I'm sorry if I misrepresented the Mormon Temple in my last travel letter. I was simply repeating what a man who posed as a Mormon told us when we inquired for directions to the Tabernacle and Temple. No doubt he had sized up as gullible tourists and was "stuffed" us when he said no women were allowed to enter the Temple and therefore was called the House of Mystery. It seemed very interesting to us at that time as we all are over things that sound mysterious.

Now I'm going to tell you a real bit of news. Since writing last I've had the pleasure of making Mrs. Wilkinson a visit and wish you all might have had the same privilege. To see her intimately in her own

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes

**B**IRTHDAYS are a sort of personal holiday, like owning Christmas or the Fourth of July, and though the time between each birthday seems shorter as we grow older, there was a time when a birthday was the occasion for rejoicing, instead of looking for grey hairs and saying to ourselves, "Another year older and no further ahead than I was a year ago." Presents do not mean as much now as a cake did when we were seven years old and since the making and decorating of a birthday cake requires so little outlay and work, mothers should strive to remember each birthday with a cake or perhaps several little cakes, like those shown in center illustration,—one for each member of the birthday party, for each member of the family if a party is out of the question. It makes a child feel very liberal to be able to give away something of his own, besides helping him to be generous.—Ed.

**MACARONI WITH DRIED BEEF.**—In a saucepan put two tablespoons of butter, and when it bubbles slowly work in two slightly rounded tablespoons of dry flour. Stir over a slow heat until thoroughly blended, then gradually add two cups of hot milk, continuously stirring.



MACARONI WITH DRIED BEEF.

Cook five minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. To the sauce add one cup of boiled macaroni, and one-fourth pound of dried beef cut into small pieces. Bring to a cooking heat, cover closely and let stand on the back of stove ten minutes. Pour onto a platter, and top with slices of brown-bread toast well buttered.

**BIRTHDAY CAKES.**—Cream together one-third cup of butter and two cups of sugar and then beat in two well-beaten eggs. Add one teaspoon of soda and two teaspoons of cream of tartar to three cups of sifted flour and sift again. Add flour alternately to egg mixture with one cup of sweet milk. Bake in moderate oven until the cakes shrink slightly from tins.

**FROSTING.**—Boil one cup of sugar with one quarter of a cup of water until it "threads" and then add a little is dropped from spoons. Do not stir while cooking. Have one-fourth of a pound of marshmallows melting in a bowl over the teakettle or in a double boiler. Beat the white of one egg until stiff and dry, and over this while continuously beating pour the syrup in a fine stream. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and the melted marshmallows and beat until thick enough to prevent spreading. Spread over the cakes, press small round candles into the frosting, and just before serving press the candles into place. If candles are kept on ice or in a very cool place a day before using, they will burn slowly and evenly.

**BEEF CROQUETTES.**—Chop enough cold cooked beef to make one pint and season with one teaspoon of salt, a little pepper and one-quarter teaspoon onion juice. Melt one tablespoon of butter, rub in two tablespoons of flour, add gradually one cup of liquid in which beef was cooked and stir until smooth; add the beef and let cool. When cold form into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and let stand a couple of hours before frying in hot fat.

**CORNEB BEEF HASH.**—Remove gristle from cooked corned beef and meat. To this add an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes, chopped. Season with salt and pepper, put into hot, buttered frying-pan, moisten with milk and stir until well mixed. Let it brown slowly.

**MARINATED VEAL.**—Boil veal till very tender, then season highly with salt and pepper, and beat in a mortar till quite fine. Boil a tongue and remove the skin, cut up and beat quite fine, add a piece of butter size of an egg. Put a layer of veal into a brick-shaped tin, then spread in the pounded tongue and so on until the tin is full, then turn on a cupful of the veal liquor and press. When cold, slice.

**MOCK DUCK.**—Take four pounds of round steak, have it cut into two slices about an inch thick, sprinkle with salt and spread on a dressing made like turkey dressing. Roll and sew firmly in a cloth and steam four hours.

**BAKED BEAN SOUP.**—Put three cups of cold baked beans into a saucepan with three pinches of water, one small onion, sliced, and one-quarter cup of celery. Let boil twenty minutes, or until onion and celery are cooked. Rub through a sieve, add one and one-half cup of stewed and strained tomatoes, season to taste with

salt and pepper and thicken with two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of flour mixed together.—Mrs. M. W., Augusta, Maine.

**GREEN PEA SOUP.**—Boil a pint of shelled peas until soft, in a coffee cupful of water. When done mash them then press through a soup strainer, adding three coffee cupfuls of hot milk to send all but the skins through the strainer. Return to the stove and add salt and white pepper to taste. Mix one-half tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and add to the soup when it has boiled two minutes, stirring all the time. Before serving add a tablespoon of melted butter.

**BAKED MEAT.**—Four pounds round steak chopped fine, eight crackers powdered fine, one cup milk, four eggs well beaten, three teaspoons salt, one and one-half teaspoons black pepper. Mix well together, put it in tin same as loaf bread and bake three hours.

**BAKED MEAT WITH POTATO.**—Cut remnants of meat in small pieces, season with butter, pepper and salt, add a little water. Put in earthen dish and cover with mashed potatoes, moistened with milk and seasoned with butter and salt. Bake about one-half hour.

**VINEGAR CAKE.**—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add one cup of sugar and one teaspoon of lemon flavoring. To the four beaten yolks add one tablespoon of vinegar. Add to whites of egg, beat well and last of all add one cup of flour containing one even teaspoon baking powder. Bake forty minutes in a slow oven.

**HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE.**—Beat three eggs six minutes, whip in one cup of sugar with cake spoon, one cup of unsifted flour; sift, adding one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Flavor, and last of all beat in one-half cup of hot milk. Bake forty minutes in a very slow oven.—Mrs. J. M. J., Kingsburg, Cal.

**SPONGE COOKIES.**—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one heaping cup of flour, one heaping teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar, sift the cream tartar into the flour and add, lastly dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of milk and beat in thoroughly. Drop teaspoons of the mixture on a buttered tin about three inches apart and bake in a quick oven.

**COOKIES.**—Heat together one cup molasses and one-half cup butter, add one teaspoon soda in three tablespoons cold water, one-half cup sugar scant, ginger, flour to roll. Bake in a quick oven.

**VANILLA WAFERS.**—One cup sugar, one egg, two-thirds cup butter, four tablespoons milk, one tablespoon vanilla, one and one-half teaspoons cream tartar and two-thirds teaspoon soda, flour enough to mix stiff. Roll thin and cut in squares.

**MOONSHINE PIE.**—One and one-quarter cup granulated sugar, four tablespoons flour, one cup sweet milk, butter size of an egg and vanilla. Mix flour and sugar together, then add milk, butter and flavoring and cook until thick. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and mix through filling before putting into crusts that have been baked. Sprinkle with coconut.—Mrs. RALPH HAMM, Vermont, R. R. 1, Ill.

**LEFT-OVER BISCUIT.**—This is a good way to utilize left-over biscuits. Soak them ten minutes and then drain off all the water that is not absorbed. Mash and add two cups of sugar and a quart of mashed biscuit. Grate and dissolve two squares of bitter chocolate; beat the yolks of four eggs, add a pinch of salt and mix all together. Butter your baking-pan or casserole and pour in the

batter and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add one cup of sugar and put on top a pudding. Let brown.—Mrs. J. E. M., Severy, Ark.

**VINEGAR PIE.**—One-half cup good cider vinegar, one-half cup water, one-third cup sugar and one-half teaspoon butter. Let come to boil, add thickening made of two tablespoons flour, yolk of one egg and enough water to make paste just thick enough to pour from cup. Have crust baked, fill, using whites of eggs for frosting. Set in oven and bake a golden brown.—Mrs. F. M. ZENTZ, Marysville, Kans.

**FRIED BANANAS WITH APPLE RINGS.**—Peel, scrape and split lengthwise well-ripened bananas. Cut and without peeling, cut tart apples into half-inch thick slices. Fry both bananas and apples in fat about one-



BANANA WITH APPLE RINGS.

fourth of an inch deep, sprinkling with a little brown sugar as they cook. Ham fat gives a delicious flavor. Have ready long strips of fairly thick brown or white bread toast, and on each piece lay half a banana and an apple ring.

**BAKED LAMB WITH DRESSING.**—Take a hind quarter of lamb, make a dressing the same as for fowl, cut pieces in the lamb and fill with the dressing. Bake.

**MELON PIE.**—Chop fine one and one-half gallons of pie melon and cook until soft. Turn into a greased dish, add one quart of cooked cranberries, two tablespoons of vinegar, two level tablespoons of salt, and cinnamon and cloves to suit taste, with sugar enough to make good and sweet. Cook slowly until thick and use for pie filling.—Mrs. BERTHA BROWNLEE, Logan, N. Mexico.

you find another "white elephant" wrap it up again and again until you draw something that you like and then it is no longer a white elephant. These exchanges cause a lot of merriment, get people acquainted and start the party off in an informal way.

Before I stop I want to ask what has become of some of our old friends. Pearl Vesey is still with us but we hear no more from Knot Head, George Garrison, B. of Goshen and Bachelor Bill. The last time Bill wrote he was worrying for fear "it" was after his scalp. I'm wondering if she succeeded. How about it, Bill?

Yours as ever, NELLIE FISCHER.

BONDUANT, WYO.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years and think it is a grand paper. When I read the sisters' letters it seems just like talking to my neighbors.

I was reading Mrs. J. D. Clark's letter telling about being blown away in a cyclone. It sounded thrilling. I will tell you what happened to my husband and me when we were crossing a deep river. We live in the mountains where there is lots of snow and in the spring when this snow melts and runs down into the rivers and creeks we have very high water. We were going to mother's to spend the day and had to cross Hoback River. We thought we were hitting a good ford. We were in a big buggy. We had got out to about the middle of the river when one horse dropped into deep, swift water and began to swim. My husband turned the team downstream to keep from tipping the buggy over and away we went, down the stream with water up around our waists and only the noses and ears of the horses visible. I held my little girl high above my head. The horses swam about twenty-five yards and then came to a sand bar and we got out safe and sound, but very wet and scared. The buggy just dipped over the waves like a boat. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me.

The Comfort League of Cousins is interesting. My brother and I wrote to it once and got piles of letters and how we did enjoy them. Some of them are still writing to us and it has been nine years since our letter was printed. My husband is one of the COMFORT Cousins. We started corresponding and he came out to visit my brother and we were married six months later.

I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write. Can answer some of the letters.

With love to all, Mrs. FRANK HANSEN.

FLOYD KNOBS, IND.

**DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:**  
After reading Mrs. Clark's letter, in March COMFORT, I made up my mind to write of my most awful experience, and it was also a cyclone, at New Albany, Indiana, in March, 1917. We had three children, Verad, four years, Floyd, two years, and Robert, four months. My husband was away from home and Verad was very sick. It had rained during the day and about

three o'clock a bad storm came up. I was never afraid during a storm and didn't mind this even when it became so loud it frightened Verad. I had the two babies in the room with me when I went to quiet him; then the cyclone "hit." There were several vacant lots between our house and the next. Our house went up and came down in the vacant lots and just smashed everything. None of us were killed but we were all hurt. Baby Robert was hanging with his head between two timbers when it grew light enough for me to see at all. I tried to go to him but something pinned me down. I pulled myself free and got to him. His little head was hurt and his eyes full of plaster and his leg broken in two places between the knee and hip. Floyd was unconscious and Verad was out in all the hail and rain when he was already threatened with pneumonia. It was dark before we could be taken away, as the streets had to be cleared. That was the most horrible night I have ever lived through. I was in quite bad shape myself but I would not have suffered as much as I did if I could have borne all the pain but it made me feel worse to see the children suffer. I imagined Robert a cripple and Verad and Floyd dead. Next morning when the sun came out bright I was really shocked for I suppose I didn't expect the sun to shine again, but thank God, the sun always shines again.

Verad and Floyd are seven and nine years old now and going to school. Little Robert is in Heaven. He died a year after the cyclone but he was not crippled. I often wonder why he lived through that only to die a few days after he learned to walk, but God's will be done.

I have two little boys in Heaven and three here for besides my two big boys I have a baby, two years old. When my first baby died I wrote my first letter to this corner. Maybe some will remember a little 18-year-old mother asking for letters from mothers who had lost little ones. I received over seven hundred letters and cards. I couldn't answer all of them but they did me a lot of good and I have loved COMFORT more since than I did before. I am twenty-nine years old, have been married twelve years. Weigh 100 pounds and am five feet, two inches tall.

Love to you all. Mrs. RUTH FARNLEY.

FRENCH CORRAL, CALIFORNIA.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
Time flies, and I had no idea of being so long sending those promised subscriptions; however, here I am. I have received over three hundred letters from all but six states and made friends that money couldn't buy. I have answered all those who enclosed stamp and many others and I hope those who haven't received an answer will read this and know how I read and appreciated every letter, though every letter was long. There was a letter in the April COMFORT (all you mothers know the one) that for once I, as well as others who have written me, would like to question Mrs. W.'s usual good judgment in selecting. I'd rather by far see a sweet baby's face than that kind of a letter.

So many of you had never thought of using flour sacks for aprons that I'd like to tell you of the tablecloth I made of sugar sacks. I've just finished it. I used three sacks in all, one whole sack for the center, the two others cut diagonally for the sides, all edges hemmed, then joined the bias sides to the whole sack with fagoting. I ran the hem on coarse old rose cotton and did the fagoting in the same. Then I cut an oval piece of old rose crepe, turned edges in and buttonholed on one corner in black and worked an initial D in outline. All edges must be true and even and crocheted or rickrack braid may be used in joining. Four sacks would be even better.

We live in a small town of about fifty people, in Nevada County and are eight miles northeast of Sacramento. Much gold mining is done in this county and most any kind of fruit can be raised. Much of the fruit is shipped East, mostly Bartlett pears. Some thirty-five years ago the hydraulic gold mines were running full blast and millions of dollars were taken out in the mines along the ridge.

I enjoy the letters about children. Rex was four in February and Audria was one in April. My own name is Eda, though Mrs. Wilkinson had it Edna in my other letter. Rex calls his daddy "Kid" and wants to go everywhere with him. Both children have light hair and blue eyes like their daddy.

Do any of you have trouble with the youngsters running away? We tried various ways to break Rex until one day I thought to take his shoes away, put them where he couldn't get them and kept him in the house the rest of the afternoon, and as he wants to be outdoors all day that was a good way to punish him. And I even told him I'd take his overalls off if he ran away the second time one day but I had to do that only once. Perhaps this idea will help some other mother.

I suppose each of you have a favorite pie, cake or pudding recipe. We like pudding with rice or tapioca and to make it creamy and nice and save making a sauce, I bake all the ingredients except eggs and flavoring; stir occasionally and when done add beaten eggs, set to cool, when cold add flavoring.

If the children object to eating oatmeal, or any cereal, try pouring milk over it, then sprinkling it with brown sugar. Rex eats his this way when often he refuses the white sugar.

When I read P. V.'s letter about the okra I thought of the time I sent for seeds from catalogue, the names being new to me. I planted and tended them with care and when they bloomed, found that daturas and lupines were just like what grew wild here, only my tame ones were dwarfs compared to our wild ones.

I am glad we are to have a pin but didn't we ask first for Mrs. W.'s picture? Wouldn't it be a grand surprise for us to open our COMFORT some day and find Mrs. W.'s smiling face in our corner? I like surprises, don't you?

Sincerely yours, Eda J. DAHLBERG.

**Mrs. Eda.**—You mean that you like pleasant surprises, do you not? My photograph might not be a pleasant surprise. I think it much nicer to live in the minds of the sisters as they picture me to themselves for we are apt to picture to ourselves a somebody that we like and I want you all to like me.—Ed.

CORANTH, WISC.

**DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:**  
This is the first time I ever dared write but I have read your letters from beginning to end and am interested in every one of them.

To begin with, I am married, twenty-two years old, have light hair, light eyes and the mother of a three-year-old boy, as well as stepmother of two boys, eight and ten years of age. My husband is a trapper, hunter and allround woodsman. Last fall he hunted wolves and one day he teased me to go with him. Just for a joke, I went, not expecting to see even a hare, but he found he was worrying for fear "it" was after his scalp. I'm wondering if she succeeded. How about it, Bill?

Best wishes to you all. Mrs. ADOLPH HAASE.

SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

**DEAR SISTERS:**  
Your letters are certainly a great source of pleasure and brimning with helpful hints. Did you ever get everything ready for dinner and find your fried potatoes were still raw? When frying potatoes, turn a crock over the skillet but be careful when you raise the crock to stir them with a cake turner or a long handled fork. I burned myself terribly when I stirred them with an ordinary fork, but thanks to lard oil and lime-water, which I keep mixed in a bottle, it did not amount to much. I tied a rag over my burned hand and saturated it with the mixture. A bad burn will not blister if immediately treated in that way.

To those who have tired, aching feet, let me say I cured a regular case of tenderfoot by using twenty-five cents' worth of thymol iodide. It is a yellow powder, so dry it sticks till it can't be rubbed easily. Put it on your feet at night. Of course best results are obtained by keeping the feet and stockings clean and dusting a little of the powder in your shoes. It has a medicated odor but by mixing a little violet talcum powder with it, it isn't bad. Unless you have weak ankles, always wear pumps for everyday use. Then when you sit down to rest, read or crochet, kick them off and cool your feet.

If your little or big girls' princess slip gets two or three inches too short and is still good but hasn't a hem, don't throw or give it away. Just purchase insertion, the necessary inch or two in width and insert it in the skirt.

To those who have a highly polished dining room table that is occasionally used for games, buy brown

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

**I**N all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.



# The Winning Gamble

by Alice L. Whitson



Presently he toppled over unconscious in his chair

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Lawrence pushed her away from him and smiled maliciously as he staggered to his feet.



"I'm tempted to do it," Bonnie answered thoughtfully, "but somehow, I feel that I'd have to pay heavily for such a favor."

As old as the Old South was the name of Lathrop, and as proud as Lucifer were its descendants, but proudest and most lovable of all was Bonnie, the petted daughter of old Col. Lathrop, whose daring feats in the war of '61 had cost him a good right arm of which he had never ceased to boast.

With the kindness and generosity which marks a woman of the South as a true Southerner, Bonnie ruled Elmwood, the ancestral home of the Lathrops, and never before in the history of her young life had she been busier than at the present moment. It was her father's birthday, and she with the assistance of the servants was arranging the house for a party.

Social affairs at Elmwood were always done on a big scale, and in this instance Bonnie had spared neither pains nor money to make of it a great event. She had just put the finishing decorative touches to the dining-room when her father made his appearance in the doorway.

"There, you've gone and spoiled everything, Daddy," laughed the girl when she saw him, "just when I was planning to surprise you."

The old man patted Bonnie's cheek affectionately as his gaze wandered to the extended table and the massive birthday cake bearing its burden of many candles.

"This is a surprise, indeed, Bonnie," he said presently, "that you've arranged for your old Daddy."

"All for you," Bonnie declared as she gave him a hasty kiss and departed.

"All for me—" the old man repeated as he walked about the flower-decked room, "all for me—and how will I ever pay for it?"

Leaving the dining-room, he made his way into the old-fashioned library, and dropping wearily into a seat before the massive desk which had been his father's father's, he unlocked the top drawer and began pulling out one by one stacks of unpaid bills; these he tossed carelessly aside—

they were a matter of small consideration to him compared to the last document in the drawer—this he drew out with nervous hands and studied it carefully; only one sheet it was, but quite enough to upset his nerves. In part it read:

"Therefore do not ask for further assistance from us; the mortgage is long overdue and a settlement must be made."

"Respectfully yours,  
"KERRIN REALTY CO."

"Come, Daddy," called Bonnie from the doorway, "your guests are arriving."

Hastily putting away the papers, the old man arose and followed his daughter to the big veranda where to his surprise he beheld a number of his war-time comrades in uniform coming up the broad walk, accompanied by either a son or daughter.

After a general greeting between both the old and the young folks, Bonnie seated her father and his guests under a tree on one side of the big lawn, then kissing her father good by she joined the young people who stood chatting together on the spacious veranda.

"For our pleasure," Bonnie said with a sideways glance towards the tree where her father was entertaining his old friends, "I have arranged a morning ride."

Lending the way to the stables, she bade her friends choose for themselves from among the Elmwood horses the horse they would like best to ride, and presently they were off.

Bonnie on the back of a black thoroughbred, followed by a pack of hounds and a gay crowd, led the way, taking the meadow fences as she came to them.

Among the riders was Lawrence Trabue, famed far more for his financial position in the world than for his social qualities. The Trabue plantation joined the Lathrops, and for years and years young Trabue had been linked together in his mind the two by the simple trick of matrimony.

Consequently, while Bonnie went galloping joyously over the meadow, Lawrence rode leisurely along, mentally envisioning how the great meadow would look with the dividing fence gone. Clearly he saw himself as master of the great estates which, when joined together, would be the show place of the South.

For a moment he turned his gaze toward a lavishly decorated house on the east hill; everything about it bespoke money—it was a thing the Trabues were immensely proud of and made no pretense of denying it—a showy thing was the home of Lawrence Trabue, and quite as new as the money which built it.

Turning slowly, he let his eyes rest on the Colonial home of the Lathrops that decorated the opposite hill; every line and curve about it acclaimed in silence its stateliness, ancestral wealth and grandeur. This, however, made no impression on Lawrence—to him it was an old rattletrap compared to the new mansion—it was the Lathrop land he wanted.

Glancing about for the riders, Lawrence discovered that he was far behind, but in the moment of hesitancy he had decided on one thing—he would ask Bonnie to marry him without further delay.

To think with Lawrence was to act, and presently he was making a frantic effort to overtake the leader. One by one, he passed the riders, but it was not until Bonnie of her own free will halted under a massive tree that he overtook her.

"Bonnie," he said when at last he reached her side, "when are you going to marry me?"

"I will tell him," answered the girl, but just as she entered the door she came face to face with her father coming out.

"Mr. Kerrin," said the Colonel, courteously extending his hand as he came out, "this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure."

"You received my letter?" answered Kerrin unceremoniously.

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "but I have been too busy to answer."

"So we surmised," answered Kerrin, "but the house is in need of money and cannot carry its creditors longer."

Colonel Lathrop turned to Bonnie.

"You will go, daughter," he said falteringly, "this gentleman has business with me."

"But, father," protested the girl, "he spoke as if you owed him money—as if we were his debtors."

"It does seem a bit strange," interrupted Kerrin as he critically eyed the magnificent grounds of the Lathrop home, "but, nevertheless, such is the case, and we have carried your father as long as we can carry him without a settlement. We must either have some money or foreclose the mortgage."

"Mortgage—mortgage!" exclaimed the girl, glaring at the speaker angrily. "You mean to say our home is mortgaged? Tell me it isn't true, father," she cried anxiously, turning to the old man.

Colonel Lathrop's arms went about the girl's slender figure lovingly and for a moment he stood looking at her in silence, then bowing his gray head on her young shoulder, he said:

"It is true, Bonnie, my child—the old place is mortgaged for all it will stand—and unless we

can raise the money to lift that mortgage we are going to lose it forever."

Suddenly Bonnie turned to the visitor. "Just how much do we owe?" she asked.

"Twenty thousand dollars," answered Kerrin. "And unless we raise that amount?" asked Bonnie.

"We foreclose," responded the man.

"Give me thirty days," begged Bonnie eagerly, "then come again and we will settle the matter."

Kerrin debated the question in his mind for a moment as he eyed the two, then he smiled.

"Thirty days won't make much difference," he said thoughtfully, "I grant your request—but, remember, I cautioned as he moved away, 'I will come back on the thirtieth day and unless there is a monetary settlement then I shall foreclose the mortgage.'"

In silence Colonel Lathrop and his daughter watched the visitor depart, then Bonnie turned eager, questioning eyes upon her father.

"You must take me into your confidence, father," she said earnestly, "whatever our indebtedness is I must know it."

"Come," said the old man, realizing the truth of her statement, "we will begin at once."

Slowly Bonnie followed him into the library and immediately they started over the old accounts.

Bonnie noticed that her father's hands trembled with nervousness as he laid before her the various papers, and presently he toppled over unconscious in his chair.

Calling a servant, Bonnie ordered him carried to his room then ran to the telephone and called Dr. West, the family physician.

Lawrence Trabue having nothing better to do, made his way into the city and round to a little theater where he was joined by a bunch of chorus girls who made much of him and his money.

When Dr. West arrived at Elmwood Bonnie met him at the door and hurried him up the stairs to her father's room where the most important being in the world so far as she was concerned, lay writhing in agony.

Dr. West examined his patient carefully, then with a very grave face announced to Bonnie that her father was suffering with a stroke of paralysis.

Bonnie's grief touched the doctor's heart, and he comforted her as best he could.

"You are sure he will not walk again soon?" Bonnie questioned eagerly as she followed Dr. West down stairs.

"Not for months," said the doctor, "perhaps a year—then, again, he might regain the use of his legs within a few days. Paralysis is a peculiar thing, my dear," continued the man thoughtfully, "you never can tell about it; I have known cases that looked hopeless to cover, and then I have known cases that looked slight which proved life-lasting. Just now," he went on, thinking to divert Bonnie's mind from her own troubles, "I have a very singular case; shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes, yes," answered Bonnie absent-mindedly, "tell me about it."

"Well," answered the doctor as he took his seat on the sofa, "you remember the gentleman I pointed out to you last year at the race?"

"The one you called a gentleman gambler?" responded Bonnie as she called to mind the Derby race of the previous year which she had attended with her father and the doctor.

Clearly she visioned again the handsome young fellow in a gray checked suit, betting heavily on the spirited horses, and never once failing to pick the winner; she remembered also with a hurt feeling in her heart that her father had been a heavy loser while the happy-go-lucky chap in the gray suit had raked in the coin.

"Just as he won in the races," continued the doctor, "it seems he has won in everything else, but in a card game recently somebody seemed to resent his luck and shot to kill him; the bullet, however, passed through his body and only left him with paralyzed legs. He may regain the use of them some day, but, personally, I don't think he will, because he has nothing in life worth fighting for; he has no people, it seems, to care for him. To a man like that life means so little he will not make the fighting effort necessary for his recovery. He may live one month, he may live six months—but without something to stimulate him, no longer than that, and he's rolling in money—oodles of it—nobody to leave it to when he dies."

"Too bad," answered Bonnie listlessly, "that a man should waste his life like that—but it's father's paralysis, Dr. West, that's bothering me; what shall I do about him?"

Dr. West looked at his watch and arose.

"I shall return at ten this evening; he will have awakened by that time from the effect of the drugs I gave him; meantime you must make your plans to get him away from here. New scenes and different climate will help a lot toward his recovery."

When the door closed upon the doctor, Bonnie began to pace the room restlessly; turn where she would, she could see no ray of hope in the darkness.

Carefully she went over the accounts in her father's desk; the enormous sum of their indebtedness staggered her—bills, bills, bills—and besides that the mortgage of twenty thousand dollars against their old home. Take her father away—how could she? Suddenly she raised her head and smiled, then ran to the phone and called for Lawrence Trabue.

Trabue, in a drunken condition, answered it. His voice frightened Bonnie; nevertheless, she bade him come to her immediately, then cautiously mounting the stairs, she entered her father's room.

All was peaceful and quiet, he was sleeping soundly, but for fear he might awaken before the

doctor arrived, she called an old negro servant to sit near the bedside until she returned.

Going to her own spacious bedroom, she slipped into a soft silken gown and viewed herself in the long mirror. There was a way she could help her father and she would do it. Vividly she recalled the episode of the morning, when Lawrence Trabue had declared his love for herself—she had refused him then—but now, whether he loved her or not, she would marry him immediately. The Trabues had plenty of money; Lawrence, she reasoned, would willingly assume their indebtedness, and they would go off on their honeymoon, taking her father with them.

She had it all planned out by the time Lawrence Trabue arrived. Disregarding his undesirable state, she related what had taken place since he went away, and then proceeded to unfold her plans.

"You say the plantation is mortgaged for twenty thousand?" Trabue stammered when the girl had ceased speaking. "Nice little sum to wish off on a bridegroom."

"It's awful, Lawrence," answered Bonnie wistfully, "but you'll have to shoulder my debts if you take me." Picking up the stack of unpaid bills on the desk she laid them in his lap. "These will also go to the bridegroom," she said slowly.

Lawrence fingered them indifferently, then looked at the girl.

"Nice little gift for a bridegroom," he repeated cynically, "nice little—gift—"

"I know I am not worth that, Lawrence," said Bonnie as she laid her white hand on his arm, "but the plantation is, and really if you'll assume my obligations I'll be the best little wife in the world to make up for it."

Lawrence pushed her away from him and smiled maliciously as he staggered to his feet, then in a tone that withered the spirits of Bonnie, he spoke.

"Bonnie Lathrop, the mistress of Elmwood, and Bonnie Lathrop the beggar," he said, inconsiderately, "are two different people in my eyes, and I can't say—I'm particularly interested in the beggar."

Bonnie looked at the speaker in astonishment as the truth dawned upon her, and a feeling of repugnance for the man before her stole through her soul—but this was the one way she saw to help her father—she was desperate, he must marry her.

Throwing her arms about him, she reminded him of the statement he had made that morning concerning her and her plantation.

"I might accept you and the plantation," answered Lawrence as he unclasped her arms, "but the old man and the debts are not for me."

"Then you won't marry me?" Bonnie asked earnestly.

"I didn't say that," protested the man. "I said I wouldn't take the debts and the old man."

Suddenly the beauty of the girl before him seemed to intoxicate him more than he was already.

"I'll take you, debts and all," he exclaimed excitedly, and clasping his arms about her, he covered her face with kisses.

"You brute!" exclaimed Bonnie frantically when she finally managed to get out of his clutch, "get out of my house and never let me see your face again."

Trabue was slow to understand the meaning of Bonnie's sudden change of mind; not even when the door had closed upon him did he realize definitely what had happened. With faltering step he crossed the lawn to his little gray car.

Left alone in her misery, Bonnie walked restlessly up and down the polished floor wringing her hands.

Twice old Dorothy, the cook, had made her appearance in the door with a tray of tempting food, but each time Bonnie had begged her to go away and leave her alone. Finally old Dorothy sensed something was wrong and flatly refused to go.

"He been in dis house most twict as long as yo' is, and 'spects to stay here 'till I dies," said the old negress, "so come 'long and rest a spell for yo' ole Mammy."

Without further opposition Bonnie allowed the devoted servant to tuck her up on the sofa like a little child; she feigned sleep, and old Dorothy covered her up and left the room.

But scarcely had the door closed upon the old Mammy before Bonnie was up again. Watching eagerly the hands of the old-fashioned clock move slowly 'round the dial, she continued to walk.

At the table she paused and again nervously fingered the unpaid bills that had so disturbed her, when suddenly a strange expression came over her face—a new thought had entered her brain—a new way had suggested itself by which she might help her old father.

At ten o'clock Dr. West, accompanied by a nurse, made his appearance, and the three went up-stairs together.

Just as he had predicted, Dr. West found Colonel Lathrop coming out from under the influence of the strong powders he had given him. His face revealing clearly the agony he was undergoing, helpless, hopeless, he begged his old friend to tell him the truth regarding his condition.

After serious consideration Dr. West decided it might be best, so in a gentle way he told the sufferer that it would probably be months before he would be able to walk again, and never would his heart beat great excitement.

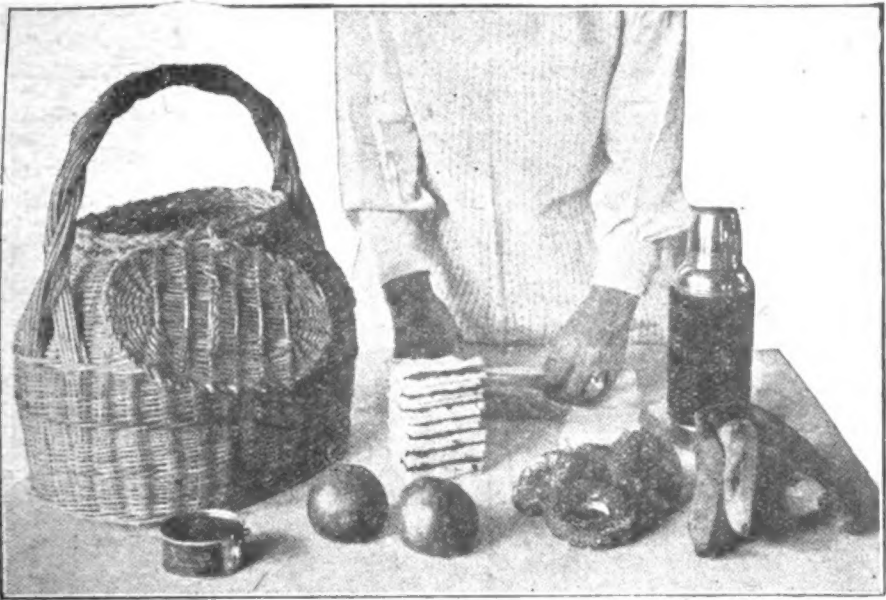
"This young lady, however," said the doctor as he introduced the nurse, "will bring you through if you will but be patient."

Then giving the nurse instructions what to do, he left the room.

Bonnie followed him to the veranda, questioning him earnestly regarding her father. Then suddenly she caught his arm and turned him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)





## THE FAMILY PLANS "DAYS OFF" FOR MOTHER

By Violet Marsh

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**T**HERE should be a deliberate effort during the out-of-doors months to seize every opportunity for providing the mother of the family with days to be spent in some form of relaxation. If only one day at a time is possible, even that much away from cooking, dishwashing, sewing, or any of the heavier home tasks, goes a long way toward resting a weary brain and tired muscles.

Of course "Mother" is apt to think that the beforehand preparations for a day off are a great deal of bother and not worth the effort, but this isn't the point; "Mother" simply must get away from the scenes of her daily routine and it becomes the duty of her family to make this possible.

Most parents love the streams, the cozy roadside nooks and woods almost as well as the children, and whether the selected spot is one or many miles from home, it matters little if only it be in the great outdoors. However, the distance will undoubtedly be gauged by your mode of travel; in the family automobile, or behind old Dobbin, but in either case the real fun will depend on the spirit of the day. If everybody bears in mind that outings like this constitute "Mother's" vacation, there will be an affectionate competition as to who shall attend to the few details of preparation and clearing up connected with the trip.

### Planning a Day's Outing

Don't undertake elaborate preparations, because they spoil a picnic. You need only to count on ravenous appetites which demand plain, hearty food and plenty of it. Providing everything is prepared at home, you cannot do better than to fill your lunch basket and boxes with hearty sandwiches, simple cakes, jars of milk and doughnuts. Freshly-picked cucumbers, tomatoes or lettuce will be wholesome and delicious with the sandwiches. One of the best picnic sandwiches I know of is made of thin corn cake and

bacon. Split and butter the corn cake while warm, and add the bacon hot from the frying-pan. Wrap them at once in paraffin paper. Another good sandwich is made of either white or coarse bread, filled with scrambled egg. Avoid thick slices of bread, and butter generously. Allow one egg to two whole slices of bread. To each egg add one dessertspoon of milk, a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat the egg sufficiently to thoroughly break the egg whites, add the milk and pour into a frying-pan which contains about half a teaspoon of butter to each egg. Cook over a hot fire while constantly beating until firm, but not hard. A variation is made by omitting the milk and using one cup of fresh ripe tomato cut into small pieces to six eggs. This makes an excellent sandwich. Fruit is the best finish to your lunch.

Eating out of doors as often as possible is a "specialty" in one home I know. A one-compartment fireless cooker was bought for the purpose of having a hot dinner outdoors with the least effort. If the family started out just before mealtime, the fireless was put "aboard" with its contents all ready to serve; if earlier in the day, and the food was in process of cooking, the fireless was well covered with blankets.

If you have a place at the water's edge where it is safe to build a fire, cooking outdoors offers much in the way of entertainment. A fish chowder made indoors never tastes quite as good.

Where one particular place is frequently resorted to, it will make good fun some day to build a stove from stones and a square of sheet-iron, all ready for use on the next occasion. To do this, you use stones that will rest securely on the other, and build a square hollow pier. The chief thing is to get top rocks for the corners that will make a level support for the sheet-iron top. The side rocks can be placed so as to control the draft. One side is left open through which to arrange the fuel, which is usually dry dead wood, bark or pinecones.

The portable outfits that burn solid alcohol are very popular for outdoor heat. They must be used in a sheltered place, else the heat will not rise directly under the frying-pan. On this page is pictured the necessary equipment for a highly

satisfying roadside lunch, and even the lone hiker would have no difficulty in carrying it. Over a small tin of solid alcohol the coffee is made, and if you can set it aside in a sheltered place and wrap your coat or sweater around it to keep in the heat, so much the better. You next fry your thinly sliced bacon and push it to one side of the pan if you have not brought along a small tin plate. You then fry thin slices of brown-bread in the bacon fat, and your meal is ready.

The vacuum bottle is a great comfort if one cares for something very hot or cold with the lunch.

### August Recipes

**CANNED FISH.**—Tough-skinned fish such as perch and cunners should have the skins removed. This is easily done by cutting down the entire length of fish each side of the fins with a sharp-pointed knife, then around the head just through the skin. Now hold the fish by the head with the left hand and peel down the skin with the right. Cut off the fins, head and tail, and clean. Rub lightly with salt, roll in flour and meal mixed, and fry brown in tried-out salt pork.

**SALMON PASTE WITH NEW-BOILED POTATOES.**—Use fresh boiled or canned salmon of a reliable brand. Remove skin and bones. To each cup of salmon allow two hard-boiled eggs sliced, one tablespoon of lemon juice, a little pepper, salt to taste, one tablespoon of olive oil, or two of melted butter. Stir well together and put through the food chopper, using the coarse knife. Scrape new potatoes, cover with boiling salted water and boil hard until a fork will pierce them. Drain at once and shake over a hot cover until dry. Break with a fork, turn into a hot dish, pour over melted butter and sprinkle with parsley.

**PICNIC TONGUE.**—Wash and scrub a large beef tongue. Cover with boiling water, and add a good handful of celery tops, a sliced carrot, half an onion, and salt and pepper when the tongue is about half done. Cook slowly until tender. Remove from liquid, scrape and roll in melted butter and fine bread-crumbs. Set in a hot oven and when it commences to brown baste with liquor in which it was cooked. When well browned remove from oven. Serve hot or cold.

The liquor can serve as a foundation to dried bean or fresh vegetable soup.

**STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.**—Boil the frame of a cooked chicken, strain, and boil down to one cupful. Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatin in a little cold water and add to the hot chicken stock. Season with salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and one tablespoon of lemon juice, and set away to stiffen.

Select ripe tomatoes, remove a slice from the top and scrape out the soft part of the center. Add to the cold gelatin some chopped cooked chicken, a little tender celery chopped fine, and if it is to be served at once add a little crisp cucumber. Fill the tomatoes and serve on lettuce leaves, topping with a teaspoon of mayonnaise if desired.

**CARROT CONSERVE.**—This should be made while the carrots are about half grown, and from the table variety. Scrape and slice thin. Cook slowly until tender, keeping the water just over the carrots. Drain, saving the water, and press the carrots through a potato ricer and return to water. Measure, and allow two lemons to each pint, and as much sugar as you have carrot. Put the carrot, sugar and grated lemon rind together and slowly cook until thick, add the lemon juice, cook five minutes longer, and pour into jelly glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

**NEW ONIONS IN CREAM.**—Peel under water and boil onions until tender, keeping the water just to cover at first, and then allowing it to boil down as the onions cook. In this way a greater

amount of the mineral salts is retained. Make thin oven toast, butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Drain the onions, lay them on the toast, lightly sprinkle with grated cheese, pour over enough scalded cream to wet the toast and set in the oven ten minutes. Serve at once.

**BOILED SPINACH.**—Wash spinach and remove roots and fibrous stems. Drain and put on to cook without the addition of water. As heating begins, turn the spinach and it will be found there is plenty of its own juices for cooking. After thorough boiling begins, set the kettle on the back of stove to simmer about 15 minutes. Skim out the spinach so as not to get any grit which may have settled in the bottom of kettle. Drain thoroughly, cutting through and turning in the colander so as to make it dry as possible.

Dress with melted butter and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, or the grated yolk.

**SUMMER SQUASH.**—Cook whole, keeping the water low in the kettle. If the squash can be steamed, it is the proper way to cook it. When in prime condition, the shell of the squash should be soft and show juice when a slight break is made through it. When tender, mash with a fork without removing the seeds. Season with butter, pepper and salt.

**SUGARED BEETS.**—In trimming beets allow four inches of the top to remain on to prevent "bleeding." In washing care should be taken not to break the skins and the roots left on. Cover with boiling water and cook tender. Slice thin, arrange in layers in a serving dish, dressing each layer with melted butter, a very light shaking of salt and a sprinkling of sugar. Set into the oven until very hot and the sugar is melted.

**GREEN-CORN FRITTERS.**—Cut tender corn from the cob by holding the cob on end in a plate with the left hand, and slicing the corn lengthwise from the cob with a sharp knife. Care must be taken not to cut into the hull. The cob is scraped lengthwise after the corn is sliced off, which saves the finest part of the kernel. To one cup of corn, one teaspoon of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one cup of fine cracker crumbs, one teaspoon of baking powder, the yolk of one egg beaten light, and if necessary, after the mixture is thoroughly mixed, add a little milk or thin cream. If the corn is very young, the thin part scraped from the corn will generally supply plenty moisture with the egg. Lastly fold in the beaten white of one egg. Drop by teaspoonfuls in deep fat and fry to a light brown.

**SUCCOFASH.**—Cook fresh lima beans until soft and the water has been reduced to a little more than to cover. Cut an equal quantity of raw young corn from the cob in the manner described in the preceding recipe for Green Corn Fritters. Add one teaspoon of sugar to each pint and cook ten minutes. Season with salt, a dash of pepper and butter.

**CREAM CHEESE DRESSING.**—For cold cooked vegetables or raw salads, mix half a teaspoon of mustard, half a teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of paprika and add it to one-half cup of whipped sour cream. In whipping care should be taken that it does not turn to butter. Thicken ten tablespoonfuls of hot milk with corn-starch wet in cold water and cook three minutes. Add this hot mixture to the sour cream mixture and slowly add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat into this two cream cheeses until the whole is light and foamy.

**PEACH FLUFF.**—Cut ripe peaches into fourths, then slice these lengthwise. Cover with sugar and let stand until it is nearly dissolved in the peach juice. Beat one egg white very dry, then gradually beat in one cup of cream. Into this add the juice and sugar from the peaches. To serve, arrange the peach and fluff in layers in individual dishes.

**OATMEAL COOKIES.**—Cream three-fourths cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add two beaten eggs and four tablespoonfuls of milk in which three-fourths teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Sift one and one-half cups of flour with one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, then mix with two and one-half cups of rolled oats, and add to egg mixture. Lastly add one-half cup of chopped raisins, or they may be omitted. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pans and bake 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Excellent for picnics.

**FILLED COOKIES.**—One-half cup of butter creamed with one cup of sugar. Add one beaten egg, the grated rind of one lemon, pinch of salt, and beat well. Add one-half cup of milk and one pint of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder and one scant teaspoon of soda. Beat well, then add flour to handle. Roll very thin, cut in rounds, and fill tin. Spread with filling to within one-half inch of the edge, then put the top rounds on. Press edges together and bake in a fairly hot oven with even heat top and bottom. The secret of these cookies is getting them rolled thin.

**FILLING.**—Use thick strawberry jam, or a filling made from chopped raisins and dates in equal parts, sweetened and cooked with a little corn-starch to thicken. Use cold.

**CANNED FIGS.**—Where figs grow abundantly, a generous supply should be canned for winter. Use only those that are sound and firm. If put through a soda solution the skins become tender. To do this, use one level cupful of soda to four quarts of boiling water. Pour this over six quarts of figs and allow them to stand five minutes in this bath. Drain at once and rinse through several cold-water baths until free from the solution, then drain again. Make a syrup of equal parts of water and granulated sugar. Put the figs into the syrup and cook one hour slowly. Pack the figs carefully into jars, then fill with syrup. Partially seal and cook 30 minutes in a hot-water bath with water half way up the side of jar. Seal.

**ORANGE OR LEMON PECTIN.**—Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, blueberries, blackberries and plums do not make satisfactory jelly because they lack pectin. Orange or lemon pectin may be added, using one-half as much as fruit or berry juice. The pectin is made by scraping off the yellow peel, then putting the white portion through the food chopper. For each half pound allow four cups of cold water. Let stand several hours and then boil for ten minutes. Cool and add four cups of cold water, let stand over night and boil next morning and then strain through a jelly bag. This pectin may be prepared whenever orange peels are available, canned and cooked in the jars 30 minutes, and kept for later use.

**FRUIT BUTTERS.**—This method of preserving fruit is one of the oldest and best. Where there is a large family a bountiful supply can be made with less labor than when the fruit is made into jellies. Fruit butters are excellent for school lunches. Tart apples, or half as much sweet apple as tart make excellent butter. A little cinnamon and lemon rind make a delicious flavoring. Plums and grape pulp, pears with one-third quinces, peaches and green-gage plums are other good combinations. Fruit butters are made by cutting up the fruit and cooking tender in as little water as possible, then pressing the fruit through a fine colander. Measure, and add two-thirds as much sugar as you have pulp, then cook together until thick. Stir frequently while cooking. Butters can be paraffined the same as jelly.

**QUINCE HONEY.**—Pare five quinces and grate the pulp from the cores. Cut parings and cores into small pieces, cover with boiling water, cook one hour and drain. Cover the grated pulp with cold water just to cover and let stand while the parings and cores are cooking. Add the water drained from parings and cook until the pulp is tender. Measure and add an equal amount of sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one orange, and cook 30 minutes or longer.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

muslin or any heavier material and cut a piece four inches larger than the table, hem and run seam binding in for draw strings. Just out over the table, draw tightly and tie. If you want it to be real fancy, embroider or applique some design on it.

To the sisters who are obliged to carry water a distance, let me say I sympathize with you. It means a trip for water when you are the busiest. Of course if there are children large enough to carry it, it isn't so bad but it isn't good for them to carry heavy loads and they always want to carry a "Lazy man's load" so they can get back to their play. Let me tell you how we got a well at the cost of \$30.00, a nice three-foot sink, cost \$10.00 and we have a pump right in the kitchen and have plenty of water all the time. The good John and I make every penny count so instead of paying a drilling machine a large sum of money for drilling a well, he got the necessary tools, rope, drill, etc., and we drilled our own well. Some days we worked only a little while in the morning and evening I drilled a foot one day. How proud we were when we went one morning and found water standing in our well within sixteen feet of the top.

We tried to bail it out but couldn't. A flash-light let down on a rope lets you know how things are. I had a notion to not tell you about the time it came in, but that was the only discouraging thing and it might have been worse. We might have lost the tools, but anyway we cleared it out. It wasn't an easy job but it saved money and it is so handy to have all the water we need.

No doubt you sisters remember Bernice Lee whose picture came out in December Comfort. She is almost three years old now and just as mischievous as she looked to be, but when she gets naughty I have a piece of soft muslin which I fasten to the door knob and tie her by the arms, put her in her little rocking chair, with her playthings and leave her tied fifteen or twenty minutes. Does she cry? No, she just screams but that is good for her lungs and it lets the steam off. Soon she will be begging, "Please mother, let me loose. I will be good and stay out of things." Doesn't it annoy my neighbors? I do not live near enough to anyone so they can hear and anyway I never pay any attention to what people say. For example, when Bernice Lee was a baby she laid in a basket and her ears, in moving her head, would get turned the wrong way, till I was afraid she would have outstanding ears. I just powdered behind her ears and fastened them back with a piece of court plaster. Of course she looked funny and the neighbors were scandalized but now her ears are as good as anybody's. Wasn't that better than having her look like a lop-eared hound? When she was one year old I cut her hair close to her head with clippers so now her hair is thick and soft as silk. What do you look like? I am twenty years old and am going to send my picture sometime in the future so keep your subscriptions renewed and you won't miss seeing me.

MRS. DAISY WHITEMAN.

POTEAU, BOX 147, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If you will listen long enough I will tell you of my most thrilling experience.

It was about three years ago and one evening, after a very pleasant day, my father, mother and I were sitting on the porch, talking. All at once we heard a low rumbling sound but we paid little attention to it for we thought it was thunder. It kept getting louder and then all at once a ball of fire shot out of the sky. Such screaming and praying I never expect to hear again until the end of time. My father was in his stocking feet and he said the heat from it almost scorched his feet. We were told that it was a comet or meteor but I have no comments to make only to say that I don't believe I will ever be so frightened again.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters.

ESTER SIMPSON.

BELMONT, LA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please give me a little space. I have read Comfort for a long time and get lots of helpful hints from the letters in the Sisters' Corner.

I liked the letter of A Marine's Wife. I would like to hear from any of the sisters who had boys or friends in the 4th Div. 3rd Bn. Co. 1, 58th Inf. for my husband was in that branch of the service. He was in four heavy battles but returned home without a wound. I have a beautiful baby boy, 29 months old, named J. W., Jr. We have our own home and enjoy farm life.

I will tell you the most exciting happening of my life. One Sunday afternoon my husband and I went to visit my mother. When we were ready to eat supper the telephone rang. I answered it and the call was from one of my neighbors and she told me my house was on fire. I threw the receiver down and ran screaming that our house was afire. My husband and brother jumped into our buggy and started home but there I was, two and one-half miles away, and everything was burning up. All I could do was cry. The telephone soon rang and father answered it and was told that it was a great mistake; that they saw the sun shining against the windows on the west side and thought that it was on fire. You can imagine how thankful I was.

Love to all of you.

MRS. J. W. WEBB.

NEWPORT, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I join your pleasant circle? I hear you all chatting so very happily and giving your opinions and your helps along the way. All certainly have splendid "helps" to pass along to one another. I am requesting very peculiar help and if I receive it I'll be very thankful.

The coming fall season I expect to go to the southwest, and I would like to hear from the sisters in or about these localities: El Paso, Texas, Las Cruces, New Mexico, or any other large cities in New Mexico in particular, in regard to employment in the printing trade, etc., if there are any possibilities for such work in said places for that is the line of work I want to find.

I wonder how many of the sisters realize all the work there is in getting up our very enjoyable and very important Comfort. How I would like to see the presses turning out the copies. As I write this I can imagine that I see the whole plant in operation.

I'll give a few tips and hope they will help you. Cut off all addresses that come to you, printed or typewritten on envelopes and magazines. Pinned or pasted on laundry or any other packages, these save time as well as give a legible address. To finish the ends of a blanket, the ribbon of which is frayed, a quick and serviceable way is to crochet an edge (half or whole buttonhole) with a bone hook. Use either wool or fast color cotton that matches the stripes in blanket.

When making spice cake, to insure the full strength of your spices, put them in a small cup and pour boiling water over them—just enough to dissolve them. This method will result in a uniform flavor throughout the cake and produces an even color.

How many of the sisters use a marble when darning the finger of a glove? It is easier than slipping the glove on your hand to mend it.

Although I am a business girl I have domestic tastes and love everything pertaining to housekeeping. I also love poetry and music.

Wishing health, prosperity and happiness to one and all.

SUNNY JANE OF KENTUCKY.

Sunny Jane.—Thanks for the snapshot of yourself. It has been duly pasted into my Comfort Sisters' Album.

A visit to Comfort's plant would be worthwhile to anyone but doubly appreciated by anyone familiar with such work, as the presses and other equipment are thoroughly modern.

It is unfortunate you did not give me permission to sign your real name to your letter (a good letter, too) for you would have gotten replies first hand instead of waiting to have them forwarded.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I've wanted to write for years but I was afraid that "Billy" of Uncle Lisha's would get my letter.

Why, of course, all these letters are genuine. I have a very high opinion of Mrs. W. but I don't believe even she could think of all the good things in these letters.

We haven't been introduced yet. If I were a blonde I could call myself "fair, fat and forty" but alas I'm a decided brunette. I have been reducing so I weigh only 240 pounds now.

I am a teacher of over twenty years' experience and I spend my vacations with my husband in the mountains of Western Montana where we take our sheep to summer range. Some of my experiences are not pleasant but on the whole I enjoy the life. Our highest point is on the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains on the Idaho-Montana boundary line, at an elevation of 7,521 feet.

We were to tell of some "thrills" we have had. One morning early I decided to take a short stroll, rounding a mountainside I met a bear. My heart skipped a beat, maybe more, but my brain was on the job and told me that the bear had the right of way. He was as startled as I for he bounded down the mountainside. It was a silver tip which is a type of grizzly bear considered very dangerous. Old bear hunters say no bear is dangerous unless wounded or a mother with cubs.

Have I a twin anywhere in this wide world? I've never found one yet. I was born August 5, 1881.

Mothers, help purify our rising generation. Do not permit indecent exposure in dress, powder and paint, in jazz and uncensored movies. Try to get more wholesome amusement before our young people. They think they are wise and right but we older ones really know. My mother used to tell me, "Young folks think old folks are fools but old folks know young ones are."

I didn't believe it then but I do now.

Thank you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, for giving me this space.

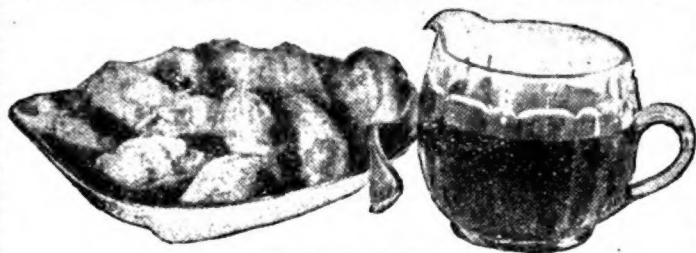
A new sister, ALICE B. AYERS.

PARLIN, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you let me in for the third and last time? I just want to thank all who wrote me for their kind letters. The coming of a new little daughter as a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



GREEN CORN FRITTERS.



# Cubby Bear "Speaks a Piece"

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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**C**UBBY Bear entered the house one summer day, and sank down despairingly in a corner.

"I never can do it, never!" he cried. "I do not like to go back on my word, but I cannot do it, and I must tell Wise Owl so, and let him find someone else to take my place."

"What is this dreadful thing you cannot do?" asked Grandma Bear, looking at him over her spectacles. "Tell me about it."

"Why, you know," said Cubby. "We are planning to have a Carnival for Midsummer Night, and invite everybody to come, and of course we must have a fine program. The birds are learning new songs, solos and choruses, Wise Owl will make a speech, and there will be games and races. Wise Owl said someone must speak a piece. He put a lot of little sticks in a hole in the ground together, and some of us agreed that whoever drew the longest one should learn a piece and speak it that night. So we drew—Tillie Turtle, and Betty Badger, and Busy Beaver, and Racky Coon, and ever so many more; then we measured the sticks, and mine was the longest!" Cubby Bear buried his face in his paws and rocked to and fro unhappily.

"But why did you agree to such a thing, if you feel so about it?" asked Grandma.

"Why, I thought it would be fun to draw with the others, and I never guessed I would get the longest stick! And now, when I tell Wise Owl I cannot speak, everyone will say, 'Cubby Bear does not keep his promises!'"

"Then I would do it!" said Grandma Bear calmly. "You are as bright as any of them."

"But I shall be afraid to stand up before all our visitors that night, and speak!" wailed Cubby.

"You could do as well as any of them," declared Grandma.

Just then Mamma Bruin came in, her face one broad, bright smile.

"Well, well, Cubby Bear," she began, delightedly, "I hear you have been chosen to speak a piece in the Midsummer Night's Carnival! How proud I shall be of you! Grandma Bear can go to hear you too, I hope, if she is well enough."

"Never you fear. I shall be there," said Grandma Bear.

Poor, foolish little Cubby began to cry.

"I never can do it—never!" he repeated.

"Pooh, pooh—tut, tut!" scoffed Grandma, while Mamma Bruin looked at him in surprise.

"But think what an honor it would be!" said Mamma Bruin. "Reading, by Cubby Bear, all written out on the program. And we are to have visitors that night, too—Madam Lynx from Canada, Sir Caribou from far up North, and I cannot tell you besides."

At this Cubby wailed afresh.

"I am so glad he has his white vest and high collar," said Grandma Bear. "They must be freshly washed and ironed. His handsome birthday necktie will be just what he needs, and I have no doubt Squilly Porcupine will lend him his yellow gold wrist watch."

Cubby was growing a little interested, in spite of himself.

"No, Dr. Squilly will want to wear his watch himself," he said, "for he is to make a speech and tell our visitors how it is we all keep in such good health here in our Pleasant Forest."

"He will let you wear it while you speak, of course," said Grandma.

"But I have nothing to speak, and do not know where I could find a piece," said Cubby.

"True," agreed Mamma Bruin soberly. "I had not thought of that. If one is to speak a piece, there must be a piece to speak. We might ask Tillie Turtle's advice; she is very old, and knows many things the rest of us do not."

They looked for Tillie, but could not find her. That evening, Shinyblack Crow came to make a call and talk over the Carnival plans, and they told him what was puzzling them.

"Hm—well!" he said thoughtfully. "You might tell a story, Cubby Bear. They would like that, I am sure."

"I know only stories that everybody in this forest has heard," sighed Cubby.

"Shinyblack Crow may know a good one he could tell you," suggested Grandma. "He sees many strange sights, I am sure, when he goes South for the winter."

"Oh, could you?" asked Cubby hopefully.

"Let me think," said Shinyblack Crow. "Yes! I remember something that happened one winter when I was living by the seacoast."

He told them the story, to which they listened eagerly. Then he surprised them by suddenly flapping his wings and "cawing" loudly.

"I have thought of a plan for you, Cubby Bear!" he cried. "Mother Goose—I know where she is staying just now, and I will try to coax her to come here and make my story into a rhyme, and teach it to you."

"How splendid!" approved Mamma Bruin. "If she will come, tell her we want her to stay and

enjoy the Midsummer Night's Carnival."

The very next morning, Shinyblack Crow was up before the sun, and flying on his way to Mother Goose's summer home. And on the third day, back they came together to Mamma Bruin's house in the Pleasant Forest.

Before she commenced to teach the verses to Cubby, she made him promise not to say it for anyone before Carnival night.

More than once Cubby was discouraged, and thought he could never learn to say it right.

"But I must try hard," he thought, "when



NOT ONE WORD OF HIS VERSE COULD HE REMEMBER.

"While I am making up the rhyme, Quite, quite alone I'll spend the time,"

Mother Goose told them, so Grandma Bear's room was given to her, and for a whole day she stayed in there alone.

When she came out, she ate hungrily of the good things Mamma Bruin had ready for her.

Mother Goose is good enough to take so much time to help me!"

All the preparations went merrily forward, and when Midsummer Night came, Cubby Bear started for the scene of the Carnival with Mamma Bruin, Grandma Bear, and Mother Goose.

He was scrubbed and brushed, and dressed in his best. He felt anxious about his part in the

program, and was glad it would be over when the games were played, so he could have a good time then, with nothing to worry him.

He could hardly listen to the songs of the birds, though their music was beautiful, and as for the speeches made by Wise Owl and Squilly Porcupine, he could not have told a word they said. He was saying his verses over and over to himself. Oh, what if he should forget!

When Wise Owl called for Cubby to speak, Cubby suddenly felt as if his feet were numb. How could he ever walk up there before so many and say the verses Mother Goose had taught him?

Mamma Bruin gave his shoulder a little pat, and he staggered to his feet. When he stood before them, with all eyes turned upon him, he trembled with fright. Not one word of his verses could he remember!

Then they began to cheer him, and Little Chipmunk, who was in the front row, threw a bouquet of buttercups at Cubby's feet.

Cubby smiled, and picked up the flowers, and all at once, the opening words came to him. He started in bravely:

"Who picked the Pickaninny from harm and scorching day? I'll tell you all about it, and how he came."

That Pickaninny, black was he, a tiny, toddling tot.

Who lived far, far away from here, where winter days are hot!

He lived with Mamma, Pappy, and with Pickaninny three.

In a funny little cabin, set close beside the sea. He had a friend, a Northern Crow, and with him loved to share

The hominy and hoe-cake that his Mamma would prepare.

"One day the tiny Pickaninny went toddling to the sea,

Across the hot and burning sand; and all alone went he!

Now Allie Gator lay in wait to catch that Pickanin;

He seed him comin' down the beach, and grined a wicked grin.

And when he scrambled from the waves, and dashed along the shore,

The Pickaninny saw him, and began to shriek and roar.

Oh, who could help that toddler then? Or save him from his foe?

His eyes were bulging out with fright, and later was his woe!

"Caw, caw!" was heard. Quite suddenly Allie Gator stopped.

For right in front of him a Crow with feathery pinions hopped.

"Go back into the sea," he cried, "and stay where you belong.

To frighten baby Pickaninny is very, very wrong! But Allie Gator wagged his monstrous head from side to side,

Made answer with a fierce 'Gr-r-r-r' and stretched his great mouth wide.

But do you think that scared the Crow? No, no! he gave a hop,

And landed on the Gator's nose with cutting, determined flop.

"Back—back into the sea!" he cried, "or else I'll peck your eyes!

I'm where you cannot harm me, despite your strength and size."

"Oh, spare my eyes!" that Gator cried, and dashed and scrambled back

Across the sands, into the sea, away from the black!

Oh, yes, it was our Shinyblack—our own good Northern Crow.

Who bravely, faced the Gator fierce, and ordered him to go.

"Twas he who picked the Pickanin from harm that wifery day

When on the cabin and the sand the burning sun shine lay."

Cubby ended amid wild applause. Cheers were given for Shinyblack Crow for his brave deed in the Southland, cheers for Mother Goose, who made the story into rhyme, and cheers for Cubby Bear, who had spoken his piece so nicely.

Stately Sir Caribou, the largest visitor there, shook Cubby's paw and praised him, saying, "I have lived many years, but never have I heard a little bear speak as well as you have this night!"

Cubby blushed with pleasure, and said: "Oh, but I dreaded to speak, and thought I never could do it—never! I—I even cried about it!"

"It never pays to worry ourselves by dreading things," Sir Caribou told him, with a smile. "Have courage, Cubby Bear, and remember that few things, when we really come to them, are as hard as we think they are going to be."

## SEPTEMBER COMFORT

### Home-Outfitting Number

The housewives look to September COMFORT for helpful suggestions and advice as to planning and preparing to outfit the family and the home for fall and winter, and they will find the help they are looking for in our coming September number. The following are some of the

### Special Features for September

"The Hope Chest Girl" Describes and pictures many pretty and useful things that girls are making and storing up in hopeful anticipation of matrimony.

"House Plants for Winter" Take up house plants in early fall. Attractive pots and boxes for them.

"Hot School Lunches" Parent-Teacher cooperation for better health and scholarship of school children.

"The Gods Arrive" Story of a grilling matrimonial adventure—by Maud Mary Brown. Begins in September, ends in Oct. number.

"Family and Household Sewing" Helps in making and repairing clothes and house furnishings.

"September Cooking Helps" Recipes for cooking fall foods and directions for making jellies and preserves.

"Cubby Bear and Brownie Whippoorwill" Cubby Bear hears the story of why this gloomy night bird utters its mournful cry.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 406 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive September COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss September COMFORT.

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August, 1922.

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#### Crumbs of Comfort

Win with a smile.  
Be master of your time.  
Half spoils all it touches.  
Without faith all is futile.  
The pure in heart need no law.  
If we do little we have little.  
He is well paid that is well satisfied.  
God made man to learn by experience.  
Power comes to the man who knows how.  
Comrade is word that says "Equality".  
Excusing yourself is fooling yourself.  
A man cannot speak but he judges himself.  
You get nowhere without loving something.  
The Road of Love leads to the Hills of God.  
When the truth hurts it is because it should.  
To debate with the dishonest is wasting time.  
Let your courage be high and your temper low.  
We are only truly strong as we are truly free.  
Injustice to others is injustice to ourselves.  
True friendship thinks of giving, not getting.  
Yourself is better than anyone you can imitate.  
Something is wrong if you have ceased to smile.  
Give yourself to the world and the world is yours.  
What is good for the family is best for the nation.  
That activity is best of which the goal is greatest.  
Man is spiritually united to his brother and the race.  
That teacher knows best who is taught by his scholars.  
The best sympathy comes from those who have suffered.  
How life looks to you depends upon how you look at life.  
The story of the Seamless Robe is the story of brotherhood.  
When you mind other people's business you neglect your own.  
Poems of twenty words have outlived the might of forty wars.  
We should stop to ask ourselves if we are building our own heaven.  
We should take time each day to practice the presence of the divine.  
To traverse the Sea of Life safely a chart of the human soul is needed.  
Much of the world's advance in knowledge has been due to curiosity.



Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

IN the past few months the newspaper headlines have borne terrifying record of the outbreak of crime which has been sweeping our country's large centers of population and sections of thinner settlement. The nights of patrolman, police chief and commissioner have been made restless with excursions and alarms, and uneasy movements have been experienced by many estimable citizens who own possessions they prefer to consign to moth and rust rather than to thieves who break through and steal. The newspapers that have recorded this wave of crime have been aroused to indignant editorials of various sort—ponderously and pessimistically commenting as to cause, effect and remedies. In my own city and even in my neighborhood, storekeepers and clerks have been shot down and robbed, and the indignant editorials have been justified in that the police have failed, in the bulk of cases, to make arrests—automobiles offering safe getaways to the bandits.

Spending my vacation now in the same little mountain village where Billy and I spent happy weeks last summer, the headlines of my forwarded city papers read the more strangely and alarmingly in contrast with the peaceful life of the quiet village, the serenity of the nearby peaks, and the ordered passage of the summer as Nature moves through her ancient round of months and seasons. Yet looking closely, even in such a country community there can be found too much disrespect for law, too much of a willingness of the individual, upon occasion, to place what he considers his interests, rights, or a false sense of liberty, ahead of the regulations which the community as a whole has found best to establish. In the cities, of course, these tendencies and conditions are multiplied and find exaggeration.

Although this evasion of necessary legalized restriction finds easier expression under our system of government and is probably one of the defects which the advantages of a democracy has to bear, yet I believe there is each year a constant growth in our country of a disregardance of laws both old and new. This disregardance in great centers of population is pushed on by industrial unrest, or other temporary causes, to such outbreaks as the past two years have brought. It is a condition of danger and youthful criminals are increasing as well as capital crimes. In addition to its social effect in being a disregard of our form of government as a source of law, the tendency is a result from a deeper and more serious cause—the lack of any restraint which a religious impulse places upon actions which injure our fellows; a decay of faith shown in an ignoring of an essential Law Giver. The condition, at root, particularly as it involves youth, marks the absence of the word of God from the home and the lives that are moulded there for good or evil.

I go back to my own tracing of the cause of this and other present day troubles when I say that too many of us live without faith in anything beyond ourselves; without belief in any power but that of man's futile functioning; without regard for any punishment but that we may be clever enough to escape. And the situation is made worse because our faith in ourselves has been weakened by an experience of our selfish weaknesses, our belief in the power that man is shaken by the use we see made of such power; our avoidance of punishment is made impossible because we bring on our own cataclysms of pain and unhappiness. Our house of life is indeed made one built upon changing and slippery sands. A growth of turmoil in the world, an increase of crime, accident and suicide, endless unrest and unhappiness—all are as certain as day and night if our foundation for living remains unaltered and our base of relationship with our fellow men is to rest upon what we can take rather than what we must give.

Man cannot live unto himself utterly. His life cannot consist of the things he possesses—or in what he can strive to obtain. It has all been said before upon high authority and I say it again: man can only live through to the happiness of his true life by first being willing to lose it in obedience to what it is divinely natural for him to recognize as Divine Law, and by standing, ready to blend his own false and useless self-interest in a life of sacrifice and service for all.

In our world today, in his effort to escape the chaotic conditions involving him, man puts out a wavering hand here and there and turns a timid step or two toward trembling paths of beliefs and systems that have shaken him before to destruction through as many centuries as we have history. So many things have failed him in a discard of blood and dust. It is a time of uneasy waiting. But never is the voice of any one in a position of power raised to turn us to the only Law Giver, to point us toward the one safe way. For we need to be led and made to know that we will always stumble in darkness until we turn toward the true light; until we recognize that might and power lie only in the Love which is the fulfilling of the law—that Law which is the very God in whom we live, move and have our being, prodigals though we may be now.

Let those trained and cultivated minds who sneer at religion at this time point to any achievement of joy in their own lives as proof of their own trust in even the strength of their doubts. Let those who boastfully speak of our advances in science look for results in those parts of the world where science and so-called "progress" have most been given place and power. Yet it is not the day of the humble. Pride may come before a fall, but how can it be justified after the tumble and the bruised knees that will not kneel? I would rather have the love, the trust and simplicity of the little children I meet daily in the streets of this quiet, mountain-guarded town than all the science that can be packed in the dusty libraries of our loveless, doubting and tortuous-minded men. We need for our Faith, our Love and our Law a divine foundation. Only this can ever be the world's salvaging. It means a return to the absolute living and not the abstract worshiping of the teachings of Christ. Any other remedy for our evils is but a blind leading of the blind—and with each ditch deeper for our falling than the last. A new commandment was given us and we have let it grow old as the world. When we have learned to make it new again we will have made a new earth and heaven.

And now for the letters:

FAIRBANKS, P. O. BOX 825, ALASKA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: I am a new cousin and want to know if you have room in your corner for a little girl from Alaska? I am twelve years old and I was born in Fairbanks. I have never been out of Alaska. I get letters from children in the United States who think I am an Eskimo because I live in Alaska, but I want the COMFORT cousins to know that I am not an Eskimo. I have two pets: one is a pig and the other is a hen. The hen is not very young but the pig is only a week old. Its name is Boots. He is very cute. He likes me to pick him up and cuddle him. I named him Boots because he has two little white forefeet. His two hind feet are black. I guess you will laugh when you read this, but he is so clean and shiny I just can't help loving him. He is black with just a white stripe on his shoulders. My hen's name is Cluck. She is so tame I can pick her up. She has raised a great many chicks and is a good mother.

Perhaps you would like to know something about Alaska. We have very short dark days in winter and have to study mostly by electric light. And we have lots of snow. Last winter was a very mild one and the coldest weather was only thirty-five below zero. Some winters it gets as cold as sixty-five below zero. In summer we have long warm days. The sun shines both day and night. We grow all kinds of vegetables and lots of pretty flowers. I would like to hear from different boys and girls and I will try and answer their letters. I am your new cousin, With love, STELLA SHAFER.

All right, Stella; let's have it understood at the very start: you are not an Eskimo even if you were born in Fairbanks and can sit comfortably out your veranda and rock Boots to sleep when the thermometer is 65 degrees below zero. I have often heard of and tasted nice cold ham, Stella; but this pet pig of yours must be just about the coldest possible pork. I hope you have a warm little fur coat, made from a polar cubby bear, to cover Boots' shiny pink skin during the coldest of the dark winter days he has to pass in his electrically-lighted pig parlor.

Even if you are not an Eskimo, Stella, perhaps you can tell us the best way to make Eskimo pie. This chilly and delicious substance is all the rage these summer days in New York and Brooklyn. People who for years have been satisfied with old-fashioned apple, mince or custard pastry now go happily about gnawing on an icy slab of Eskimo pie and making a noise like a seal. Probably in your next letter you can tell us something about this Arctic delicacy. Do they bake it in snow ovens and use whale blubber for shortening?

You have a wonderful country, Stella. Just how wonderful few people know—or seem to care. It will be different some day and great things are in store for your Northern domain, I believe.

But I don't like this idea of having the sun shine both day and night—particularly on a hot Fourth of July. What good would be rockets and pinwheels? And what else do you do with the stars and the moon, Stella, if you don't use them in the summer? I should think twenty-four hours of hot sun would be enough to turn chilly little Boots into Eskimo lard, so that some warm day when you cuddled him you would have nothing but a grease spot and a grunt left on your white organdie or dotted Swiss.

ANKERDEEN, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: As I have long been a silent reader of your department, I thought I would try my hand at writing and see if it would escape Billy the Goat. Please chase him into the corral until you read this letter.

This is a wild looking country. We have real cow-punchers out here, also some shure enuf bears. Farming and stock raising are extensively carried on. The climate is very healthful and the soil is very productive—only we ought to be more rain in summer. The soil is a volcanic ash and we have a long strip of lava here about twenty miles long and fifteen wide. There is a sugar factory at Blackfoot, so you see the sugar we use is the product of our own state.

Doubtless you are wondering what I look like; so here goes: I am five feet, ten inches tall, weigh 165 pounds and have black hair and brown eyes. My age is between nineteen and twenty-four. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I remain, Your nephew and cousin, ARTHUR ORTH.

I don't wonder you say you need more rain in your country, Arthur, if your soil has all turned to ashes. I can't see how you can hope to improve it any by irrigating with lava. All the lava I ever heard about has been pretty hot stuff and not calculated to make sugar beets sprout so high that one beet would make a hundred of granulated. I advise you to keep the lava off the beets and use it only to make a hot-bed for early greens. However, you seem to keep cheerful, even with your volcanoes, ashes, bears and lava—all of which would seem to interfere somewhat with a peaceful farming life. The beets may stand the lava, Art, and you may have them fireproofed in some way, but I don't think you ought to stand these wild cowpunchers going about and punching your Jersey and Holsteins. A cow is a gentle creature as mild as milk, and needs to be handled gently. Punching her won't make any bossy give a drop more milk and, in fact, a side swing to the jaw or a right-arm jolt in the bovine solar plexus might dry a cow up entirely, leaving her just as arid as your volcanic ashes. If these chaps are bound to do so much punching, Art, let 'em buy a punching-bag or practice on your bears. These "shure enuf" animals can take a lot of punishment without going to the mat.

MARMON, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: This is my second attempt to write a letter; Billy must have got my first, but I'm going to keep on sending letters till you get tired.

We live in the driest part of North Dakota, but I assure you we can raise plenty of garden vegetables for all that.

Uncle, what do you advise me to do after I'm through school?—become a nurse, teacher or what? I am through the common school and I intend to finish both high school and college because I believe in a good education. I don't powder, go to dances or wear high-heeled shoes, but you may be sure I'll do all three of these when I get older.

I guess I will have to describe myself so you can see what a homely thing I am: I have golden brown hair which is sometimes wavy and sometimes straight as an Indian's locks. I have blue eyes, medium complexion and a freckled nose. I am five feet, six inches tall and am fourteen years old. Cousins, won't you please write letters to me? I would appreciate it so much. I will have to close now, with love to all. Your niece, AMANDA ANDERSON.

Amanda, I'm not tired of reading your letters. I would never get tired. I just love to read 'em and you write so nicely. But I'm answering this one because of your important question. You



## Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

### That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

### Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

**Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

want to know if you should "become a nurse, teacher or what." Amanda, nursing is a necessary and honorable profession which any woman can be proud to follow; teaching is perhaps the service of the most responsibility in the whole world and is being parent to the race; but above all, Amanda, do not think of becoming a "what." There are far too many whats now, and the profession is crowded. I meet them every day and all over. A what, my dear Amanda, is a person to whom life and his or her particular place in it are uncertain and interrogatory things. Whats are never quite sure of themselves or the work they have picked out. They are convinced they could be doing better at some other job, but they are not certain just what that job is and what they should do to find it.

Amanda, you are only fourteen and so you are entitled to be questioning and uncertain as to what place in the world you want to aim for and fill, or to just what star you should hitch your terrestrial wagon of youthful dreams. But you must choose your lifework by and by; educate yourself definitely toward your choice; plan to attain it creditably and give to your selected work the best that is in you. If you do this, Amanda, you may be a good nurse or a trained and intelligent teacher, and the crowded profession of whats will never gain you as an unhappy and useless addition.

INDIAN TOWN, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: For quite a while we took COMFORT and then stopped. Now we're taking it again. Now I don't say this to please you, but I think the League of Cousins is the best department of all. Understand I'm not slighting the others; each one has his or her choice. But the League is like a geography; you learn of other places besides your own domain and also it's almost like meeting other people.

Uncle Lisha, do you think progress and modernizing the world destroys romance? I've heard people argue that it does and I've read where cynics say that romance is no more. I don't know but that's half what I live for; romance, I mean. Not just love, but the adventure and mystery of life—the not knowing what's ahead of you on the morrow. Oh, I don't know quite how to explain it.

I am very fond of reading and cats. I have the dearest Maltese kitten. Have any of the cousins ever read the Boy Chum series? They're wonderful. I'm a girl, but I much prefer boys' books to girls'. They've got some adventure and pep to them, no matter how improbable.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

### Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 157, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Well, dear unknown friends, I will close this tiring missive—tiring I mean to Uncle Lisha and Billy perhaps. "O-o-o-o-o." I hear owls "howling" down in the swamp. They give me the shivers, but I like to hear 'em.

Some of the North and Western cousins please write to a sixteen-year-old, brown-eyed, brown-haired, rather dark-complexioned south Florida girl whose name is JULIE WILKINSON.

Julie, you want to know if our juggernaut of modern progress has crushed romance out of the world—and your own letter gives the answer. You dream of the "adventure and mystery of life" and what may happen on some tomorrow. Just so long as there are boys and girls to dream, Julie, romance will live. Dreams are the stuff of which it is made; they are romance's very blood and substance. Not all of us are young and not all dream dreams, but to those of us who hold the wonder and mystery of life fresh like salt upon the lips and who know that all is not budgets, chambers of commerce and trade reports, romance never dies. The most wonderful thing in the world, the greatest happiness yet, may always be waiting just around the corner—when dreams come true.

Of course the cynics can say that romance is no more, Julie. It is dead as a door nail for them, poor things, and has always been. Why they even declare boldly that there are no such creatures as fairies! Cynics are hopeless and they are mostly nasty, bald-headed things, anyway. If they ever dream at all it is from eating too much broiled lobster and mince pie.

But youth will always dream, Julie, and so romance is certain to remain as immortal as the procession of young hearts, as deathless as spring, as eternal as love. Do not worry because you cannot put in words just what you feel and what the new charm and wonder of life means to you. Let the cynics do the explaining; they can explain so much—perhaps even where their hair has gone. But for you, Julie, love your Maltese kitten, listen to your hooting swamp owls and cherish your dreams. For romance is not dead, my dear; she is just around the corner. And the only way you can ever lose her is to meet her face to face.

ETNA MILLS, VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: Open up the door and give a guy from the Old (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



# Who Is Sylvia?

By Margaret Becker Kulp

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WITH all due respects to the Woman's Institute this is the story of a Modern Cinderella.

Her name is Sylvia,—you know:

"Who is Sylvia, what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?"

Well, that's what we wanted to find out, "Who" she was. We—and when I say "we," I mean John Huntley and me—knew "What" she was; she was a "cuckoo."

It began the night of Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's big fête which was something of a cross between a masquerade ball and a charity bazaar. The large idea was all Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's very own, and the object was to raise funds for an emergency operating room in the new Leighton Hospital, of which she is president of the board of directors. Unique, wasn't it? And the most part of it all was that it was to be a very democratic affair—for the people, by the people, and from the people—mostly from the people—the market quotation on tickets being ten dollars per. Even at that it seemed as if all of Leighton turned out, and that is where Mrs. Huntley-Leigh made a great mistake; and how the largest, boldest robbery ever known in Leighton was committed, and how a cold-blooded murder nearly occurred.

Being society editor of *The Leighton Gazette*, the Chief hands one of the bits of magic pasteboard to me and says:

"Miss O'Donnell, here is a ticket for that fool stunt Mrs. Huntley-Leigh is pulling off at her home on Friday night; please attend. And listen to me, Delia; as you know, Mrs. Huntley-Leigh controls the largest amount of stock in this paper, and as we have not yet been able to convince the stockholders that we need a new set of large type for our pressroom, I want you to write up this affair of hers so touchingly that she'll be moved to pull off another stunt in the near future to raise funds for a new set of large type for us."

I decided to go in costume and enjoy myself along with the rest of Leighton, and so I got together a stunning outfit and went as Mrs. Bluebeard, and leave it to Delia, old Solomon in all his glory didn't have a thing on me. I arrived with the advance guard, for by the returns in the box-office that day it looked as though they would have to secure the services of all the traffic cops to handle the angry mob.

Ten o'clock found me sitting very calm and blissfully in the large drawing-room beside Mrs. R. Sylvester Smythe—she is the little dame who invariably calls me up the day after I've reported her attendance at some social function or other and bawls me out for slighting her, or her gown—so I was quite familiar with her dear little nagging voice.

"Isn't this the most gorgeous spectacle?" she purred. "So wonderfully clever of dear Mrs. Huntley-Leigh to plan it all. I do so love to come to her affairs, she entertains so lavishly, and one meets only the best of people. Do you attend many of her social functions?"

She darted a penetrating, sidelong glance at me. The cat!

"Yes," I replied, and it was the truth, too, although I did not feel duty bound to inform her that it was a part of my profession to attend them.

"So do I," she lied—for she is no more a member of the "inner shrine" than I am. "I do hope," she went on—and, say, there are occasions where ignorance is bliss, aren't there?" "I do hope that horrid little red-headed reporter from the *Gazette* is here tonight, and that, for once in her life she will be able to describe my costume accurately."

I nearly choked; you see, I don't have my red hair for nothing, and sometimes even the best-natured people get peeved. However, I made a dignified exit through a French window near at hand, and went out to join the motley crowd outside.

And here is where Sylvia comes into this tale.

I looked around for a quiet spot in which to sit down and calm my ruffled feelings, and presently I found a comfortable rustic bench beneath a wide-spreading—no, it was not a chestnut tree—it was an old oak. I sank down upon it thoughtfully and watched the gay promenaders; and then, as it was a part of my profession to write up all I saw, I took my trusty old notebook from my pocket—oh, yes, I had a pocket, I really had to have one, you know, to carry all the keys of old Bluebeard's bearded den—and began to describe the costumes.

There were troubadours from the thirteenth century, cavaliers from the period of Charles the First, toradors from Spain, gladiators from ancient Rome, mandarins, Turks, Cossacks, Indians, Pied Pipers of Hamelin, and a dozen devils, of course; not to mention Joan of Arc, Snow-White, Mary, Queen of the Scots, and so many others that it would keep me busy from now until they decide to court-martial the Kaiser to name them all—but it was *some crowd*.

Well, just about this time along came a slender little vision in a shimmering white satin Yama-Yama costume trimmed with ridiculous, big scarlet pompons. She was stepping it off like a child tripping home from school, as though she didn't have a care in the world, and she was humming a little tune to herself, quite happy-like. She didn't see me at all, sitting there in the shadow of that old oak, so she went around to the other side and what do you think she did? Shinned up that tree like a regular tomboy! And there she sat, swinging her satin-bloomered legs and her small slippered feet with those absurd scarlet pompons on them, as if she were having the time of her young life. Naturally I couldn't move, so I prepared to wait patiently until she tired of pretending she was one of our feathered friends.

Presently the plot thickened. Along came another Yama-Yama; this time the male of the species. The lighted end of a good Havana preceded him by an inch or two. The girl above me also scented the approach of a man. She leaned down—yes, *I was peeping*, but then it is a part of my profession to do so whenever I think an occasion warrants my peeping—and she called, oh, so softly and sweetly:

"Oh, Pierrot!"

The man stopped short and reconnoitered—I held my breath for fear he'd find me and accuse me of trying to flirt—but he didn't, he gave it up. Then the mix in the tree laughed, such a silvery, tinkling laugh, and she called again:

"Oh, Pierrot!"

Then he looked up and saw her.

"Oh you Pierrette," he said, and I knew that voice—it was John Huntley's.

Now there are three things to be said about John Huntley; he is the most eligible, the most courted, and the most elusive young bachelor in Leighton; then, too, he is Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's sole surviving relative, and the apple of her eye; and beside all this he is our most prominent attorney-at-law. I couldn't place the girl, and I have a pretty good memory—it is a part of my profession to have one, you know.

"Who are you, sweetness?" John Huntley asked the girl in the tree.

"Who is Sylvia?" she mocked back.

John Huntley laughed, and the shimmering vision in the old oak sang on:

"Is she kind as she is fair—  
For Beauty lives with Kindness—  
To her eyes Love doth repair,  
To help him of his blindness."

John Huntley threw away his cigar. "Sylvia, you adorable little witch," he cried, "I'm coming up." And up he went! Then I took myself to task. "Della O'Donnell," I said very sternly and severely, "you're intruding. How would you like for someone to listen in on yours and Jerry's big scene?" And anyway, as the conversation was being

pital along with Gregson who was still unconscious; he said she was suffering from shock.

I revised my copy again. I crossed out "shell."

Two weeks passed. Gregson, still in the hospital, remembered that he had heard only a few words behind him at an open window, and as he turned to investigate—at the same time drawing his revolver—he suddenly knew no more. Gregson had been hit in the back of his head and knocked senseless by the butt end of a revolver, he had a wicked wound. Mrs. Huntley-Leigh was still in the hospital, too, much to the professional pride of the institution. One afternoon I went over to see her. I found her propped up in an invalid's chair at the window.

the whole police force and detective agency combined." But poor Jerry was always on the wrong scent.

He fooled them this time, however.

Jerry had a strong suspicion that a regular crook pulled off that job the night of the Bal Masque. He contended that a girl like Sylvia—of course I had told him all about Sylvia—could not have done it, especially could not have given Gregson that terrific blow in the head. And he was right. One day, about a month later, Jerry walked into the district attorney's office and told them where to get the thief. And they got him. Also the pearls.

In the meanwhile I was doing some sleuthing of my own. First I went to Miss Hart, the superintendent of nurses, at the new Leighton Hospital, and asked her what Miss Elliot's given name was. She consulted her register.

"Sylvia," she told me.

"And can you tell me, please, Miss Hart," I asked sweetly, "whether or not Miss Elliot received a ticket to the masquerade given by Mrs. Huntley-Leigh about a month ago?"

Miss Hart looked puzzled. "Why, yes," she said slowly, "the superintendent of the hospital, the internes—all but one who remained on call—the supervisors, all the senior nurses—

—Miss Elliot is a senior—and I went on Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's special invitation. I hope there is no trouble, Miss O'Donnell?"

"Oh, dear no, Miss Hart," I said, and my heart was nearly jumping up into my mouth, "everything is all right, everything is just perfectly all right."

Then I went to John Huntley's office. John was looking like the last rose of summer. He raised a happy face to mine as I went in, and tried to smile. He surely was hard hit!

"John," I said very low and tenderly, "if I were to tell you who Sylvia is will you ask your Aunt Regina for a new set of large type for our pressroom? And will you see that Jerry Carruthers gets a raise in salary—enough to make a salary that two can live on?"

John shook his head reprovingly.

"That," I said, drawing myself up to my five-feet-two-and-a-half, "that is a part of my profession."

"Ah, Delia, you are a gentle grafter!"

"I'll tell you, Delia, who Sylvia is," said John dreamily, "she is a beautiful dream, a glimpse of Heaven, a bit of moonlight madness, a breath of exquisite perfume, a strain of enchanting melody, a charming fairy that flitted for a little while—from fairyland, a Cinderella who left her hearth and ashes for a single night and disappeared on the stroke of twelve, leaving behind a part of her tiny slipper."

My word! He was hard hit! From his breast pocket he took that ridiculous scarlet pompon.

"Fiddledsticks!" I said. "For a brilliant lawyer, John, you are the most stupid lover I have ever seen. Go down to the hospital and ask me Miss Elliot and use your eyes, not use your eyes! 'Cinderella' nothing!" I snorted. "She left at twelve hours by the rules and regulations of the institution, she had to report at the nurses' home at that time."

"Della," shouted John, seeking my hands in his, "you angel, Jerry got that raise and the pressroom gets the new type."

He grabbed his hat and made a mad rush for the door.

"This way out," I said, holding it open, "and please don't crowd, take it slowly and avoid accidents."

"Della O'Donnell," he cried, "leave it to you to track old Romance to his lair."

"That," I said, very low and demurely, "is a part of my profession."

But he was gone.

Don't argue with a fool—someone may overhear the argument and be unable to tell which is the fool.

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carried on sotto voce and I couldn't hear a word. I decided to make a quiet getaway—which precaution was entirely unnecessary.

It must have been eleven o'clock when that awful, never-to-be-forgotten, blood-curdling cry came piercing down the stairs to the big dining-room where the caterers were serving ices and coffee—"MURDER!"

Of course I was sent there to get copy for the society column, and the Chief never sensed anything sensational or he would have given Jerry one of those little white tickets (Jerry is our feature writer, and he's great on murders—that is how he became a war correspondent). But as Jerry wasn't there, I did my best for the old paper, and I grabbed my notebook and followed those who were not too petrified to move upstairs.

"Della O'Donnell," I said to myself, "here is where you do double time. Perhaps the Chief will recognize talent and quick work, and if you cover this for Jerry he will give you both his blessing, and Jerry that hoped-for raise in salary."

And, leave it to Della, I covered it.

By this time I was at the door of Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's dressing-room. The butler, who was trying to hold back the crowd that was bowing its way into the room. He was terribly pale and was shaking quite visibly, and no wonder! For there on the floor lay the bodies of Gregson, the private detective whom Mrs. Huntley-Leigh had secretly installed in her dressing-room in the event of a possible robbery, and Mrs. Huntley-Leigh herself! Hortense, the little French maid, was standing close by shivering with fright and chattering unintelligibly.

By some strange freak of my imagination—perhaps because I was covering Jerry's field—I imagined I was Jerry, Jerry reporting again in No-Man's Land, and I wrote:

"GREAT BATTLE!—Casualties—Two Dead. One—I was looking at Hortense then—'Shell-shocked.' The enemy's attack was sudden and unexpected. He retreated, however, under heavy fire—Gregson's revolver lay limply in his right hand—'All was confusion'—all of the bureau drawers were pulled out and their contents spilled over the room."

Well, by the time they had cleared the scene of action of the morbid crowd (I remained, for it was a part of my profession to be there) and had revived Mrs. Huntley-Leigh, who had merely fainted, after all, and telephoned for the police and the ambulance, Hortense managed to come to and make herself intelligible.

"The pearls," she gasped, "Madame's magnificent pearls—Mon Dieu, they are gone!"

Anyway, there had been a robbery. I revised my copy. Then, being of an inquisitive turn of mind—but you must know that it is a part of my profession to be so—I began to look around. Presently I saw—lying near the corner of a dresser—what do you think?—one of those silly scarlet pompons! My heart lost a beat. *Sylvia!* I looked helplessly at Hortense who was standing beside me! I held it out to her questioning. Hortense wrinkled up her pretty little forehead and thought seriously. Suddenly she beamed.

"Oui," she said, "Mademoiselle she wish some rouge et poudre."

Just then John Huntley came up to me, he had seen that foolish little pompon, and, my word, he was pale.

"If you don't mind," he said, very calmly and politely, "I should like to have that."

What was I to do but to hand it over?

Before long the police arrived, and the ambulance with the doctor, who was a young interne from the new Leighton Hospital. He advised that Mrs. Huntley-Leigh be removed to the hos-



"Oh Pierrot!"



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## The Welcome Guest

If you had been with me, Pretty Girls, on a recent week-end in the country, you would guess at once what an member of that little houseparty came away. I am sure, with the same thoughts at the back of their heads.

There was a very pretty girl among the guests, and we all arrived at the same time at the small station, from which we were to walk or drive to the little lake on which our friends lived. The majority of the young people were in favor of a walk of four miles as "a lot of fun." All, with one exception, wore "sneakers" or tennis shoes, simple clothes, and carried little in the way of baggage. The latter did not matter, in any case, for we were to leave our packs in town to be called for. The pretty girl had on high-heeled patent leather pumps, very pretty to look at but totally unsuited for anything but sitting still, and a very pretty white dress which certainly would not look so white at the end of the four-mile walk.

We will all have to admit that she was game, and did not balk at the idea of walking, but the thing we do remember, besides, is that we all had to stop at the little hotel and wait while she changed her shoes and stockings. She knew she was going into the country and that it was to be a "rough-and-ready" week-end, yet she could not resist making herself as pretty as possible, trusting to luck that she would not have to do any walking.

When we arrived at the house, and all of us were helping to unpack and get the simple meal it was Enid who had to slip away to "dress," and who kept us all waiting because her hair was not dressed when six or seven hungry voices called "Dinner!"

It was Enid, next morning, who was late downstairs, and whose every hair was pinned as it should be when she appeared, who had on becoming clothes and pretty stockings, and looked fresh and dainty to behold. But—and here's the point—few of us felt inclined to dwell on her appearance because the coffee had been ready for some time and was not improving with standing. Shortly after breakfast, a walk in the woods was proposed. Enid was as eager as any of us to go, but called to us to wait a minute while she ran upstairs to get a hat. We waited ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, and then Enid came down in a lovely silk sweater and a darling Tam, and her hair had been freshly arranged, so that she looked as cool and sweet as possible. But, again, none of us felt inclined to dwell on this, for we had all been fuming at the delay. If we wanted to go rowing, we waited for Enid; if we wanted to go into town, Enid was gayly anxious to go along, and again we waited, because she changed her waist and added a few decorative touches.

So our days went by, the few of them there were. At all times Enid was a lovely picture at which to gaze, but nobody felt like gazing, and when we once more started homeward, you may be sure it was not Enid who was the center of the men's attention. No, indeed, it was a good-natured, not especially pretty girl, who wore, most of the time she was there, the same rough-and-ready sport shirt, with tennis shoes, a simple sport hat, and whose only changes of attire were the addition of clean blouses when needed. Never did we have to wait for her, never did she seem to be thinking of the impression she was making; she had freckles on her nose, sunburn on her arms, her hair was wavy and done up elaborately, but she had been ready for every bit of fun we had, as well as every bit of work, such as washing dishes or frying eggs. She was far and away more popular than Enid, lovely and gracious and sweet as the latter was.

What's the answer? I guess you all know. Enid was constantly thinking of the impression she was making; being beautiful was her serious occupation, and somehow we all found that while we liked beautiful things and especially beautiful girls, something was taken from their beauty if they spent much thought upon it themselves. Enid might as well have been as homely as a mud fence for all the interest anybody took in her. So, girls, while I want you all to make the most of your good looks, I do not want you to spend all your thoughts upon your appearance. When you are dressing in the morning, see that you are properly dressed and look to the best advantage—then forget it. And if you are a guest and want to be a welcome one again, never take time to make a toilet when other people will have to wait for you. Enid should have worn her sport shoes up on the train; she would then have been ready for anything. She should have dressed quickly in the morning so that she could at once respond to any plan on foot, and not require a special toilet; she should have been willing to wear the hat nearest at hand, in fact should have had only one hat with her considering the kind of outing she was on. And never should she have given anybody the impression that she was thinking how she looked.

One toilet in the morning is not sufficient for the entire day, of course, but it doesn't take long to slip off one's blouse, wash quickly, give a hasty rub with powder, and slip on a fresh blouse. Learn to dress quickly, and never to keep anybody waiting while you "beautify." For you will never seem beautiful to anybody if they guess you are trying to seem so.

## Answers to Questions

I. L.—Just ask your druggist for Mascara, and he will give you the right thing. For milk, when I say "take one glass of milk," I mean, of course, the ordinary tumbler which holds half a pint. The milk should be sweet. Pasteurized milk is all right, but so is milk fresh from the cow if it is your cow and you know it is healthy and the milking properly done in a sanitary fashion. All freckle remedies act about the same—that is, several applications burn the skin away and eradicate the brown spot which is below the skin. As I have said many times, the skin is left sensitive and you will have to be very careful to protect it with cold cream, big hats, parasols, etc., or you will promptly freckle again. Lemon juice applied to some freckles will remove them; grated horseradish will displace others. But whatever remedy you use, treat the skin carefully after, applying some aloe ointment or a good cold cream. Remember what you will have done is burn away a piece of your skin.

Popsy.—The mark you refer to is, of course, not a scar, but a skin condition. Looking after your general health is about the only thing that will help it, so feed yourself well, drink lots of water, bathe the entire body daily, practice deep breathing, get plenty of outdoor exercise and enough restful sleep with your windows open winter as well as summer. Drink plenty of good sweet milk, if possible; it will be one of the best things possible for you. Eat plenty of vegetables and be sure to avoid fried foods. Keep the bowels in good condition by exercise, drinking plenty of water and by eating proper foods—fruits, vegetables, etc. Eat plenty of cereal and cream milk for your breakfast, as well as some fruit. You do not weigh enough, so your bust does not have the necessary material with which to develop. If you want a larger bust you must feed yourself the proper food to build flesh and fat, so that there will be enough to go around and you will find that your bust develops as your whole body adds weight. Try to gain five or ten pounds. Your hips are small, because you do not weigh enough. With a waist measure of 26, your hips and bust should each be 30, but if your waist increases to 28, then bust and hips should increase in the same proportion, which would make them 32. No, I do not answer letters by mail, and your informant is mistaken. My correspondence is so large and so many people wait to know the same thing that one letter answered in these columns will take care of twenty or thirty similar inquiries. It would be impossible, you can see, to write to thirty people for every question that needed an answer.

Brown Eyes.—I should not tamper with the moles,

They are dangerous to meddle with, as when scratched or irritated they sometimes develop into malignant growths. I would let them alone—besides they are rather fashionable, making the surrounding skin look whiter than it really is. Keep your skin well cared for.

MARY LOUISE.—For a long face, the hair should be dressed to be full at the side of the head. You might try parting the hair in the middle, and again from the middle of the top of the head to each ear, so that the front hair would be in two sections. Now make a third part just back of the crown of the head, across the head. Pin this third section out of the way while you comb the back section up and coil the ends firmly at the crown of the head. Now comb the "third section," back over this coil, doubling its ends under itself, and pinning over the coil. Take one of the front sections next and arrange it so that it will be pulled a little over the ear but not quite covering it. Put in invisible pins as you arrange it. Then do the same with the other side, and coil the ends of both at the back of the head just below the point where you have pinned the "third section." This sounds complicated and is, more or less. Another pretty way, if your hair is very heavy, is to part it in the middle from forehead to nape of the neck. Braid in two braids, and cross at the nape, bringing up and around the head. You want to leave the front hair loose enough so that when the braids are pinned in position, you can pull loose curves of hair down on your forehead. Lap the locks just a tiny bit, with an invisible pin, at the part, and do the same with the back part, after running a comb through it above the braid so that no part will show.

OHIO GIRL.—To reduce your legs, at the calves, practice the following exercise: Standing with heels together, toes slightly apart, hands on hips, chin up and back straight, rise to your tiptoes slowly, and count five; now let the heels sink slowly back to the floor; rise again, and so on for five or ten minutes. Keep the knees straight during this exercise. The open pores on your face should be closed by the persistent use of cold water after bathing with warm. You need



PRETTY BUT TOO CONSCIOUS OF THE FACT.

also plenty of outdoor exercise, and of course a daily body bath, with a final brisk rubbing with a Turkish towel. Do not rub the face hard but give it a quick frictioning with a soft towel. Do not use ice on the face.

BLISS.—Thank you for all the nice words. With pimples on arms, face, chest and back, your blood needs looking after. No outside remedy will help you. What you want to do is to get busy and rid your system of the impurities which can't get out any other way and so force their way out through the pores. Bowels first of all, of course. Don't take cathartics, but drink quantities of water, eat fruit, and exercise, exercise, exercise! Don't eat constipating foods. Potatoes are apt to constipate and so is white bread, especially hot bread and griddle-cakes, etc. Cut out white bread and potatoes, therefore, for the time being. Drink a couple of glasses of water on rising in the morning, but not until you have exercised for five minutes. Drink two glasses of water—not more than three-quarters of a glass at a time—during the morning, the same during the afternoon, and before going to bed drink two more glasses. Soak half-a-dozen prunes in a full glass of water at night, and eat them in the morning, drinking the juice. Do this every day. Or put prunes to soak, or cook them for more than an hour the next morning, over a slow flame. Eat a big dish of prunes every morning. Sprinkle a little prepared bran into your other cereal that you eat for breakfast. It is very good added to oatmeal, which has been well cooked. Bathe yourself daily, every inch of your body. With pimples you must be careful not to rub the skin too hard, pat it gently. A few weeks of this treatment, plus exercise, and I think your pimples will be a thing of the past. As to the hair under the arms, any depilatory will do to use there, but the hair will come back and you will have to use it again. With your color hair and eyes, I should think you could wear French blue, rose, sienna, a delicate green if you have color in your cheeks, dark blue, cinnamon brown, white.

JUNE.—I do not think your case is very ordinary. I should avoid tight brassieres if I were you, for binding the bust tight is not good for it. You are much over weight, and should reduce, no matter whether you feel satisfied with your weight. You ought to lose fifty pounds. In the loss of this flesh, perhaps the bust will adjust itself. I do not know what causes this condition, though a doctor might be able to tell you. I should keep up a gentle massage of the small breast, using a circular motion with cocoa butter on the fingers or smeared first on the breast. The gentle use of an electric vibrator round and round this breast might help the condition. Of course you understand that the breast must never be handled roughly. I do not know how much truth there is in the admonition in regard to a nursing baby, but if you should have a child, your doctor could advise you. My first advice to you is to reduce fifty pounds. I talked at considerable length about just how to reduce, in a recent issue of COMFORT, so perhaps you are already following those directions.

DIMPLE OF NORTH DAKOTA.—You are a pretty brave girl to take your responsibilities so cheerfully, but you will be glad of it later on when that dad of yours is with you no longer. I know from practical experience how glad we are to be able to look back and know that we did the best we could and did it cheerfully. Now about that skin exposed to all kinds of weather and constantly. You understand that wind and sun combine to dry up the oil in the skin which keeps it soft, so each night you must try to put back what has been taken away from it. Wash it thoroughly at night, dry it, then rub in plenty of cold cream and do not go to bed immediately. The skin will absorb the supply of grease soon. This will keep the skin soft. Before you go out in the field or garden in the morning, rub in some more thoroughly, and dust powder over it after the surplus cream has been wiped off. When you come

in at noon, rub a little cold cream on your face and wipe it off with a soft cloth, instead of using water on the face. All the dirt will come off beautifully, and you will not dry the skin by using water on it to take away its oil. Rub a hand lotion into the hands after washing them, each time. Only in this way can you keep a good skin. Don't "peel" the skin, as you suggest; the skin underneath would be more sensitive than ever, and you would soon have a very bad looking face.

OPAL.—What to do to get fleshy? Well, my dear, eat! And you must eat good healthful things, such as a big bowl of cereal with cream in the morning, a dish of stewed prunes or a piece of melon, and for other meals, boiled rice with sugar and cream, potatoes, milk, bacon, green vegetables, fresh fruits, not too much cake, no pie, plenty of ice cream when you can get it. It is a good plan to eat a dish of rice between dinner or supper and going to bed. Use sugar and cream on it; this is a good way to add flesh.

FRACKLES.—There is no way to make your hair red except by dyeing it, and that I do not recommend. Keep it well shampooed and the red lights in it will show up better. See answer to Ohio Girl! about developing the legs.

R. F.—I am afraid, my dear, that your question is one that belongs to a physician. I cannot answer it satisfactorily, but in the meantime see what I have said to "Bliss" and follow those directions.

CURIOUS.—There is no way to remove such birthmarks as you describe. You might try concealing them in the following way. Wet the spots, powder them white, then over this place a layer of flexible collodion, which you can buy of your druggist in a tube, squeezing out enough to cover the spot. Now powder over this with a flesh-colored powder. Try this, and see if it will not improve matters. In any case, if people ask you about the spots, just laugh and say, "Oh, that's a birthmark." If you take it lightly yourself, other people will also.

GRAY EYES.—I should be willing to wager that you are pretty fond of sweet things and eat too much of them. Cut out all cake, pie, preserves, sweet desserts and rich gravies, as well as fat meat, for you weigh too much, my dear. Eat lots of vegetables; they won't make you fat and yet are good for you. So are fresh fruits. Your oily skin, your pimples and blackheads all come from improper diet. Bathe all over every day, and get plenty of exercise, and with these precautions you should be able to get rid of some of your excess fat and with it pimples, oily skin and all.

MISSOURI.—I am sorry it is against the rules of the department to answer letters by mail. For excessive perspiration, eat simply during the summer (vegetables and fruits), take body baths daily, and an extra sponge bath before dressing late in the afternoon if that is your custom. Keep the hair under your arms removed either with a safety razor or a depilatory. After thoroughly scrubbing the armpits, pat them with a flannel pad, dusted with cornstarch. Some women dampen a cake of white toilet soap and gently rub over the armpit, then pat with cornstarch pad. Bathing the armpit with boric acid is another good thing to do. The best thing to avoid perspiration is to avoid getting overheated, and the way to do that is to eat lightly of light foods, avoiding meats, rich pastries, gravies, etc., so that your blood is not heated with these food elements; then dress lightly, move without flurry, powder the entire skin after bathing and do not wear any article of clothing which is tight.

ELLA.—There is no such thing as peroxide of ammonia. Are you sure you did not make the mistake in copying it out? The two ingredients to be used in removing superfluous hair are peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia. It is quite likely the ammonia you are using is all right, being merely colored, though it may have been diluted. The object of the peroxide is to bleach and dry the hair, of the ammonia to kill the roots. How long it takes depends on many things. No one can tell how long any particular case will take, as hair varies. The ordinary spirits of ammonia can be used, if your special ammonia is not producing results. If the skin becomes irritated from the application of the ammonia, stop the treatment for a day and rub on a little cold cream.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Christmas present interfered with my answering some of your letters, but I tried to answer all who sent stamps.

To those who wrote about homesteads in this section please write to the Montana Gov. Land Office, Montana, Colo., for information.

Also my advice to those who wrote for information about taking girls from orphanages (the girls are rare). I had my girl only one week when I wrote my last letter and, of course, the first few weeks any girl will try to make good. Later on she caused us so much trouble that we have never regretted her absence and my experience coupled with others I know has been this: Either know well the girl's personal habits or else take a younger child so you can train her from the beginning. It is a beautiful deed, everyone knows, for a woman to take a babe in arms from an orphanage and rear it as her own. Surely one who does that deserves Heaven's richest gifts.

Now a few words about Mother love. Isn't it the most wonderful thing in all the world? I'm afraid most of us never appreciate our mothers until we are mothers ourselves. Never did, but now every day my own little mother means more to me, while I am caring for my own babies. She sits high up on a pedestal in my thoughts—enshrined. How many of you are blessed with young mothers, as I am? I was born just before mother had her sixteenth birthday, so, God willing, I will have her many wonderful years yet. Don't think of your mother just on Mothers' Day, but every day in the year send her a kind thought. I would ask no greater blessing for discouraged people than that they could have a mother like mine. Mrs. Wilkinson, please print this letter soon so if "Mother O' Mine" reads her COMFORT she will know her daughter appreciates her and truly loves her, although I think she knows it. Another thing, we do not confide in Mother enough. It is not necessary to confide the sorrows for these she will want to carry on her own back, which may not be as strong as yours, but do confide every joy. Remember, it is your mother who always stands ready to go to the "jumping off place" with you. We can all be Li'lacs in that one thing—love of Mother. Regards to all.

Mrs. McDONOUGH.

Mrs. McDONOUGH.—Thank you for telling me that my little postscripts mean much to the readers. They seem very commonplace to me but it is difficult to say anything very clever in a few words, but I can talk a "blue streak."—Ed.

MARION, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have taken COMFORT for many years and although I have never attempted a letter to this corner I am now writing for help and advice.

I am a young widow, with four children, the oldest seven years and the youngest sixteen months. I find it necessary to start some means of support for myself and children. I have a sister younger than myself who is willing to help me. We have discussed several plans and finally decided we would like a small business of some sort, at home.

We are situated on a main road about a mile and a half from a thriving city. We think if we could have a small stand of some sort it would go very well in this

community. We could start with only a few things and as our trade increased we could add to our stock of supplies.

Would some of the sisters please write of their experience in this line, or some other? It would be much appreciated by us.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Old Subscriber.—I've often wondered if the stands seen by the roadside, catering to automobile trade, were profitable, and here is a chance to find out from someone. They must be, there are so many of them, in this section at any rate. It would have made matters much easier for yourself, and for me, if you had not asked me to withhold your name, but doubtless you had your reasons for so doing.—Ed.

WILSONVILLE, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT READERS: My friend, Miss Roma Coleman, of Cuthbert, Ga., and I desire to thank through the pages of COMFORT each and every one who kindly contributed to our letter shower. Truly, it was a success beyond our wildest expectations. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation and we regret that we cannot answer to reply to all. We shall ever keep our big bunch of letters, cards and reading matter as a souvenir of our COMFORT letter shower. You have made the world brighter for us.

MISS PERDIE G. HOLLAND.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Mother has always taken COMFORT and I have read it for many years and seen how many have been helped by advice from the sisters and I wondered if you would help me.

I am a young woman of seventeen. That may sound young to you but really I am lots older. I feel at least forty. Although I have never once admitted it to a person, I believe that I love a married man. I can't forget him although I have tried and tried. Maybe I don't know what love is. I like him and admire him. His wife has been a friend of mine and mother's for five years. However, she doesn't sympathize or help her husband. He likes to go and have a good time. Does she do his way half of the time? (No, she will not go but stays at home and nagges him. It is natural that he should look elsewhere for happiness and I believe he has found it, but—the matter is further complicated by the fact that there are three children, eight, five and three years of age. He is young, only twenty-eight and she is twenty-seven but one would think she was his mother to look at her.

I have read much on this subject but cannot find my way clear.

Should we forget or try to forget each other or has he a right to his happiness and I to mine?

My parents have lived an unhappy, loveless life and I know what it will mean to them to continue their life together. The children must be cared for, I realize, but I love children and his wife is dear. They call me Aunt and everyone says they mind and like me better than they do their mother.

Have I the right to grasp my chance to happiness for I know my life will be bare without him or shall I give up and let the children and mother continue in this loveless state?

I cannot confide in my parents for they would have no sympathy for me but surely there is someone who will tell me what to do and help me to do what is right and best for us.

Yours sincerely, COLORADO GIRL.

Colorado Girl.—If you weren't so young I'd be tempted to scold you but even at your age you should be able to judge right from wrong. What about the wife's chance to happiness? No wonder she looks old. Bearing and caring for three children, while Friend Husband goes out for a good time, isn't conducive to beauty in any woman. Chances are when he married her she was as young and good looking as you are and liked a good time as well. Who is to blame? Simply because she doesn't want to go out for a good time doesn't mean that she wouldn't like to but she is too true a woman and mother to neglect her children. Someone has to shoulder the responsibilities, and her husband doesn't seem to be much of a man. If I were you I'd be ashamed of myself for even thinking that I cared for him.—Ed.

LOST LAKE, ALTA., CANADA, VIA PEACE RIVER.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I want to thank you, through this department, for the papers and magazines sent me. They will help me pass away many a long hour. And I'd like to say a little about our country. Our homestead is forty miles west of Peace River Crossing. The railroad goes to Berwyn, 22 miles from here. They are building it further west this year and that will "make" the country. There is land to be homesteaded here, also to be bought. There are many small lakes and creeks. There is plenty of hay. The land has to be cleared to be plowed. Oats are a good green-feed crop but do not ripen well on account of the early frosts. Oats average about 65 bushels to the acre, wheat from 40 to 55 bushels per acre. Potatoes and root gardens are a sure crop and yield heavily. There are all kinds of wild

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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# The King's Jester

By Elizabeth Emmett

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**T**HE golden glow of romance had been denied to Marietta. Though she sensed the bitterness of this fact, she faced it philosophically.

"It's no fault of mine," she confided to the mirror as she dusted it, "but due to the accidents of birth and circumstances." Marietta never consulted the mirror for pleasure. She knew she had two eyes, a nose, a mouth, et cetera, and though she could not determine which feature was at fault, the ensemble was not pleasing.

"Must be that they're put together wrong, but I'm no hand for solving picture puzzles. There's my face as the Lord made it, and it must be that He made it that way for a purpose. And, please be, faces don't interfere with work—not my kind of a face, at least."

With the duster over her shoulder she descended to the kitchen where lamp chimneys awaited washing.

"Goodness, Marietta, it seems to me you grow homelier every day of your life."

It may have been the smut of lampblack across Marietta's nose that called forth this remark from her aunt. Marietta was not conscious of the smut, but the chimney clicked against the faucet at reference to her looks. She paused to see if the glass was chipped, then turned to her aunt, uneven teeth showing through a grin.

"Didn't know I could grow any homelier, but handsome is as handsome does, you've often said."

The click in Mrs. Green's throat bespoke irritation.

"Well, I can't see as you're going to do anything handsome. Here you are nearly nineteen and never had a fellow so much as walk home from the post office with you. When I was your age I was married and had twins."

Marietta continued philosophically: "I never did hanker after twins."

As she swished the soapy water around in the lamp chimney her eyes strayed to where groups of twins, and offsprings that were not twins, littered the room either personally or with their possessions. There had been just the original twins when she, a seven-year-old orphan, came to live with her aunt. Since then there seemed as if there always had been a new baby for her to care for; her aunt apparently thinking she had done her duty by bringing it into the world.

From the disordered room Marietta's gaze strayed to her aunt's fat-cluttered figure. Involuntarily she compared it with her own wiry person.

"My figure is better than hers," she reflected. "At least, I can bend down to the my shoe-string instead of letting it trail along the floor."

A further comparison of merits was checked by the arrival of a servant from The Big House on the Hill. Little Master David was taking on something dreadful. Would Marietta come and pacify him?

"I don't know as I can spare her in the middle of a Saturday morning," demurred Mrs. Green, but Marietta already was drying her hands. Her aunt always pretended to oppose her going to the Big House, though secretly glad of the chance for Marietta to earn money.

"I'll come right along as soon as I change my dress," Marietta smiled at the servant. "What's particularly the matter with little David this morning?"

"The circus parade upset him. Even up on the hill he could hear the shouts of the youngsters as it passed through the valley. And the pain's desperate and, too, so bad he can't sit up. His father's high beside himself trying to amuse him, and all the time he keeps calling for you."

"Tell him I'll be right there," said Marietta, and hurried upstairs to change her dress.

The home of little David Huntly was as a shrine to Marietta. From her aunt's untidy house (the poorest type in Tatooona, a village nestling in the valley in the foothills of the Catskills) she raised her eyes a hundred times a day to the massive pillars of the house that gleamed from the highest hill.

Its owner, David Huntly, Senior, was the only man of wealth in the village. That he held himself aloof from the village people caused no resentment among them, but colored more highly the yarns they wove about him.

He was a broken-hearted man, some said, and the death of his wife had made the sight of other women hateful to him. Others said that his life was consecrated to the welfare of his crippled son, whose birth had soured out the life of the mother. But the malicious gossips enjoyed telling that Huntly had broken his wife's heart; that he was responsible for the automobile accident that had resulted in disfigurement for her, and then, being a worshiper of beauty, he had turned from her with loathing.

Marietta knew the true version. The housekeeper had told her.

"I was in the room and saw it all," she said. "It is true he was startled, horrified, when the handmaids were first removed. I was, myself. Her face, that had been the loveliest ever, was a sight to hurt eyes. But after that he was tender as a newly-in-love lover, and continued so up to the day she breathed her last and little David breathed his first. And he was one who had loathed ugliness in any form, too."

Marietta had winced at that last statement. She thought of it again as she left the messy yard and hastened toward her shrine. It was a morning gladsome with that winsome waywardness of late May. The valley lay like an emerald dropped in a cleft in the earth and, like steps enticing one to heaven, the hills rose one behind another until gray-crowned peaks and blue-arched dome met.

Marietta sniffed the air pregnant with blossoming promise of fruit. She watched a bird winging its flight with movements that made one clean-cut line of beauty. Her breath caught with pain. With the shedding of her kitchen apron she had dropped the shield of flippancy with which she braved life's ridicule. She lifted her eyes, not to the shrine, but to infinity.

"God, if you are God, why am I the one ugly spot on the day?"

And "that inverted bowl we call the sky" veiled the answer, if answer there was, to her question.

She dropped to less abstruse though still puzzling ponderings.

Mr. Huntly loathed ugliness in any form. Did he loathe the sight of her among his beautiful possessions? To be among them sent ecstatic thrills through her who never had felt the thrill of love's caress. She loved the feel of the polished floor beneath her feet. Surprisingly she had touched a beautiful tapestry with tingling finger-tips. The housekeeper, with whom, as with all the servants, Marietta was a favorite, frequently showed her about the house, and sometimes left her to absorb at will the pervading beauty.

The master of the house had once caught the girl kneeling before a bit of statuary, intoxicated with its beauty, but too reverent to touch. In his kindly way he had explained the significance of its grouping. And Marietta, imbued with some of the enchantment of the place, freed from the self-consciousness which as a rule laid heavy hands upon her, had answered intelligently. "Quite as if I were someone else, instead of Marietta Whitely," as she later expressed it quaintly to herself.

Now she relived the scene on that May morn-

ing, and passed from that to the other occasions when he had noticed her.

There was the time when he had loaned her a book—and forgotten all about the incident, as she discovered when she returned the book, hoping that he would talk with her about it.

There was another time when, sent into the garden by the housekeeper, she had come upon him with his face pressed upon the heart of a rose heavy with dew. He had not seemed so impersonal then; almost like a boy in his embarrassment as he, evidently to dissipate his confusion, plucked an armful of roses and thrust them upon her.

Mr. Huntly was gloomy, yes. Never had Marietta seen him smile. But the gloom, she thought, accorded with his dark eyes and finely-chiseled features.

Marietta was not gushing even in her highest moods of sentiment, but in her heart she clasped the silent master of the house as The Prince in Search of Joy. The crippled heir was The Little King; and she was the King's Jester. Within the sick room the girl forgot the hatefulness of ugliness and used it gleefully to make the child forget his pain. Sweet-faced was David, and usually sweet-voiced. But when the "bad moments" seized him only Marietta could hush his peevish whining; only Marietta could still the temper that wantonly wrecked toys and hurled impertinence at elders. And only Marietta could make him laugh.

How tantalizing to a wee boy, held prisoner by pain, must have been the stray reminders of a circus. She quickened her steps while she rehearsed plans for outdoing previous exhibitions. Since the King could not go the circus, the circus must go to the King.

What was the master of the house had said in that most delicious interview of all? "The gods have blessed you, Marietta. There's magic in you. Only magic could make my boy laugh through pain."

Tingling words those. Marietta loved the sound of them. Magic stored in her despised self? Then let her draw bountifully upon the supply today.

The door stood open for her. She was needed here, and watched for. Her thoughts were dyed in beauty.

"And I climbed from the valley to an open door, and thence to happiness." Thus sang her heart.

She nodded to the housekeeper and ran up the stairs as if by magic, shrilly, sobbingly intoned, came down from the sick room:

"Why doesn't Marietta come? I want my Marietta. I won't be dood. I don't want to be dood. I want—"

Marietta's step upon the threshold cut the sentence. Up in bed he flushed from pain and anger splashing his white skin, little David beheld his wish fulfilled and smiled wanly.

Marietta's high tide of happiness ebbed. Contrary to custom, David, Senior, was in the room, and little David insisted on his remaining to see her perform.

Down on her knees beside the boy she slipped hastily and tried to quiet him with a wonder tale. He pushed her from him.

"Don't want stories. Daddy tells stories. No dood." His thin hand stroked her face with a caressing gesture. "Make me laugh, Marietta, make me laugh!" he pleaded.

Marietta muttered an incoherent prayer and prepared to suffer.

"Crown me King," ordered David.

She placed on his dark brown curls the tinsel crown prepared for such occasions, tucked in his hand the worn scepter, and waited.

"Be a donkey," piped the little King.

There was magic in her, undoubtedly—the magic of mimicry. She did things to her hair. She made her ears stand out with a prominence not expected of human ears. She made them wag. Then she opened her mouth of generous size and brayed.

"Do it again!" shrieked little David. "Do it again!"

Marietta brayed again.

"Be a rooster," was the next command.

The chattering who thought he caused the sun to rise had no more grandiose pose than did Marietta as she strutted across the room, flapped her arms and crowed three times.

Little David's almost hysterical laugh was echoed by one of deeper timber. Marietta whitened and slipped into the role of clown, and never did clown perform more clownish antics. Every physical defect was exaggerated to the point of ludicrousness. She became a very caricature of herself.

Only once did she look toward the man, and something of her soul's anguish must have flashed from her eyes to his. While David's attention was absorbed he slipped away.

It was high noon when Marietta left the Big House, having declined the housekeeper's invitation to "stay and have a bite."

She felt as if Fate had flogged her, body and soul, unmercifully. "I have been down into the Valley of Humiliation," was the way she expressed it to herself. "And that, atop of the highest hill in Tatooona." Quaint conceit, that, if one happened to be in the mood for it.

Never again would she lift her eyes to this hill as to a goal in the climb toward happiness. Never again could she think of the open door save as a trap into which she had walked blindly. And the master? Ah, never would she forget his eyes as she beheld them in that one scorching encounter.

"God, if you are God, why did you make me?" she blazed out into space.

And from beneath "that inverted bowl we call

the sky," suddenly came the answer, when she had thought there was no one to hear! "Marietta, will you talk with me here a while?" She shrank from the voice of the master of the Big House, but turned toward him in involuntary obedience.

He was beside her on the dusty mountain road. He had waited where she must pass, in such that they might talk in the freedom of the open. She followed when he led the way to a steep boulder.

As in the episode of the rose, he was largely embarrassed. She was too numb from intense feeling to help ease the situation, and his first words stung like salt in a cut:

"You made me laugh, Marietta, and then you were angry because I laughed."

His next words held some of the witfulness of little David:

"It's a gift of the gods, that power of yours to lift people out of their misery. You don't begrudge me the first laugh I've had in four years, do you?"

She mumbled something about being glad to please him, but it was the self-conscious Marietta of the Valley who spoke.

"The first laugh I've had in four years," he repeated, "and the first real cry. For I cried when I left, after you had turned your eyes upon me; cried for the barren years that I might have stored with beauty."

Marietta sought in vain for some adequate expression of her thoughts. She did not know that in the supreme moment of her torture he had caught a likeness of the anguish he once had seen in his wife's eyes. She was aware only of a soul in trouble; a soul which, like hers, had passed through bitter waters. And when he said "I need you with me always, Marietta, to show me the beauty of the spirit," she slipped her hand in his.

The contact of his smooth skin against her roughened fingers thrust facts upon her again. "I'm ugly!" The words burst from her.

"Are you, Marietta?" There was genuine surprise in his voice. "I've never noticed. I only know you've seemed a valiant little figure when I've watched you coming up the hill in rough as well as pleasant weather. I've watched for you as eagerly as has my boy. The house always seemed brighter when you were in it. Even I did not see you, I was always near enough to hear you laugh. But until I found that I, too, could laugh, I did not dare let you know how much I wanted you. It would be so like you to give yourself just make another happy. Can't we laugh together, Marietta, you and I and little David?"

Marietta nodded. Happiness would not let her speak. She raised her dark, irregular features to the sunlight and to David. And what shall say she was not beautiful at that moment!

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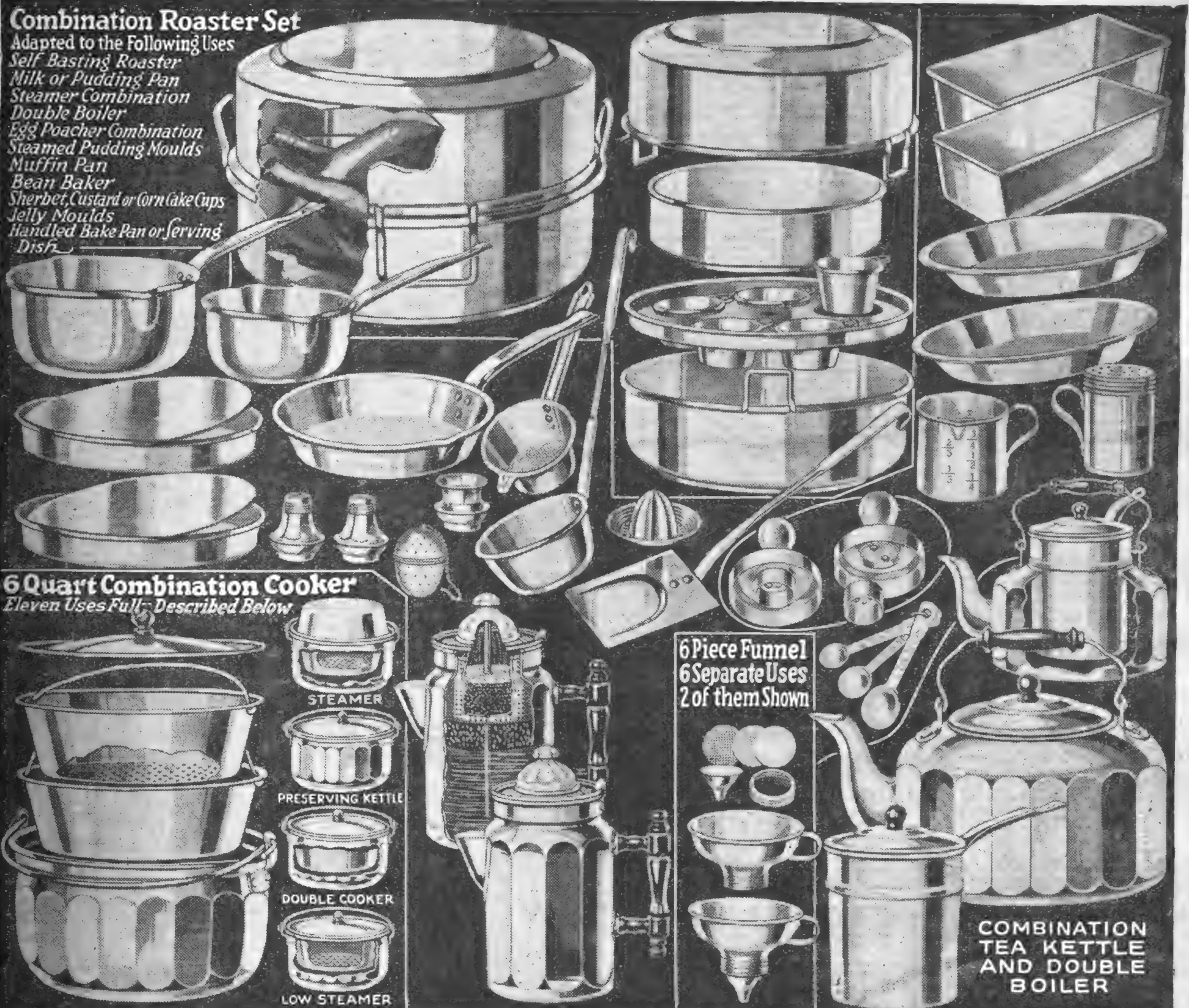
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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

### Summer Diseases of Babies

**T**HE subject for our talk last month was enterocolitis, or inflammatory diarrhea, and this month we shall discuss cholera infantum as one of the summer diseases of baby. Cholera infantum or, as it is often called, summer complaint, is an acute catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, the mucous membrane being irritated or inflamed, together with an irritation of the sympathetic nervous system occurring in babies during their first teething.

It is characterized by severe colicky pains, vomiting, diarrhea, and may be accompanied by fever with great prostration, occurring in babies who are teething and who have been previously healthy. The symptoms are a simple diarrhea, followed by great muscular weakness, some nausea, spasms of gripping pains in bowels, great depression, seems hard for the baby to breathe, coldness and dampness of the whole or part of the body, cold, pale lips and tongue, great thirst, weak cry and sunken pinched look to the face.

Cholera infantum is often mistaken for some of the other intestinal troubles of babies, and it is important that you know at once what the illness is, for within a few hours you have a seriously ill baby, rapid wasting of its strength and flesh. The most important point to remember is the sudden and severe line of symptoms that you will notice at once, the great weakness, prostration, and paleness that comes on in a few hours. The movements from the bowels soon get watery, soaking the clothing, leaving a green stain, and you may get from ten to twenty of these in a day. The causes of this disease are teething, extreme heat which continues for several days at a time, July and August are the months which give us the most of these cases. The reasons for this are the extreme heat during these months, also the water supply being then at its lowest point, as a rule, contains more decayed vegetable matter at this time. Teething is a powerful predisposing cause of cholera infantum and you rarely see a baby ill with it before teething, or after the teeth get through.

Diet that is improper is another common cause, sudden weaning, or change in the food, accidental or careless use of unwholesome milk, or, as we often see, unripe fruit or blueberries or blackberries. Blueberries are a common cause and it is a safe rule not to allow a baby any uncooked blueberries until they have their teeth and can chew them thoroughly. Unhealthy surroundings, dampness, decayed vegetable matter, poor water that has been contaminated by the soakings from cesspools or sewers.

There are a few things that parents should bear in mind as a preventive of cholera infantum. Be sure your water supply is pure and not contaminated by privies, stable or henyard, do not allow vegetables to decay, or sewers or drain-pipe to become obstructed, see that baby sleeps in a well-ventilated room.

In a great many cases it is easy to find the causes of the disease, causes that are due to recklessness or carelessness and can be remedied. There are parents who would cheerfully give their own lives for the protection of their baby, but who thoughtlessly expose it to the serious dangers of improper food or water, or allow it to breathe the air from an obstructed sewer-pipe or cesspool.

The question most frequently asked is, How can I tell that my baby has cholera infantum, and not some of the many intestinal troubles with disturbed stomach that cause frequent bowel movements. The points of difference are as follows: the season of the year, baby teething, the profuse fluid movements from the bowels, the frequent severe vomiting, the sudden early weakness, the very rapid pulse, with or without fever; cool or cold surface of body, pinched, anxious expression, sighing or irregular breathing, and great thirst and great prostration. In a few words, a child ill with cholera infantum is suddenly, seriously ill with a line of symptoms that are characteristic of this disease alone, and while other bowel troubles may appear somewhat like it, they never are attended with the sudden weakness which is almost a collapse, cold, clammy skin, pinched look of baby, as if the baby had been sick for weeks.

Preventive measures are very important in all diseases, but in none more so than in cholera infantum. Clean up your homes, inside and out, before the hot weather comes on, clean out your cellars, see that the water you use for drinking and cooking purposes is pure and that there is no chance for it to be infected by its surroundings. If you use well water, see that the well is cleaned out often enough to keep it clean; see that there is no chance for the privy, stable or henyard to drain into it.

In some soils a stable or henyard will infect a well at an unbelievable distance if the well is located on lower ground than the stable. This is brought about by soaking into the ground and getting into the little streams that supply the well.

In regard to treatment, send for a physician at once, and until he arrives put the baby at rest at once, and use measures to relieve pain and

support its strength. You may use mustard, or spice poultices or turpentine stipes on bowels.

Cut down the food, give to thirty drops of brandy, according to age, in barley water, given often is sufficient for a while.

Bismarck subnitrate in one- or two-grain doses, every two hours, is good, and if there is great pain or restlessness, one- or two-drop doses of tincture of opium should be given every four hours.

Do not give the baby water all the time, but let it suck small pieces of ice for the great thirst.

The subject for our talk next month will be Intestinal Influenza of Babies.

### Questions and Answers

**MATERNITY CORSETS, BROWN SPOTS.**—I should like to know if maternity corsets are harmful. Will you kindly tell me how to get rid of moth patches all over my face?

Mrs. E. J. Patchogue, N. Y.  
A.—No, maternity corsets are not harmful, but are helpful as they offer more or less support. For the moth patches, try the following: Recipe—Hydrargri Chloridi Corros, grains, six. Acidi Acetici Dil., grams, two. Boracic acid, scruples, two. Add rose water, add to ounces four. Apply on spots night and morning. Caution: This should have a poison label.

**DELAYED TEETHING.**—My little boy, eighteen months old, has but five teeth and is cross and irritable. Is there anything I can do for him? Would you advise giving a necklace called "Job's tears" for him to wear? Will you please send me a prescription for blotches on face during pregnancy?

Mrs. A. E. McD. Mooreston, N. D.  
A.—Do not know how this necklace called "Job's tears" would aid unless baby could bite them. In healthy babies the teeth come in due time, but there is a wide range in the time or ages that they arrive. For the blotches you mention, use the recipe prescribed for moth patches in answer to Mrs. E. J.

**DROPHY, WEANING BABY.**—During my last pregnancy I had drophy very badly. What was the cause and how can I prevent it? Is Lydia Pinkham's medicine good to take before childbirth? My baby is one year old. Can I wait until fall to wean him? What causes baby's stools to be green and jellylike?

Mrs. M. T. J. Norcross, Miss.  
A.—The most common cause of drophy is due to the kidneys not performing their proper function; have urine examined, keep bowels regular. No, Lydia Pinkham's medicine will not help you in your condition, neither do you need any medicine; just live your natural, normal life, being careful that bowels and kidneys are normal. Indigestion will cause baby's stools to be green and jellylike; should wean baby at once.

**BED-WETTING, PINWORMS.**—My six-months-old son wets the bed every night, and I have tried all sorts of remedies without results. He has pinworms badly, is nervous and talks in his sleep.

Mrs. Y. C. Barnesville, Ohio.  
A.—Bed-wetting in children is often an obstinate condition to relieve, owing to the fact that there is a cause in each individual case and we must remove the cause. It may be caused by a highly acid urine, it may be of purely nervous origin, or it may be caused by irritation of the rectum, and in your son's case I think the pinworms may be the cause. Would suggest that you occasionally wash out rectum with a coction or solution of quassia chips; take two ounces of quassia chips and put in pint of warm water, allow to stand for several hours, strain this through clean cloth, and use one-half of it or eight ounces to wash out rectum, after cleaning rectum with soap and water. Three or four treatments of this will relieve, and if it fails you have not invaded the bowels high enough to get results, or it has not been retained long enough. The enema should be retained several minutes, by rectal pad.

**NERVOUSNESS, CONTRACTED MUSCLES.**—I am twenty years old, the mother of three children, and have nervous spells, tremble as if I were going to fall to pieces. What can I do for a scar on baby's arm from a burn that draws up the arm?

Mrs. J. W. Harwood, Texas.  
A.—For the nervousness should advise taking glycerophosphates in tablespoonful doses, three times a day; also take, every three hours, a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc. For the contracted muscles from the burn, should caution the massage arm after rubbing it thoroughly with cocoa-butter, moving it a little straighter each day. You must do this gently, being careful not to cause any irritation, and with a little patience you will get a normal arm.

**COUGH.**—What can I do for my seven-year-old daughter, who is strong and looks healthy but has a loud, deep cough every time she has the least bit of cold? Have taken her to several physicians, who relieve the cough, but it soon comes back.

Mrs. J. H. St. Louis, Mo.  
A.—Your daughter may have enlarged or diseased tonsils, that the slight cold irritates, and causes the cough. An examination would either verify this or eliminate it from consideration. Would suggest examination, and removal if enlarged or diseased. Give her teaspoonful doses, after meals, of syrup of hydropic acid (Gardner's) after meals for several weeks. Locally you should have her sponge upper chest with cold dashes of water, followed with a brisk rub with bath-towel, every day.

**INDIGESTION.**—Will you tell me what makes my two-months-old baby have colic so much? He cries, groans and sometimes vomits up his milk. He is tolerably fat, although he sleeps but little in the daytime. I am bothered a great deal with gas, and am some nervous.

Mrs. H. D. R., Virginia.  
A.—Get your own digestion in normal condition and your nursing baby will be relieved. Gas or indigestion with nursing mother will give gas and colic to the baby. Would suggest your taking two-teaspoonful doses of elixir lactated pepsin after meals. Take, every three hours, a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc, for your nerves.

**DELAYED TEETH, WEANING BABY.**—My twelve-months-old baby has six teeth, and they look as if they were decaying, and with my four-year-old child, her teeth are all decayed. What can I do to prevent this, as I am afraid it will affect the permanent teeth, as it is best to nurse baby during summer?

Mrs. F. J. W., Crivitz, Wis.  
A.—I should wean baby at once, put him on cow's milk at once, adding tablespoonful of lime-water to every five-ounce feeding. Should wash off teeth and cleanse gums with a solution of Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, two or three times a day. Should use clean cotton swab, not a toothbrush.

**CONSTIPATION.**—I am writing for advice concerning my five-months-old baby as she is badly constipated and is not gaining in weight as she should. I nurse her, but she cries and fusses as if she were hungry, and I have to give her daily enemata.

Mrs. M. E. Spokan, Wash.  
A.—I should wean baby and put her on modified milk, giving teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to regulate bowels. Enemas are for an emergency, but are not to be given daily.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

berries. Buildings are mostly of logs which can be had for the building. There is a fine chance here for any one who really wants to get ahead and is willing to work.

I am a widow with two grown boys who have land here. One married daughter with four children, who has homesteaded here.

Cows sell for from \$30.00 to \$60.00. Horses, \$30.00 to \$50.00.

It is quite thickly settled here. There is a school at Lost Lake and others nearby but no church. The climate is very healthful.

There is plenty of wild game and birds. Mrs. Wilkinson, please print this as I have received so many letters asking me about Peace River that I cannot answer all.

Thanks again, sisters, for the reading matter. I will pass it on to others.

Good by.

Mrs. ANNA ELLEN.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if I can induce Mrs. Wilkinson to print this letter. I've tried twice before but failed both times.

I've thought of so many things I'd like to write about but seem to forget the most important ones but here is one I hope will do someone some good. If you own an automobile and your family is not large and there is room for 'one more yet'—and think if there isn't some neighbor or friend who would enjoy a ride into the country, or maybe into town. I have noticed so many times a family of two or three going for a ride with room for one or two more in the car. It looks selfish not to take someone, though they may be thoughtless and not selfish at all. It isn't that they

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enjoy their ride better for knowing someone else has to stay at home, like the little boy who enjoyed his ice cream because another boy watched him eat it.

Sisters, if you live near a neighbor with a small baby, offer to take care of it for her occasionally to give her time for a little visit or a trip to town. Of course there are some who would impose upon this kindness. I know I'd have been glad if someone had offered to care for my baby for an afternoon. It was sickly and that made it hard for me to take it with me.

Don't think I'm a natural beggar for while there are many ways of cheering a weary soul, these are ones you might overlook. Wouldn't you feel better to know you had helped to cheer someone?

I live in the Rogers River Valley where so much excellent fruit is raised.

I saw a letter in the Sisters' Corner from Athens, Ohio, my home state and we lived near Athens. That is where I saw my first circus and I thought the elephants were made of rubber. I was about six years old. I hope to visit there when I get rich enough.

With best wishes, T. B.

LICKING, R. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS, ONE AND ALL:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time and always anxious for my paper to come.

I will tell you a little about myself. I am four feet, eight inches tall, have auburn hair, blue eyes and weigh 117 pounds.

I have a dear husband and two babies. My boy is eight years old and goes to school every day. My baby girl was three years old the first of last April. You see she is an April Fool baby.

We took her from an Orphan's Home when she was five weeks old. She weighed six pounds then but she gained two pounds within a week and now I am sending her picture so you can see what a beautiful child she is. We have legally adopted her and love her as our own. Her name is Lorena Margetta.

We live on a small farm of sixty-five acres, have lots of good neighbors around us. I like the farm life best and the freedom it will give to my little girl, who can run and romp without danger.

I hope all the sisters are Christians. If not, why not try to be one. It will help you bear the burdens—many of which seem hard, many of which will not seem so if you are a Christian.

I am twenty-seven years old, and I have been married six years. My husband and I had been married before.

Mrs. F. M. MONTGOMERY.

VANCOUVER, 910 West 6th St., WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

While I am not a subscriber to COMFORT, my mother is and as she is with me I read her paper and thoroughly enjoy it all.

I read Mrs. Bonnie Bovell's letter and am writing this to her but if she does not see it perhaps it will bring comfort to some other whose hearts are almost broken by the loss of little ones.

I, too, lost a tiny, golden-haired boy, just learning to talk. It seemed as though I could never face the coming years. One night I dreamed the little fellow came to me, climbed into my lap and putting his tiny hands on my face, kissed me and said, "Don't cry Mamma, I'm so happy," and the radiant expression on his baby face was wonderful. Then directly I found the following lines in a scrap of paper:

"As tender mothers guiding baby steps,

In places, some at which the tiny feet would trip,

Lift up the little ones in arms of love,

And set them down beyond the harm."

So did our Father watch the precious boy,

Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft

Myself, but led my darling on.

He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and all the

Hard rough ways before us, where my arms would

fail.

So He reached down from Heaven and lifting the dear

child

Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down

Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade

Him wait for me. Shalt I not, then, be glad,

And thanking God, pass on to overtake?"

While I missed my boy I never grieved as I had before the dream and the finding of these comforting words. Then I put all his clothes and toys away, knowing they would keep my sorrow before me and would do him no good but keep me wrought up and through me, those around me. Soon after losing my baby, my husband lost his life in a railroad accident and was brought home dead. One heartbreak followed another so my dear Bonnie, your sorrows are no harder than others, and, by the way, your name is such a cheerful one, why, since you cannot bring your loved one back, why not put your grief aside and live up to your cheerful name, and do all you can to make others happy and by so doing you will surely bring happiness to yourself? I think we should help others bear their sorrows, also share our joys, and don't you know that when each of us has from or less of our own sorrows, that it is a bit selfish to ask them to share too many of ours? There are so many heartaches that it is worth our while to cheer up others and I find by so doing my sorrows are melting away. I truly hope I have not offended you and would like so well to hear from you if you care to write to me. For that matter I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write, particularly those interested in the psychological view of life.

I think COMFORT such a helpful paper and like to read the letters from different ones; they always interest me.

Good wishes to all if this reaches the paper, if not, to the editor anyway.

Mrs. M. FRANKLAND.

KAMPAVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am going to you for advice. What shall I do? I have promised many of the sisters flowers and had sent one box and had another ready to send, even had the stamps on the box, when the mail carrier asked me what was in it and when I told him he would not take it. He said we were not allowed to send plants of any kind or slips of flowers through mail or any way unless they had been inspected by the government. He said I would be liable to a fine if I did so. There isn't anyone around here to inspect them.

I hope you will publish this as it takes so much time and stamps to write to each one. I have received forty-five letters and they are still coming. I am going to correspond with some of the women but cannot write often.

Your COMFORT sister, Mrs. IDA BECKES.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you give me a little space for a chat with you? I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and my mother used to read it to me when I was a little girl. I think it is a wonderful paper.

I am the baby of my father's family and thus am

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

ATHENS, Care J. J. Montgomery, TEXAS.

This is the fifth time I've tried to get in but I will not complain for I am sure Mrs. Wilkinson knows best.

I am Irish, five feet, six and one-half inches tall, have blue eyes and dark brown hair. Am jolly and good natured, the mother of the sweetest kiddies that ever were and have a husband that is good and true. We have just one pocketbook and we both, although nearly forty years old, are children yet. We run and romp with our own children and it is lots of fun too. Dear folks, why not look at life in a bright and sunny way. You'll find the roses among the thorns then. We all have troubles, every living one of us. All husbands and wives have faults so don't get the idea in your head that Mr. Smith or Jones are ideal husbands or that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are ideal wives, just because you cannot see their inner lives. Don't compare your husband or wife with theirs and wish yours were like them. Husbands or wives are what you make them by good or evil thoughts. Believe they are good, loving and true and let it in your thought of them enter your mind and it will in time make them all you desire them to be. If husband comes home hungry, tired and cross, have patience with him. I have been just so myself.

I want help so I come to dear old COMFORT. I want to get a dear old lady, past fifty years of age, preferably a school teacher, but with a good education, with or without kin, jolly good nature, Irish or German preferred, to adopt as a mother and grow her a good home in return for helping me educate my children. I live a long distance from school and I want her to teach the children during the winter months for which I will pay her wages. After school is out she can remain and I will clothe her and give her a good home and be a good daughter to her if she will be a good mother to me. My own mother is dead. I would want this woman to love my children and be kind to them. Write to address given at head of this letter.

BEATTIE B.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have received so much benefit from the COMFORT sisters' letters, will now try and write something that may help someone else, so please let me in. I am twenty-one years old, five feet, two inches tall and weigh about 105 pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes and medium complexion.

I wonder how many of our COMFORT sisters are interested in good health. I am, for one. Really, I never knew what good health was until about a year ago, but I have worked at a health plan for myself which has done wonders for me. I will tell you about it. After reading many books on this subject I have made out a list of health habits and have been doing my best to make them fixed habits. The first thing to keep in mind is to stick to it until we have good health. If you have poor health or a bad complexion, just see out in the open air or take long trips through the woods and along the country roads. Practice some good body and breathing exercises in your room every morning and evening. Whenever you happen to be out of doors, just take a few good deep breaths. This is a list of my health rules. Get up early in the morning and out in the open air and breathe exercises, take air in slowly through nostrils, hold until you count twenty, then exhale through nostrils. Try to find some work to do before breakfast. We have a large lawn so I run the lawn mower a while before breakfast. Drink two glasses of hot water before breakfast and about eight glasses of water during the day.

Girls, let's be strong and well, let's put on our heavy shoes and go for a tramp and keep ourselves young, strong and happy; in other words, learn to love. With much love to all,

WILD ROSE OF TENNESSEE.

ROCK FALLS, ILL.

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since a child and find it a great help. I let my subscription run out last spring while the shops were closed and money scarce but I felt lost all the time and as soon as I could I sent for it again, and borrowed all I could of the numbers I missed. I find my time quite taken up as I have five children ranging in age from four months to twelve years, and am not very strong.

To the sister who has a child afraid of the dark, I would say, just be patient. My oldest girl used to be so afraid she wouldn't go into the dark room without a bodyguard but she has outgrown it. I told her there was nothing to hurt her and was careful that she was frightened her. I think what helped her the most was taking her to a Halloween party, dressed in a sheet herself.

I am more interested in my chickens than anything else, except my children and my husband. I can't see anything in gossiping about my neighbors and I don't have time to watch what others are doing.

With much love to all,

WILD ROSE OF TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since a child and find it a great help. I let my subscription run out last spring while the shops were closed and money scarce but I felt lost all the time and as soon as I could I sent for it again, and borrowed all I could of the numbers I missed. I find my time quite taken up as I have five children ranging in age from four months to twelve years, and am not very strong.

To the sister who has a child afraid of the dark, I would say, just be patient. My oldest girl used to be so afraid she wouldn't go into the dark room without a bodyguard but she has outgrown it. I told her there was nothing to hurt her and was careful that she was frightened her. I think what helped her the most was taking her to a Halloween party, dressed in a sheet herself.

I am more interested in my chickens than anything else, except my children and my husband. I can't see anything in gossiping about my neighbors and I don't have time to watch what others are doing.

With much love to all,

WILD ROSE OF TENNESSEE.

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With much love to all,

W



# Mrs. Skaggs as Spook

by Shirley Cookman Hayes



"A birth—or a death; perhaps both!"

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Constantia giggled hysterically.  
"Was he scared?"



On he went, yelping as of  
some strange animal.

CONSTANTIA'S acquaintance with Mrs. Skaggs came about through her habit of nocturnal ramblings with a dog, Constantia's habit, not Mrs. Skaggs'. That lady's spookishness was domestic and centralized.

For Constantia, being a hard-pressed young architect, worked all day over a drawing-board in her San Francisco flat. For evening exercise she wandered across the grassy vacant lots whose farther slope was topped by a two-story white flat building. After dinner she and the dog nearly always sought this spot; it gave Constantia a green lapse of country across the hard smothering town pavements.

At right angles to the flats and facing a lower street was an old wooden house deep in cypresses, and a silver moon to be depended upon for illusions of delightful far-away things.

In crossing the lot diagonally one passed near a great tree in the old house's back yard, and one climbed to the upper street along the side of the white flats, which backed with a supercilious hitch to their clothes-lines above the cypress-house. Although the white flats were well built and new, the lower apartment from some unknown cause was nearly always vacant.

That particular night, on their after-dinner promenade, the dog ran ahead and Constantia followed more slowly, for a great summer orb, yellow this time, was just lifting behind the trees. The young girl thought of her childhood in the country, and how effective the moon and trees would be done in black and white on her next bungalow plans.

Suddenly, as she moved on toward the upper street, a strange, sickish-sweet odor assailed her. "Either!" she thought, as she called the dog and slipped on the leash. The pair hurried up to the sidewalk that fronted the white flats. The curtains and one front window were up; the room blazed with light that concealed nothing from passers-by.

A brass bed stood toward the rear; on it an indistinct mass under-rumped silk comforters. Backs to the window, and looking down at the occupant over the brass rail of the bed-foot, stood a pair of sinister black-coated figures.

"A birth—or a death; perhaps both!" thought the girl with a shudder, her eyes fastened upon the black coats. There was a strange lack of grief in the attitude of the pair of men. A tense expectancy characterized their backs. They were anticipating something they might welcome with relief. But it made Constantia shiver. She and the dog hurried down another street home.

Two days later the curtains were drawn in the lower flat, and a neat little black-lettered sign offered "Furnished Room 'To Let'." The tragedy had come and gone, for through the uncurtained window of the hall bedroom that faced the vacant side-lot, Constantia could see uncovered pillows and the gay flowers of the same silk comforters piled up on the bare-mattressed brass bed.

Two busy weeks passed. Every day Constantia, poring over blue-prints of garage and cottage, pondered the mystery of the white flats, until she ached to speak of it, to tell someone what she had seen. Living alone in bachelor quarters, she had but one sympathetic ear, that of her dog, but Brownie remained discreetly silent when this subject was mentioned, though with wistful head cocked to one side, she looked unutterable, melancholy things. It was impossible to broach it to her conventional friends, who scolded her too much as it was about her "Bohemian" life, and her reprehensible penchant for wandering round at night alone.

Under the pressure of work Constantia had just about forgotten the incident, when, late one afternoon, her bell rang. On the threshold stood a stout, middle-aged woman, who inquired in a composed voice for furnished rooms to let.

"Yes; those white flats up there have a sign out," answered Constantia, courteous but preoccupied. She was rushed with a drawing, and the daylight was about gone.

"Are you acquainted with the people living there?" insisted the woman gently. Her voice was low, with reddened intonation. Constantia came out with a rush. The woman's eyes, veiled to formality, were beseeching. "Why—the other night, I passed there just as something terrible was happening. It must have been an operation"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"and somebody died."

She broke off, struck by the other's expression. She was regarding Constantia earnestly, as though plumbing the very depths of the girl's soul.

"Yes." When at last she spoke, her tone was queerly muffled. Constantia's look clung to her face, whose full lines were distorted. "Yes," began the woman again with obvious effort, while Constantia's blue eyes showed great black pupils dilated with fear. "True—true. I died."

Constantia turned white and stared at the other as at a ghost blocking the doorway. The woman gave a queer mirthless laugh.

"May I come in?—I'll tell you about it. You've no idea how interesting it is to die, it is quite an experience. Besides, it generally leaves you without a friend in the world. People are too busy to grieve, nowadays." She moved past the girl, standing awestruck in her own doorway, and entered the dusky apartment. Constantia's hand shook as she hastened to light the lamp. It made a red-shaded glow of cheer, of home-comfort, of reality.

The woman, with her unmistakable air of good breeding, seated herself upon the couch and smiled across at Constantia's ashy face behind the lamp. The white spaniel, after sniffing about the stranger's skirts, jumped up and curled round beside her on the couch. The woman dropped a plump white-gloved hand to the dog's head.

"How much did you see, that night?" she asked.

"I—just the b-backs of the m-men,—and the bed—stammered Constantia. She had a nervous chill and her teeth were chattering. One would never have recognized the courageous bachelor-architect, the despair of her friends.

"One of them was my second husband, the other a doctor friend of his. They 'helped' me die. They used enough ether to asphyxiate the neighborhood."

"I know," murmured Constantia. "When it was all over they sent for the last rites, but were unfortunate in their selection. The Reverend Mr. Morrison used to be my pastor, but he'd just starved for years in the min-

istry, so he finally gave it up for the undertaking business. He had to bury people anyway, and there was more money in it.

"They left him alone with me,—but the other had been wearing off. I heard the door close, and Mr. Skaggs' footstep going down the hall. When Mr. Morrison came over to the bed and lifted the sheet I came to and sat up. He'd some smelling-salts with him, and a flask of good whiskey."

Constantia giggled hysterically. "Was he scared?" "Well,—yes," answered the woman in her deliberate, carefully enunciated words,—"but not as much as some men I know—might've been. He's studied the occult, and believes the dead can be raised. He's a clean man, with nothing on his conscience."

"That night he smuggled me out to his home, but I insisted upon holding the funeral just the same,—only it was over a closed casket. Mr. Morrison didn't like the idea of selling my husband a casket to hold a sack of coal, but I prevailed upon him. Two sacks would have been nearer my weight—the woman permitted herself to smile—but Mr. Skaggs wasn't a pall-bearer, and never knew how light I'd become from my long illness."

She rose and stood before Constantia. "I want you to help me, for my daughter's sake. She's a sweet, unspoiled child, like you, but—strong, like you! I know why he killed me,—he wanted her! Shall she fall into the hands of a murderer—shall she? Shall she? I hissed the woman with an intensity of venom in her whisper that sent chills chasing over Constantia. The dog thumped a reassuring tail against the couch and whined, at which the tension broke. The woman sank back upon the couch, and caught the dog against her side with little hugging pressures.

"Dear thing; she's sorry for me!" At this testimony of confidence on Brownie's part, Constantia's fear fell away. The woman was not a ghost, neither was she deranged. Brownie's judgment was fairly accurate, and it was on record that dogs showed aversion to chilly specters.

She also rose and faced her strange guest. "I'm sorry, too. Tell me—I'll help you." The woman, whose drawn face showed a heart bitterly sore under her conventional tranquility, answered merely, "Thank you," but there was gratitude in her quiet voice.

Under the red umbrella shade of the great lamp they talked for an hour; at its end Constantia vibrated with excitement.

The next day she boldly rang the bell at the white flat where the tragedy had come and gone. A shinking, flower-like blonde girl, pathetic in her black house-dress, opened the door. Constantia, who, in spite of adventurous trend had felt some qualms about mixing in the matter, was reassured when she saw the girl's innocence, for the blue eyes fastened upon her with the same beseeching look as the mother's.

To Constantia's inquiries she answered with a touch of embarrassment. She opened the door of the front room with a delicate white hand that trembled, glided over to the window and drew up the shade, letting in a flood of southern sunlight.

A couch replaced the former brass bed. Redwood mantelpiece, electric fixtures, oak dressing-table—all were the same.

Constantia engaged the room "for a friend," paid the deposit left her by her visitor, and that night took possession and was given a latch-key by the flower-like girl, whose eyes were red with weeping.

At a tap on the front window Constantia dropped her architectural review, slipped out and opened the door to Mrs. Skaggs.

"Have you everything you want?" she inquired before she left.

"Yes, thank you," answered the same untroubled voice. "I've my traveling-bag, and a spirit-lamp."

Constantia laughed. "I'll come by every night, in case you need anything."

Her new friend thanked her, and Constantia went home, her last view of Mrs. Skaggs printed upon her mind. The stout lady was established on the couch unrolling a bolt of white muslin which flowed to the floor in snowy billows and swathed itself about her plump, practical feet encased in smart leather pumps. On the couch was a drugstore's box marked "Phosphorus," with a skull and cross-bones.

The following night when she tapped on the window Mrs. Skaggs tiptoed out and joined her and Brownie.

"How is the ghost walking?" demanded Constantia, after the dog's joyous leaps against Mrs. Skaggs had been acknowledged, and the three, with Brownie tugging on the leash, dropped down the slope across the grassy lots.

"Why, I didn't do much last night. I heard Betty sobbing, and it was too much for me. I slipped down the hall and stayed quite a while outside her door; it was locked—thank God! I whispered through the keyhole not to grieve; I said it over and over again—told her I'd always watch over her. She stopped crying; she must've heard me."

Brownie jerked on the leash and tugged Constantia forward after a black cat that shot down through the cypresses.

"Not frightened?" she called back over her shoulder, waiting for Mrs. Skaggs to catch up. "She loves me too much for that," answered the mother, simply.

"Worth while dying to find out?"

The woman nodded. "Dead or alive, it's the same thing. She undoubtedly believes my spirit has returned to protect her; it has!" asserted Mrs. Skaggs, with a determined glint to her gray eye.

"And your husband?" ventured Constantia, fearing to tread upon delicate ground. "He snored all night; he certainly is relieved to get rid of me," answered her companion without apparent emotion. "But tomorrow night,—tomorrow night," she repeated through set teeth, "he'll find out that the dead can rise!"

Her voice was so vindictive that Constantia felt the same shudder of unearthly fear. She laughed, trying to master it.

"Don't kill him with shock!"

"Oh, no! he must suffer first," the monoto-

nous voice assured her, with the finality of an avenging angel. Constantia bade her good by and went home with her dog across the vacant lots.

On returning from an errand the next day she caught sight of a black cutaway-coated back that looked familiar. The man mounted the steps of the white flats and inserted his latch-key in the lower door. Constantia fancied there was a scared look to his vain face with its brutal jaw. He had all the marks of a middle-aged man trying to be young; his immaculate clothes had a dandified cut which accentuated a certain disagreeable personality about his thickish, short-legged body.

Saturday evening Constantia again tapped on the window. A sepulchral whisper bade her come in. The latch was off the front door. Mrs. Skaggs, quivering with suppressed excitement, caught her hand and drew her into her room. Brownie jumped up against her, but she patted her with an absent hand.

"Come back, won't you,—about nine-thirty? They're going to leave this house at ten! He's going to take her away—my daughter; she doesn't want to go,—but he's frantic—says he'll leave her behind to starve! She's been packing all day—her things and his, and crying into the trunk!" Mrs. Skaggs dropped her head into her hands. "I've been haunting too energetically, I guess," she admitted,—but it was such fun to creep along the corridor at midnight and moan unearthly things through the keyhole! First chance I ever had to tell him what I thought of him! But the sheet and phosphorus wasted! He's double-locked his door every blessed night since I began to groan and sigh in the hall; his nerves are all gone now. Be here promptly at nine-thirty; the trunks have left already, or, stay now, can't you?"

"I'll take Brownie home first," demurred Constantia, and together she and the dog raced across the grassy lots to her own little flat behind the lawn. The lamp made a red-shaded glow in the window.

At nine-fifteen she set out again. Her short acquaintance with this remarkable woman told her she was about to witness a grand climax. She wondered how Mrs. Skaggs intended to snatch her daughter out of the clutches of this evil man, ready to pursue his passion in spite of superstitious terror.

Mrs. Skaggs, swathed from head to foot in the white muslin, was calmly darning stockings under the flickering light of a candle, so shaded as to render the rest of the room completely dark.

In answer to Constantia's look of inquiry she opened the door and stood listening to faint sounds that came from the back of the flat. "They're having a cup of coffee in the dining-room," she explained, closing the door ventily. "Will you take this?"

"This" was a thick square of pasteboard with a long, sharp tack pushed through each corner. Directed by Mrs. Skaggs, Constantia put out the light of the entrance hall, and then fastened the pasteboard over the wall buttons of the electric switch.

Mrs. Skaggs assumed a do-or-die expression, pulled down the hood-like mask attached to her costume and glanced at her wrist watch. It was quarter to ten.

"Go out and sit on the hall bench," she ordered. "Smelling-salts?"

"Yes," answered Constantia.

It was pitchy black in the front hall. From the dining-room at the rear came confused sounds; a man's raucous tones, begging, threatening, pleading, and the voice of the young girl, sometimes answering quietly, and then breaking into a half-hysterical little wail that made Constantia ache with pity. After one of these cries Mrs. Skaggs' door opened quietly, then closed again. She had put out the candle.

The man's voice rose to an ugly, menacing shout. The dining-room door opened, flinging a glow of light across the lower end of the corridor. There was a sound of suppressed sobbing. A door opened across the hall. A pause.

"Got your hat on?" demanded the man's voice bullishly from the dining-room. "Suit-case?" The girl's voice gave a little broken assent.

"All right; I'll lock up." Constantia, sitting tense in the dark front hall, heard the young girl, sniffling quietly, come toward her down the corridor, as though anxious to control herself and get away as far as possible from her stepfather. Quick breathing told Constantia she was standing close to the entrance to the front hall.

The kitchen door slammed to; a key was turned. A click followed; the dining-room light was switched off, which plunged the lower corridor in darkness, and Constantia heard the man's heavy tread coming down the hall. As he approached the spot where the young girl stood she heard her draw in her breath in a quivering sob of terror and repulsion.

A moment, and there came the sound of a struggle in the darkness. There was a muffled scream, and Constantia's heart stood still.

"Well, if you won't, you won't!" half shouted the man's furious voice. The young girl had jerked out of his embrace and came flying across the dark hall to the door of her mother's room. Constantia's right, and banged on it frantically, gasping and panting as she flung the weight of her body against the door, which refused to yield.

"What in h— are you doing now?" yelled the man.

"I just want to say good by to the room—the lady will let me!" sobbed the girl, and Constantia could almost feel her cringe at his voice as she pounded desperately on the door and got no response from within.

"Oh! all right; hurry, though, and let's get out of this cursed flat! Where in hell is that light-switch?"

Constantia shook, but her chief emotion was fury. If Mrs. Skaggs did not come out soon—But what could she do alone? She, Constantia, had no weapon, and the heavy man could easily overpower her in the darkness. She ant quied, holding her breath and praying. What, in heaven's name had happened to Mrs. Skaggs!

The girl continued to knock and listen, choking with fear, while the man swore under his breath and fumbled about the wall for the light-switch. The girl ceased to knock, for the room's quiet darkness deceived her. She turned about and

faced the sound of the man's hoarse cursing. In that moment Constantia knew that some wild idea had bidden her throw herself upon the mercy of a strange woman,—one, moreover, she had never seen.

"Suppose I do go with you?" Her tense, desperate young voice showed fight. "You've not even promised to marry me! What assurance have I got that you'll not desert me?"

The man gave a grating "He! he!"—unpleasant, full of sinful gloating.

"Marry? Oh, after awhile..... It's much too soon after your mother's sad demise—!" He shuffled forward, giving up his search for the light. "Come on." He opened the front door, dumped two suit-cases down on the outer porch, and then turned back to Betty.

Constantia, following the man's movements, had not observed the noiseless opening of Mrs. Skaggs' door until she heard a strange uncanny laugh.

"Yes.....much too soon!" answered a voice. There on the threshold appeared a presence in white—a luminous figure, for it shone from head to foot with phosphorescent glow. The figure advanced; seemed to float over the hall.

The man's body jerked at the gruesome whisper; he turned, caught sight of the apparition, and as the phantom bore down upon him gave one unearthly screech and tore down the concrete steps with a clatter of boots and a whirlwind of flying coat-tails.

On he went—the sound of running feet went on down the street, accompanied by a strange yelping, as of some maddened animal.

A smothered cry close at hand; a soft thud told Constantia that Betty had fainted. She laid her out flat upon the floor and applied the smelling-salts. Mrs. Skaggs advanced to the front door and stood in all her phosphorescent glory in full view of the street, while she gazed with casual interest after the flying figure of her ex-husband. He was still emitting shouts, somewhat mellowed by distance.

"That's all right," she remarked with satisfaction in her quiet tones. "The police station's only two blocks down; they'll run him in!"

Constantia tore away the pasteboard from the electric-switch.

As light flooded the hall Betty was just coming to. The mother softly closed the front door and beat over her. In the full glare she was nothing more terrifying than a stout woman wrapped in a sheet.

The girl's eyes opened, and, half-conscious, she smiled, and her arms went up about her mother's neck with a swift childish motion of such utter love and trust that tears stung Constantia's eyes. "She's only half awake—the darling!" crooned the mother. She slid arms about the limp young back and began to pat and rub with capable hands. The girl's blue eyes stared with sudden comprehension, and she began to sob affrightedly. "You're not dead,—not dead! Tell me again!"

and this time she went off into real hysterics.

About midnight Constantia invaded the kitchen and made hot chocolate for the pale girl and her mother. As they three sat about the dining-table Mrs. Skaggs' homely face was radiant. Betty's wet blue eyes never left it; but they still kept their scared expression; she could not quite believe.

The moon was setting when Constantia hurried down across lots home. What a delightful lack of monotony there was in bachelor-life! She wondered whether Mr. Skaggs was comfortably settled in jail. Brownie jumped all over her ecstatically when she opened the front door. Two hours she had whined and worried about a mistress who was cultivating spooks.

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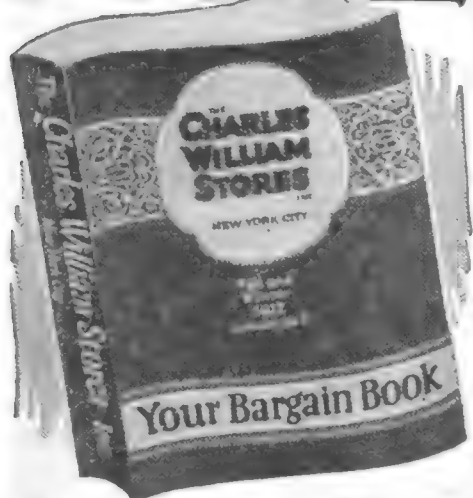
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# FEAR



*She rose, sucking in great gulps of air.*

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"MARION, I love you!" "Don't!" Marion Reid shook the hand of her millionaire husband from her shoulder with a movement of irritation, looking up at him with the briefest of glances, which yet seemed to multiply by at least two every one of the twelve years between them.

"I can't help it, dear!" The wistfulness in Henry Reid's gentle voice was reflected for an instant in his mild blue eyes. "You are so beautiful."

Marion rose abruptly, a glorious creature, half an inch taller than her husband. Her eyes and hair were of the same shade of brown. "Please, Henry!" She was obviously making an effort to be kind; to hide her distaste. "You know why I married you—out of gratitude because you saved my father from ruin and disgrace. I promised at the altar to be a true and faithful wife, and I will. But love you I cannot. So please don't force me to endure caresses that I find hateful!"

Turning, she walked across the luxurious room and stood gazing through a window at the hills across the little lake, the lovely curves of her body outlined against the light. She had not wanted to come to this place, of all places, for her honeymoon. It was here, only two years before, that she had been saved from drowning by Albert Lewis. She feared that another view of him, his god-like form displayed in the scanty uniform of a life-guard, might force her thoughts to stray from the man she had sworn to honor and obey.

But Henry Reid owned most of the electric power company which generated its current from the impounded water of the artificial lake, as well as a controlling interest in the two summer resort hotels. He was, therefore, combining business with pleasure by coming here. Marion had offered no verbal objection to the plan, not so much from fear of arousing his suspicion as from dread of awakening something in her own nature that were better left asleep.

"I'm going in swimming," she announced, turning suddenly. "Will you come with me?" "I?" Henry's eyes shifted, while his face colored slightly. "No, indeed!" Then, meeting her inquiring gaze, he went on quietly: "Probably you'll think me cowardly, but all my life I've had a horror of deep water. So far as I know, I don't seriously fear anything else; but that dread I've never been able to overcome."

He paused, searching her face with eyes that plainly bespoke his dread of the contempt he expected to find there. But Marion, with feminine skill, held her features impassive; though she made the effort chiefly to hide her surprise at her own feelings. Instead of scorn, she felt a kind of tolerant pity, combined with a heightened respect for his truthfulness, and—could it be—the merest flash of tenderness. Henry, in obvious relief, proceeded:

"I tell you this because I don't want to hide from you any of my faults. For I might have said, with equal truth, that I have a business engagement. Mr. Williams, the superintendent of the plant, has asked me to go with him in a boat to inspect the dam, and the recording station up above. Of course we'll use the biggest and staunchest motor boat on the lake; yet the bare thought of the trip nearly gives me a chill. Only a sense of duty forces me to go. Is that very contemptible to you?" he asked anxiously. "I can hardly expect you to understand what I don't understand myself."

"No, it isn't!" Marion spoke so warmly that her own words heightened her surprise. "Dad has told me that every man is afraid of something. I really admire the will which makes you superior to your fears."

"Thank you, my—Marion!" Henry Reid said gratefully. Marion left the room and the hotel, idly wondering why she was not filled with scorn for what was palpably a weakness. In a moment of vivid contrast her mind dwelt briefly on Albert Lewis, who swam like an otter in an element that he dreaded no more than she dreaded the familiar atmosphere of her bedroom. It was decidedly odd that, instead of arousing her contempt, Henry's confession awoke in her only a pitying desire to mother a man so much older than she; made her feel very mature and kind.

Entering one of the long row of white bath-houses, she quickly changed, emerging presently in all the glory of an exquisite body, frankly revealed by her ultra modern bathing costume. Albert Lewis was strolling leisurely along the narrow beach in her direction, resembling an animated bronze statue, with his long, muscular, sun-browned arms and legs quite bare. A barely perceptible nervous disturbance warned Marion not to wait for speech with him. She ran lightly to the end of a spring-board, where a perfectly executed dive carried her far out into water that was already being warmed by the morning sun.

Rising, she shook the water out of her eyes, swimming with long and effortless strokes toward the middle of the lake and upward. The stuttering exhaust of a motor boat sounded close by, and, looking toward the small wharf beside the row of bath-houses, she saw her husband and the superintendent heading up the lake for their visit to the recording station.

Altering her direction slightly, she lengthened and quickened her stroke, racing with the boat until it left her behind. A casual glance over her shoulder showed her that Albert Lewis was standing motionless on the gravel of the beach, watching her. Relaxing to her former easy progress, she allowed her thoughts to flow backward two years over a pleasant interval, to the time when she first saw this specimen of perfect physical manhood. Their brief acquaintance had begun with his rescuing her from this very lake, and had lasted little more than a week. But she had known many a mildly agreeable thrill of recollection afterwards, until her father's impending financial and nervous disaster confronted her with the harder realities of life, driving such things from her mind. Not that they had neared love, even enough to begin writing to each other. It had been, rather, an affair of intense physical attraction; a response of beauty to beauty. Now, she wondered, dallying with the thought in idle curiosity, what might have happened if they had been together more—before it was too late.

It was too late now, she realized very firmly. She owed everything, probably even her father's life or sanity, to the man she had married, who had always treated her with the utmost kindness. Furthermore, she had no patience with the children of a lax generation who experiment with such a serious institution as marriage. She had married with her eyes open and with the full intention of remaining faithful to her husband as long as both should live, in every act and word

by Richard G. Swaringen



*"For I've just learned that I love you."*

and thought. If she could not give him love, she could and would give him loyalty. And she did not realize that the very necessity for this continued self-assurance constituted her chief sign of danger.

Marion swam in circles for an hour, too busy with her reflections to note the passage of time. Tiring at last, she turned on her back and lay gazing up at a sky which showed not the faintest hint of a cloud, morning sunshine hot on one of her cheeks. She drifted with the almost imperceptible current caused by the flow of the water through great flumes to the power house below the dam.

She was filled with a lazy ease, her former restlessness left behind during her hour of vigorous exercise. It was good to be a rich man's wife, living in pleasant places, with every comfort she could wish, and nothing to do but enjoy them. It was even agreeable to have a husband whose keen intelligence and boundless energy won wealth and honor for them both, even if she did not actually love him.

This thought of her husband's continual gigantic planning and executing brought a half-formed comparison: It was two years since she had found Albert Lewis a life-guard on the shore of this lake, and he was a life-guard still. Had the man no ambition, further than that of displaying his own perfect physique to admiring vacationists? But she was too lazy to even follow that thought to any connected or logical conclusion.

A motor boat began pattering faintly up the lake. Probably her husband and Mr. Williams returning, thought Marion in faint surprise. She had no idea that they had had time to make their trip to the recording station and start back. Turning her head, she saw the distant figure of the life-guard still standing like a statue, watching her.

The boat was rapidly coming near. Suddenly Marion felt a numbing pain shooting over her body. Cramp, she thought in terror; and threw up one gleaming pink arm, before that, too, was numbed, screaming wildly. Her face turned half over by the effort, she saw Albert Lewis' long leap as he took to the water. The drumming of the motor was loud in her ears.

She rose, sucking in great gulps of air. Her eyes blinked free of the muck of water, and she saw the boat nearby, her husband standing on the prow, watching. He jumped, and as she went down again he was in the water beside her, grasping her clothes, her hair. For the first time she felt pleasure at the touch of his hands.

But he was unable to swim; afraid of the water; and therefore even more helpless than she. Marion realized that as she rose for the second time. Well, they would drown together, she thought; and wondered why the idea was somehow comforting.

A deft, powerful hand grasped her wrist, drew her arm across a warm shoulder in which muscles rippled reassuringly. She felt her head lifted above water; that she was being towed strongly. The short yellow hair of the life-guard appeared close before her eyes. She found that she could look around and see the boat drifting alone, and her husband's head upheld by Mr. Williams, another strong swimmer. With a hazy sensation of contentment, she let herself go.

Marion partly awoke to find two strong arms clasping her body and legs; feel herself borne along. She opened her eyes, and saw her husband following, supported by Mr. Williams. About them walked a little crowd of excited tourists and hotel employees. It was pleasant to feel the rhythmic tread of the life-guard and hear his steady breathing as he carried her hundred and thirty-five pounds with no apparent strain, even after his long swim. She closed her eyes again, half conscious, half dreaming.

"A drop of water, Mr. Reid—come." Dimly she heard the agitated voice of the hotel manager as they entered the door. A maid leading the way, Albert Lewis carried her up to her room, laid her gently on her bed.

"A doctor!" he said to the maid briefly. "Hot water. Whiskey, if you can get it." He was chafing Marion's wrists as the maid flitted out. "Oh, my dear—my dear—my dear!" murmured the man, bending over Marion's face. "Was I too late? I wouldn't dare do this if you were awake, but now—" He kissed her cold lips passionately.

Marion lay still, her eyes closed. She was too busy wondering at her utter, dreamy indifference to even care to open them. What did it matter if he kissed her a married woman? What did it matter if he did not?

"The second time I've saved you from the lake, dear!" whispered the man. "You're another man's wife now; but I love you—I love you!" He kissed her again.

Marion heard a familiar step in the doorway, and slowly opened her eyes. Her husband stood there, but he was not looking at her. And so she lay quiet and still, watching a little wordless drama played out in the clashing glances of the two men.

For a long moment their eyes were locked in a steady, level stare; then the gaze of the life-guard wavered and fell away. He was four inches taller and forty pounds heavier than Henry Reid, but now he seemed to shrink until he was actually smaller, his face blanching under the tan.

"I—I'm going, sir!" he said at last hurriedly. Marion felt ashamed because she had heard the naked fear in his voice. "Don't—don't—" "I'll see you later," said Henry Reid quietly. "I—I suppose this means the end of my job—that you'll—"

"Why, no, my boy," Henry Reid's voice was kind. "You shall have an increase of pay, or a better job if you want it. I assure you I am grateful. But we'll talk that over later. Just now, if you please—"

He stood aside, and Albert Lewis hurried out, in a bewilderment that was pitiful. Now Marion thought comfortably, she knew why her husband was rich and honored, and Lewis was still a life-guard. Henry Reid feared nothing but water, and had the will to conquer even that fear. Albert Lewis was afraid of men!

Her husband began walking up and down the room, and she saw that his features were working convulsively. For a minute or two longer Marion lay still, trying to put two and two together out of the swift events of the morning; doing her best to understand a sort of chemical—almost a mechanical—change that she could feel within herself.

"Henry!" she said at last softly. "Come here!" "Marion, I didn't know!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me?" He came and sat down on the edge of the bed. Marion was aroused to full, clear consciousness by the startled certainty that

never before had she seen a human face reveal such agony of soul. "But I'll give you your freedom if you want it. A divorce can be arranged. The boy loves you, he said; and if you love him—"

"Hush, Henry—hush a minute! You do run on so!" Marion was squeezing one of his hands in both her own. "If he loves me, he has my sympathy. For I've just learned that I love you! Kiss me, Henry, before the maid returns—kiss me hard!"

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Reforming Father

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"To meet your mother, Deb." "But mother isn't coming till next week." "She telegraphed that she is coming earlier than she expected. They'll be here tomorrow night."

"Mother!" It was all she could manage. "Buck up, Deb. I've made all arrangements for your father. Miss Brewster is to stay with you tonight. He said for us to go to the river for supper as we had planned. Shall I come for you now, Deb?"

"Please! With our car. I came with the Grays. And bring the hamper, Miles." "Right-o!"

In half an hour they were seated on the bank of the river, the hamper between them. "Deborah."

Young Carter's face had grown so serious that Deborah was suddenly startled.

"What is it?" she asked. "Let's eat our sandwiches," he evaded. She laid hers aside and reached for his. "You've something to say," she said. "Out with it, Miles."

He felt a sudden tender pity for her. "I know it's about father. Be quick, please." "He meant to tell you himself, Deb; he was going to do it tonight."

"She was very white. 'I can stand it, Miles, if you will be quick.'"

Very gently he told her of her father's conversation with the stranger on the Pullman. "He told your father," he went on, "that this generation needed to be given a job."

"You needn't go on, Miles; I can finish. Father came home and found me like those girls and he let me think he was—bad—so that I'd set about reforming him. Is that right?" she asked crisply.

"I've bungled it," despaired young Carter. "And you aren't taking it right. He had only a minute to think. He couldn't fake a mortgage for you to pay off or stage an epidemic so that you could nurse the town. This is what occurred to him. It worked. What fun you two must have had behind my back."

"Fun! It has half-killed your father. Do you suppose he enjoyed having his daughter think he needed reforming? Why, he blew up. 'You little fool! You act as though you'd rather your father was dissolute than that you should be tricked.'"

"Made ridiculous," she amended. "You haven't been ridiculous for a minute; you've been splendid. I wish I knew that a girl would do for me what you've done for him."

"Does mother know?" "Nobody knows but me."

Suddenly her head went down on her arms and her slim body shook with sobs. He laid a hand on her shoulder. "You poor kid!" he murmured.

"You'll think I'm crazy, c-crying because I've found that father didn't need reforming," she sobbed.

"You aren't crazy at all, honey. You thought you were playing serious drama and it turns out to be slapstick, and your pride is hurt. But it's all right now. Shall we eat?"

But Deborah was not ready to leave the stage before playing a final scene. She rose, scorn on her expressive face.

"Eat!" she said. "Eat. But don't ask me to. I am very weary. For two months, day and night, my father has been on my mind. The evenings that he escaped—"

"Escaped is the word," grinned Carter, and was rewarded by a glare from her darkened eyes.

"The evenings that he escaped, I watched by the window for his return, as a mother watches for a wayward son."

"But I was coo—coo—" "Cozened," assisted Carter cheerfully. "And a darned good word."

"I was deceived. It was all a merry joke. But I shall bear the scar of those two months forever. Never again shall I be a carefree girl."



## Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

faces behind him, glancing at those to whose conversation he had just been listening.

It was even as he had surmised when he heard that manly voice.

Archibald Sherbrooke sat directly behind him, and beside him a noble, matronly-looking woman whom he closely resembled; but there was an unmistakable look of pain upon the young man's face, and a wistful, anxious look in his handsome eyes.

"Not married after all this time, and with that sorrowful face and bitter sigh. I begin to think there may have been a misunderstanding of some kind, instead of a willful wrong," he said to himself. "He does not look like a man to prove treacherous to a woman," he added; "there is something noble and prepossessing about him; and yet Star said she denounced him to his face."

When the concert was over, and while he was slowly passing out with the crowd, some one at his side suddenly exclaimed:

"Hello, Meredith! where on earth did you come from?" and a friendly hand grasped and shook his with a vigorous cordiality.

"Alden! is it you?" he cried, in return. "I might ask the same question of you, since I had not a thought of seeing you here; but since it is evident that we are both Americans, it is safe to assume that we came from 'over the seas and far away.'"

"When did you arrive? Where are you stopping, and how long do you stay in London?" demanded Alden, his tongue going like a race horse.

"Well," Ralph returned, laughing, "you mean to know all about me, I see. I arrived a week ago yesterday; I am stopping at the Midland Grand, and my stay is indefinite."

"Good! but now I have found you, I mean to keep an eye upon you. I tell you it sets a fellow up wonderfully to see a home face. Have you any other engagement for this evening?"

"No."

"Then come with me. I have an invitation to Lady Stamford's reception—and, by the way, she does entertain charmingly—with permission to bring as many friends as I choose. Come; my lady is a delightful hostess, besides having two of the loveliest daughters in the world."

"Such an inducement as the latter I am unable to resist," Ralph responded, with a smile.

"I will come with pleasure," responded young Alden, as, linking his arm familiarly in that of his friend, he led him away.

Ralph found Stamford House a delightful place.

He was very cordially received upon being presented by his friend, and introduced to a number of pleasant people, and he began to think that he had not seen the best side of London, after all, since he had not heretofore been favorably impressed with its citizens.

After he had danced two or three times, young Alden sought him again, and took him away to the billiard-room, which, for that evening, had been set apart for a smoking-room.

"I want to introduce you to some fine fellows," he said, on the way thither; "'bang up' boys, we should say in America, who will give you a good time while you stay here."

He found a dozen or twenty young men gathered in the billiard-room, and was introduced to several of them by his friend, one being Lord Carroll, of Carrollton.

He half put out his hand, glanced up at the stranger, started, withdrew it, and bowed stiffly to his lordship. He had recognized Archibald Sherbrooke!

The fine, genial face of the young peer clouded at the act and his cool greeting; but, with his natural good breeding, he appeared not to heed it, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting; while Alden, the introduction over, turned away, leaving them together.

"I beg your pardon," Ralph said, the hot blood mounting to his brow, for his loyal heart could not forget Star and her wrongs. "I have heard you addressed twice today by another name—Archibald Sherbrooke. Has my friend made a mistake in introducing you to me as Lord Carroll?"

His lordship laughed, and his face cleared instantly.

"No," he said; "I am both Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carroll. I am troubled with a plurality of names, which frequently cause mistakes, some of which are ludicrous, and some—painful."

This last statement was supplemented with a heavy sigh.

"But," he added, more lightly, "I will shake hands with you over either," and he extended his hand again.

But Ralph would not take it.

He drew back a step, and bent a perplexed look upon his companion's face.

"Pardon me again," he said; "but before I take your hand, allow me to ask you a single question."

"Certainly; a dozen if you like," Lord Carroll answered, haughtily, for Ralph's refusal to take his hand had hurt him keenly.

"You have been in America?"

"Yes."

"You met there a young lady by the name of Miss Stella Gladstone?"

Lord Carroll started as from a sudden shock, and grew pale to his lips.

"Stella Gladstone! What can you tell me of Star Gladstone?" he demanded, hoarse from emotion.

"That her heart is broken—her life ruined," Ralph Meredith answered, sternly, for he knew now that he had found his man, and he meant to show him no mercy.

He trembled with excitement, and his fingers ached to strangle the villain and coward who had so basely betrayed the trust of the loveliest woman on earth.

"Her life ruined! Don't tell me that," Lord Carroll whispered, with white lips, while the look of agony which leaped to his eyes would have moved the hardest heart, had it been less sore than Ralph Meredith's.

"Yes, and you are the traitor who is accountable for it," he answered, hotly.

The young man flushed, and he drew himself up with sudden dignity, struggling to regain his self-possession, which had been sadly disturbed at the mention of that dearly-loved name.

"You forget yourself, sir," he said, haughtily. "What right have you to address me thus? Why do you speak to me in this way of Miss Gladstone, and thus arraign me for what you assert?"

"Why should I not?" Ralph Meredith demanded, in low, fierce tones. "Did she not tell me with her own lips of your baseness and treachery? And do you think that I can take the hand of the man, were he twice a lord, who has ruined the life of—the only woman whom I ever loved?" he was about to add, but something restrained him and made him substitute—"an angel?"

Archibald Sherbrooke was very pale now. He was a proud, brave young man, and all the hot blood in his composition had been aroused by this sudden and unexpected attack from the stranger to whom he had been introduced by a mutual friend.

He had uttered words which, under any other circumstances, would have made him feel him to the ground and chastise him for his insolence.

But he controlled himself, for he saw that Ralph was a noble fellow, although he had constituted himself the champion of the woman whom he still loved with a deathless love, and meant to avenge her wrongs if he was assured that he had found the right man.

He reasoned, too, that he must be laboring under the same mistake of which Star had been the victim, and that the only way to deal with him would be to explain just how matters stood.

Besides, a wild hope was springing up in his heart that through him he might be able to find her whom he had lost, and whom he had never ceased for one moment to love.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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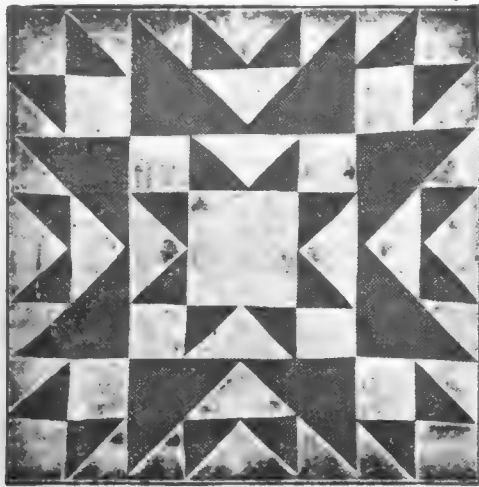
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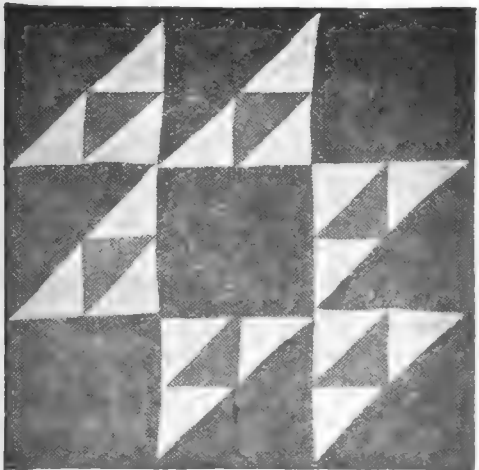


NO. 4. ODD FELLOWS' MARCH.  
MRS. B. M. DICKEY, PA.

#### Utilizing Small Pieces

OLD and new, odd and yet attractive designs for working up small pieces are shown this month. These patterns give one somewhat of an idea of the almost numberless ways in which squares and triangles can be combined.

Many of the blocks, such as No. 5, Dove at the Window, No. 6, Irish Chain, No. 8, Jacob's Ladder, and No. 16, Blazing Star, are not complete in themselves, as when they are joined they form a continuous design.

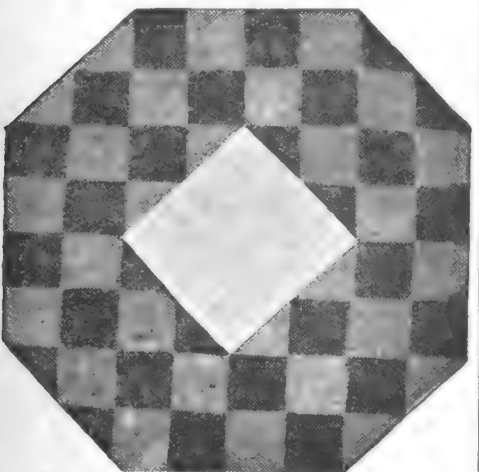


NO. 5. DOVE AT THE WINDOW.  
MRS. DELLA BYFIELD, KANSAS.

Of these the first two are old patterns which are usually developed of two colors only and white, while Jacob's Ladder is most effective made of a single color and white.

The first design in this column, which is known in some localities as Odd Fellows' March, is complete in itself and is usually set together with block of white of the same size.

This design or No. 7, The Rolling Star, can be made up of two or three colors and



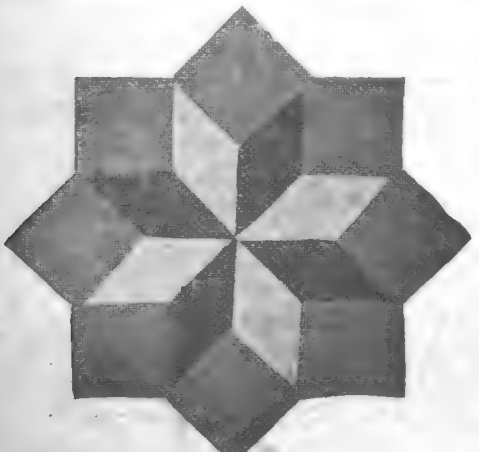
NO. 6. IRISH CHAIN.  
MRS. LOTTIE FIELDS, W. VA.

white, or contrasting scraps of calico, gingham or, in fact, any kind of wash goods.

No. 9, The Ferris Wheel, and No. 14, Snowball, and No. 17, Star of Bethlehem, are all simple, attractive patterns, especially suited for using two shades only and white.

Of the pieced blocks, stars of all sorts seem to be as popular as ever, and it is very interesting to note how much they can differ in form and design. The Rolling Star pattern, No. 7, is usually filled out to make a square block with white and then set together with white blocks of an equal size.

No. 12 makes an attractive all-over design.



NO. 7. ROLLING STAR.  
MRS. CLARA G. FISHER, PA.

## New Idea for Bedspread Square

No. 13 is a star pattern worked up into a hexagon block, enough of which are joined directly for a quilt top.

The Blazing Star, shown in No. 16, is an old pattern which can be pieced as shown, or worked from the center out, repeating the points, until the patchwork is the desired size.

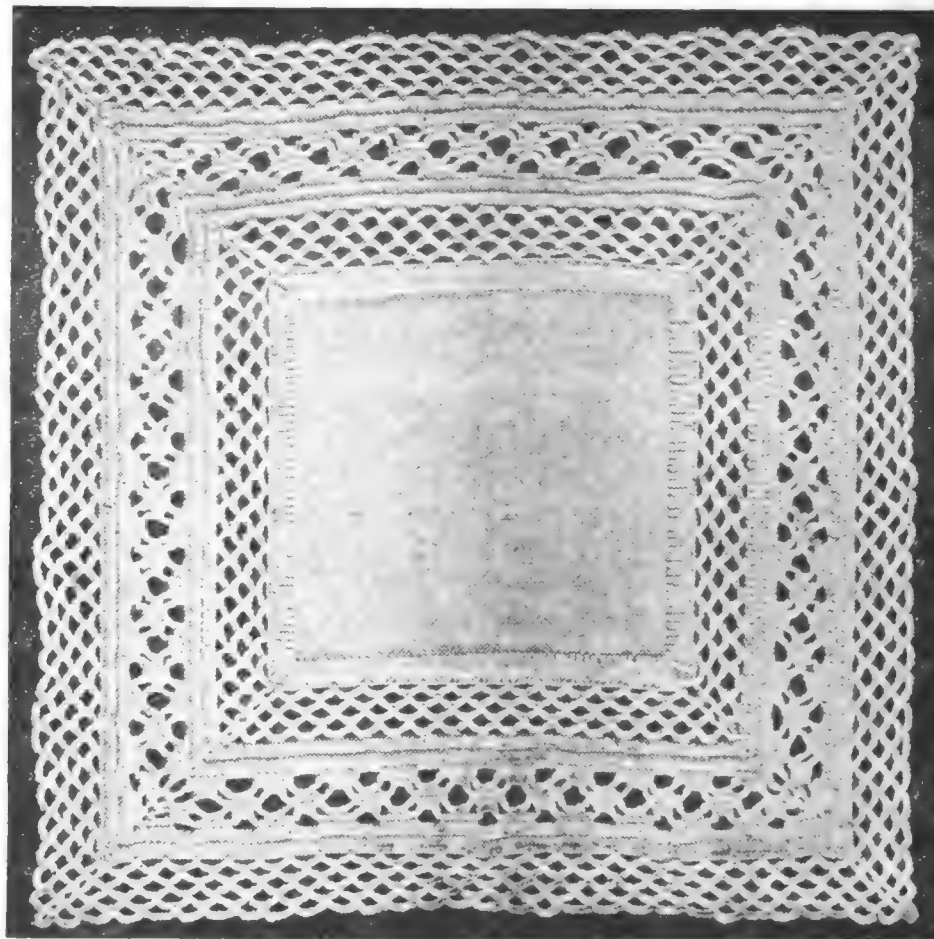
No. 18 is another pattern which is particularly good to repeat. No. 15 illustrates a very simple manner of working up tiny bits, and No. 11, one of the ways in which these blocks can be fashioned into a larger pattern.

Many of the best known and more popular patterns were sent in by more than one worker, so in these cases the pattern used is credited to the person whose choice of colors shows the different parts most clearly.

#### Square for Bedspread

This simple pattern can be worked around centers of different sizes, but a five-inch center square is a very good size.

Cut all squares by a thread, if scrim is used, turn under edge and stitch with loose machine stitch. Work all around with single crochet, join at corner. To copy pattern exactly in second row, ch 5 after last s c in first row, 1 s c on first s c. This makes a corner ch. Work 14 chs of 3, 4 or 5 stitches along the side according to the num-



BEDSPREAD SQUARE WITH SCRIM CENTERS. BY A. O. L. WERTMAN.

ber of cotton used and tension of worker. There should be an equal number of stitches between chains, and the last one should fasten with s c in last stitch on the side, the ch 5 for corner, 1 s c on next s c, 14 chs, 1 corner ch, repeat. Last ch finishes in st before first corner ch, then under corner ch work 3 s c, ch 5.

3rd row—1 s c under corner ch, 15 chs of same number of sts as in chs in second row, fastening each with 1 s c under chs in last row. 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, repeat, 3 s c in corner ch, ch 5.

4th and 5th rows—Same as second, only increasing chains on the sides the same as in second row.

6th row—Make ch of three or more stitches from corner to center of first ch, 1 s c, repeat. In this row just enough stitches should be used to make a straight line. Join at corner, ch 1.

7th row—1 s c in each st, 3 s c in corner sts. Join, ch 1.

8th row—Same as 7th, ch 5.

9th row—5 s c on first 5 sts, ch 5, sk 4,

5 s c on next 5 sts. This row should be planned so as to have 10 groups of 5 s c and to make these come exact skip either three or four stitches between. At corner ch 5, 5 s c on first 5 sts of second side. Repeat.

10th row—3 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 3 s c on center of 5 s c, ch 2, 3 s c on ch, ch 2, 3 s c of 5 s c. At corner, 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 5 s c. Repeat.

11th row—3 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 s c under ch, ch 5. Corners as usual. Repeat.

12th row—Corner ch, ch 5, 3 s c on 4 s c, ch 2, 3 s c under ch, ch 2, 3 s c on 5 s c. Corners as usual. Repeat.

13th row—4 s c under corner ch, 3 s c under next ch, ch 2, 5 s c, ch 2, 3 s c. Repeat around.

14th row—Same as 6th row.

15th and 16th rows—Same as 7th and 8th rows.

Next five rows all chains as shown, the same as the rows around the center.

#### Spider Web Camisole Top

BY BERTHA ANDREWS.

Materials, No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel hook.

6th row—3 d c, ch 3, 5 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk under ch, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk, 1 d c on last d c, ch 5, turn.

8th row—1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

10th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat, making three more spider webs.

Make another front with strap, then two points ending with row on last web having two blocks. Join straps by single crochet or needle and thread. Join bottom of the yoke both back and front by single crochet over the first chains, across two points. Finish sides of points and straps as follows: After completing singles along bottom at end ch 5, 1 d c under ch end of 1st row, ch 3, 1 d c between blks end of 2nd row, ch 3, 1 d c under ch, ch 3, 1 d c between blks, repeat all around.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

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Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

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Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

over 3 s c, ch 3, repeat from \* 6 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row—\* 1 blk, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 2, repeat from \* 6 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—\* 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c on s c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c between blks, ch 3, repeat from \* 5 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row—Begin same as 4th row, and work over spider webs in the usual way.

9th row—Same as 5th row. One row has one and one-half webs completed. Continue as directed, working 6 webs over the 7 webs completed and decrease as shown in our illustration until work is but 1 web in width.

After row of blks, ch 1 tr c ch, blk, on last web turn with ch 5.

1st row of strap—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, end last row, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on first d c of blk, ch 2, 1 blk between blks, ch 2, 1 d c on last d c of next blk, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

4th row—1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c between blks, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—3 d c on last d c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 d c on last d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—3 d c, ch 3, 5 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk under ch, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk, 1 d c on last d c, ch 5, turn.

8th row—1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

10th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat, making three more spider webs.

Make another front with strap, then two points ending with row on last web having two blocks. Join straps by single crochet or needle and thread. Join bottom of the yoke both back and front by single crochet over the first chains, across two points. Finish sides of points and straps as follows: After completing singles along bottom at end ch 5, 1 d c under ch end of 1st row, ch 3, 1 d c between blks end of 2nd row, ch 3, 1 d c under ch, ch 3, 1 d c between blks, repeat all around.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the



# And Pieced Patchwork Patterns

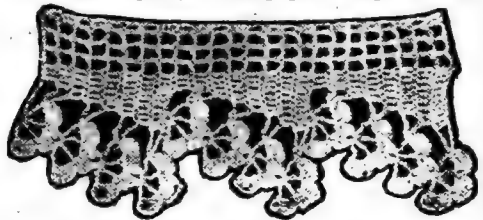
## Scalloped Beading

**T**HIS can be made as illustrated or with a single space for running ribbon.

Ch 18, turn.  
1st row—Shell off 4 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 3, sk 5, 1 shell of 4 d c in next st, ch 3, sk 5, 1 shell in next st, ch 3, turn.  
2nd row, shell on shell, ch 3, 1 shell ch 3, 1 shell, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—Same as last row, turning with ch 3.

4th row—3 shells on shells, then 1 treble under ch 5 at end of 2nd row, ch 1, 1 tr c, repeat, making 8 tr c in all, slip st to end first row, turn, ch 5, 1 s c between last 2 trebles, repeat, forming picot edge around



SCALLOPED BEADING.

scalloped. Then 3 shells on shells, ch 3, turn and repeat pattern.

To make narrower omit last or third shell, which will give only one space for running ribbon.

## Clover-leaf Lace

This design is a simple yet effective pattern either for towel ends or centerpieces.

Use either white or ecru mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and a suitable steel hook.

Begin with ch 22, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 3rd st from hook, ch 2, 1 d c in next 3rd st, repeat, making 2 more sps, 2 d c in next 2 sts, ch 5, 1 d c tr, in last st of ch, ch 2, repeat, making 4 d tr in same stitch, ch 2, turn.

2nd row—5 d c, under ch 2 of preceding row, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 d c in 5th st of ch, 4 d c on d c, 3 sps, d c under ch 2 of preceding row, ch 2, turn.

3rd row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 5 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr in center of leaf, with ch 2 between, ch 2, turn.

4th row—5 d c, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 6 d c, 3 sps, 1 d c, ch 2, turn.

5th row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr, as in preceding row, ch 2, turn.

6th row—5 d c, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 8 d c, 3 sps, 1 d c under ch 2, ch 2, turn.

7th row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 9 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr, ch 2, turn.

8th row—5 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, ch 5, 10 d c, 3 sps, d c under ch 2, ch 2, turn.

This completes one scallop.

9th row—3 sps, 3 d c on first 3 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr in 5th d c of preceding row. Repeat till lace is desired length.

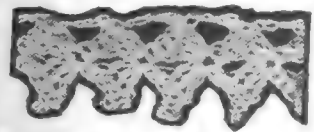
RUTH MANLEY.

## Shell Edging

This is worked in the length and is one of the simple patterns which grows very rapidly.

Made of No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton, it makes a good finish for lingerie or children's clothes.

Begin with ch 3. Join in ring. Ch 3, 6 d c in ring, ch 3, sl st to top of last double to form picot, turn sl st over 3 d c, ch 3, 1 d tr c (thread over hook 3 times), in top of first double, turn, 6 d c in center st of shell, 1 p, sl st to center, ch 3, 1 d tr c in first double of second shell, turn and repeat.



SHELL EDGING.

## Easy Patchwork

There is always an accumulation of new bits of percale, gingham and other sorts of wash goods where the clothing for the family is still made at home, and the quantity of these scraps is, of course, usually regulated by the size of the family and the care which is taken of them.

An orderly as well as industrious COMFORT reader, who submitted a number of attractive designs in our recent contest, writes interestingly of the saving, arranging and working up of these bits so as to accomplish the most in the shortest time. For the benefit of other readers we are glad to be able to quote the following from her letter:

"As the mother of a growing family of five, I do not have time to put in fine handwork on patchwork quilts, but I find it possible to accomplish good results by machine. I have made ten quilts in this way and none of them are simply a homely conglomerate mass of odds and ends for though I have to work quickly I plan carefully."

"A receptacle for all scraps is the first necessity. For this I find a neatly-made bag of some strong wash material is best. This should hang near the machine or on one's cutting table. Into it put all good-sized pieces left from cutting out garments, and when enough have accumulated to commence work on begin by cutting the pieces for the pattern decided upon. For machine stitching,

Many of the patterns illustrated this month are especially suitable for this modern and rapid manner of working.

The Cross Bar and Square pattern shown in No. 1 is a good idea of what can be accomplished by combining contrasting colors, cut in simple shapes.

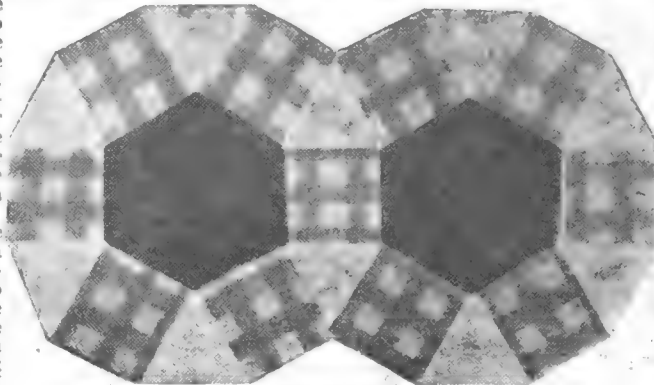
Details No. 2 and 3 illustrate fully how this pattern is worked out.

Many of the star blocks could easily be made by machine, also the single or double "Irish Chain." Quilts of this old pattern are very

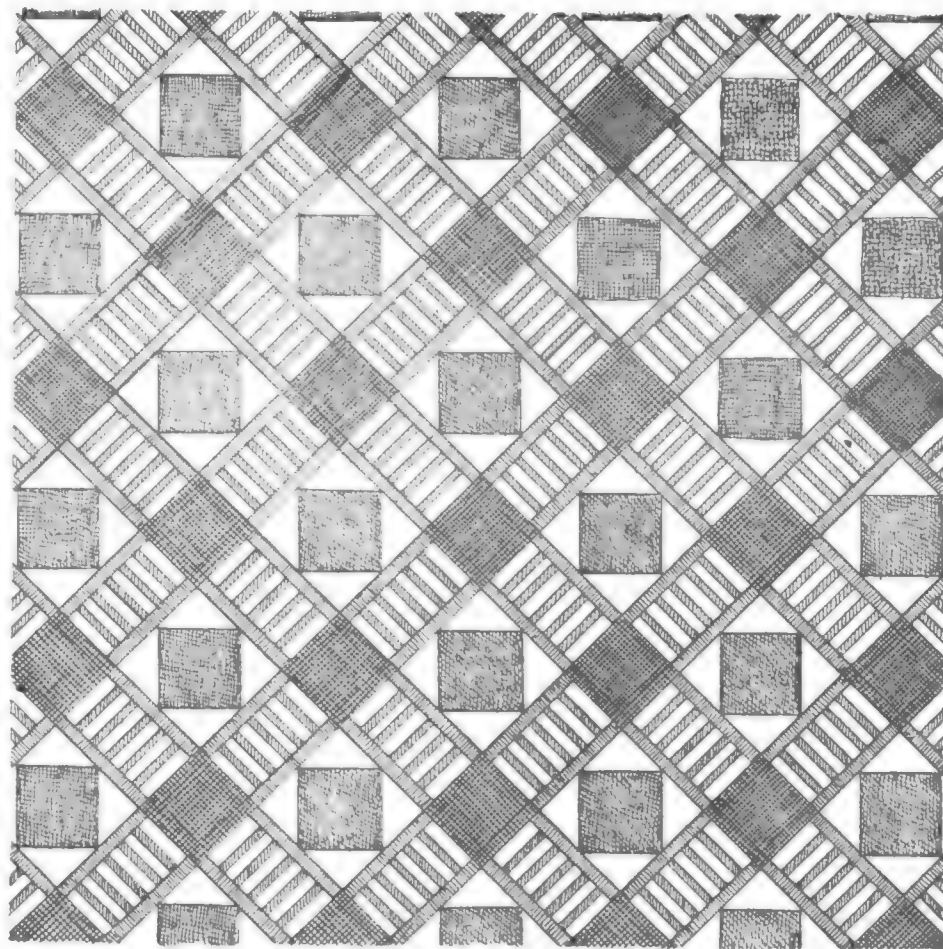
handsome when made up of red, green and white, with either the green or white for the large squares.

Another pattern which is particularly good for machine sewing is the old "Wild Goose Chase." This pattern, which is a very common one, is formed of three-cornered half-squares sewed together in a fancied resemblance to a flock of birds on the wing, by arranging the pieces so that the sharp point of one-half square joins the bias side of the one before it, the spaces thus formed being filled in with light goods.

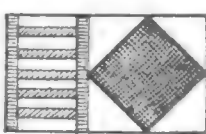
"The Chase" is made long enough for the



NO. 18. REPEATING SQUARE.  
MRS. M. E. COX, CALIF.



No. 3



No. 2

No. 1

CROSS BAR AND SQUARE PATTERN.  
MRS. T. C. ROETKER, ILL.

squares, half-squares and diamond-shaped pieces are best.

"Cut carefully, having the pieces all of an equal size. Have two needles threaded with long, stout cotton, on one string, the light-colored pieces of a certain shape, on the other the dark,—by running the needle through the center of each piece."

"For some patterns four or more strings will be necessary as colors and also shapes are strung separately. When I have enough pieces ready in this way for an afternoon's work, I begin planning and stitching on the machine."

"Intricate and handsome designs can be worked up very easily in this way. I have made an entire quilt top in an afternoon, and in another half day have also quilted it by machine."

entire length of the quilt, then these strips are usually sewed together with alternate strips of goods as wide as the pieced strips.

Patchwork is not the cutting up of whole cloth into bits for the sake of sewing it together again, as has been said by someone, but rather the utilizing of goods which is already cut up.

A really attractive quilt results from the ingenious ways in which these scraps are used.

Without careful planning the result is a mixed appearance instead of a combination.

When one is not likely to have scraps enough of three or four or even a dozen materials, it is best to sort out first as to colors and then select some design requiring small



NO. 17. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.  
MRS. ELEANOR SPRIGG, OHIO.

pieces such as No. 11, 12, 13, 16 or 17. No. 18 illustrates the effectiveness of checked goods combined with plain. If you have an old gingham dress it can be used in this way.

It is easy to cut checked goods as one has the lines to go by. In this pattern, white and a solid color match the gingham is used.

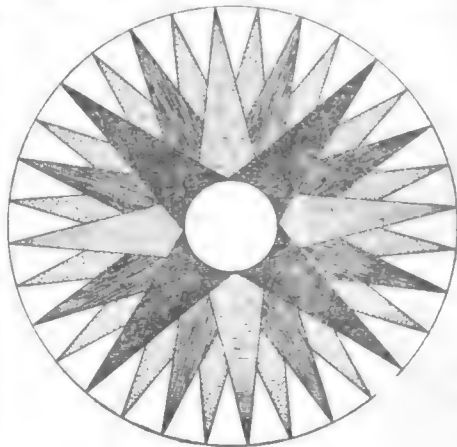
To help out on colors, blocks of any size may be set together with narrow bands of solid color, a binding of the same finishing the edge.

## Jute Crochet

Balls of heavy twine-like material, known as jute, are now used in making up sport bags, porch cushions and table-mats. A wide range of colors can be obtained, and articles can be made up very quickly as the jute is coarse.

For the sport bag illustrated in July COMFORT, natural-color jute was selected, decorated with flame-color wool poppies and green leaves.

To make this model, begin in the center and make two disks. Join these by crocheting



NO. 16. THE BLAZING STAR.  
MRS. ANNA WALTERS, IA.

a two-inch band, set in between, and crochet to each side.

Begin with ch 3, join in ring, ch 2, 8 d c in ring, join, ch 2, 1 d c on first double, 2 d c on second double, repeat around.

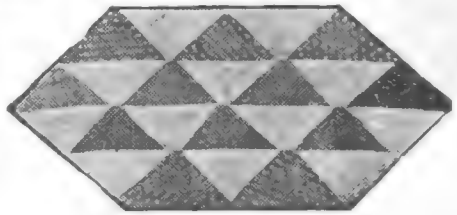
3rd round—Same as 2nd round.

4th round—2 d c in each d c.

5th round—Increase only as is necessary to keep work flat.

Add more rounds according to size one wishes the bag to be. Make two disks of the same size. To second side, after completing the last round, crochet back and forth on 7 or more sts for the arm strap, join to center of the first side.

Make strip for joining sides for double crochet two inches wide, and crochet or sew in place.



NO. 15. ODDS AND ENDS.  
MRS. F. L. KADLOCK, KANSAS.

Wool Poppies—Ch 3, join in ring.

1st round—12 d c in ring.

2nd round—24 d c on 12 d c.

3rd round—36 d c, made by making 2 d c in every other stitch.

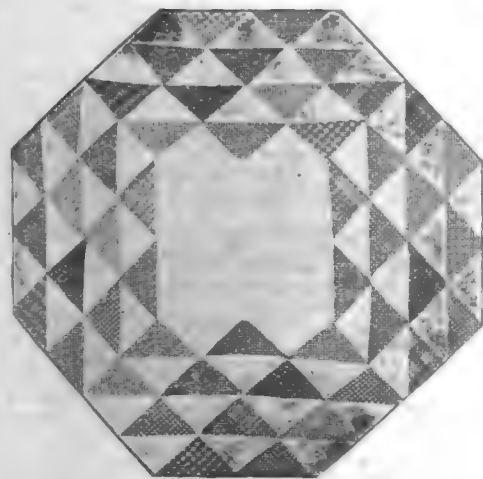
4th round—36 d c. Fasten off.

Finish centers of poppies with yellow wool French knots.

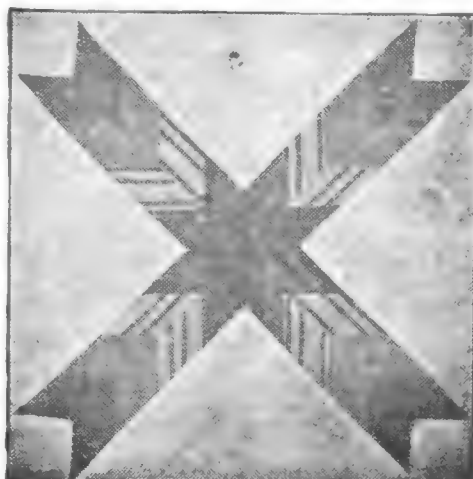
Leaves and Stems—Ch 9, turn, 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, fasten off and leave two-inch end.

Leaves can be made of various lengths. For

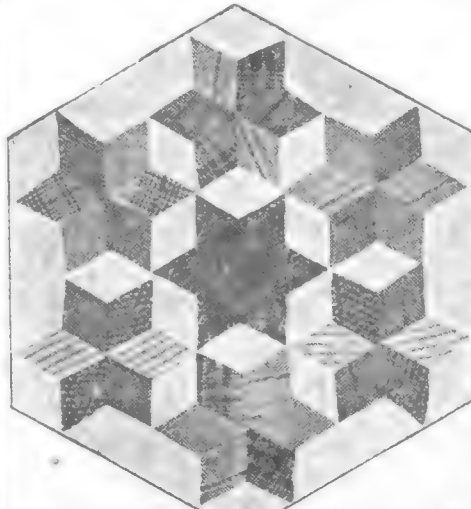
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



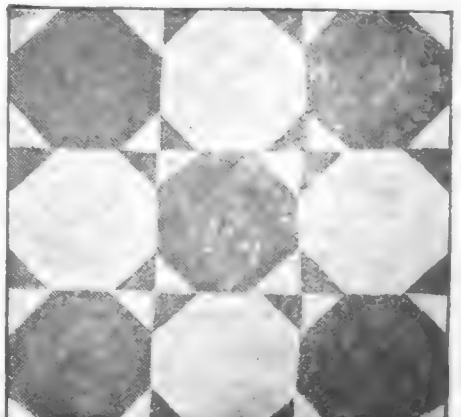
NO. 11. COMBINATION SQUARE.  
MARY GILBERT, IOWA.



NO. 12. CROSS TRAIL.  
MRS. E. P. WHEELER, CAL.



NO. 13. PIN WHEEL.  
MRS. MARY T. WORK, ILL.



NO. 14. SNOWBALL.  
MRS. T. C. ROETKER, ILL.



## The Captive

By Flora G. Brent

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THE young man lay back in the boat helplessly, his hands and feet securely tied. He stared at the girl in front of him who rowed with swift, firm strokes and who paid no attention to him whatever.

"Please, little girl," teased the stranger, "tell me why I am a prisoner, and where you are taking me."

The girl did not appear to notice these words and only rowed with the same perfect rhythm and indifference.

"Won't you please cut these cords?" begged Jim Vaden. "They are really hurting my flesh, and I would be grateful if I might sit up. It is very uncomfortable lying in the bottom of this wet boat."

"I will not untie anything, for then you might escape and I would lose that five hundred dollar reward which is offered for you."

"So you get a reward for treating me like this. Pray tell me, young lady, of what I am guilty."

The girl's lips tightened, and her eyes flashed but she did not answer.

"Strange that a fellow can't take a nap in this part of the country without being bound hand and foot and forced into a boat and carried to—say, Missa, where are we going, anyway? Come on, now, be a sport and reward me for good behavior."

"Good behavior!" snapped the girl. "When?"

"Didn't I walk into this boat after you tied me?"

"You were asleep, sir, and only awakened when you felt the end of my rifle in your ribs. You got into this boat because you knew I'd shoot you if you attempted escape," declared the girl, an angry flush spreading over her face.

Jim studied the girl from where he lay. She was pretty, and there was a roguish tilt to her nose. He liked her business-like air, and the way she managed this ridiculous situation. She undoubtedly thought she had captured a criminal, and he did not wonder she thought so for he had not shaved for several days and his clothes were torn and muddy from a week of tramping and roughing it. He had come into this part of the country partly on a camping trip but really to search for a girl whom, two years ago when a soldier on his way to camp, he had talked to a few moments while the train took on passengers. She had given him a kodak picture of herself with the name Bess written on it. That was all he knew of her, but she was the only girl he had thought about in all those months in France, and his one wish was to find her.

As he watched her now his face lighted up, and a low exclamation of delight escaped his lips. He believed he had found her. However, he liked this girl, and he was sorry she had such an opinion of him.

As they rounded a sharp bend in the river the girl hesitated and seemed undecided. For a few seconds she let the oars rest idly on the water.

"I must row over to the bank and get my sweater and fishing rod I left there," she explained. "You—you won't try to escape?"

For answer Jim sighed contentedly and shook his head. The girl rowed on silently, a perplexed expression on her face.

"Did you really steal the money from the bank?" she abruptly questioned the young man.

"I wouldn't object to stealing money every day if I would be captured by you," laughed Jim evasively.

"But did you? I must know before we go on. If I am mistaken, you are free and can go your way, and if not I—I'll—well, you will have to go with me."

"I'll go with you. I really prefer it," decided the prisoner gaily.

They had just reached the shore, the girl jumped lightly to the ground, and her captive sat up and shook his hair from his broad forehead, when there was a crashing of brush and a volley of curses issued from the throats of four men.

As they came into full view, one, a small, dark, nervous-looking man, had his hands securely tied behind him. He had evidently tried to escape from his captors, for all appeared to be angry and agitated.

The men in charge of the unfortunate one stopped when they saw the young lady. "Hi, Bess," they called familiarly. "we have got him."

"Sure there is no mistake?" she asked, glancing shyly at the young man in the boat while a dull red spread over her face.

"Mistake! No. We found the money on him. Will see you later. Must hurry along," they answered as they passed on, apparently not having noticed the man in the boat.

Without a word the young lady took a knife and cut the cords that bound Jim Vaden. "You must pardon me. I—I was mistaken. You are free," she said soberly.

"I am going with you," declared the man as he seated himself in the boat and held out his hands.

"Really I can't take you now. You are not guilty." The girl laughed for the first time, and Jim joined in heartily. Again he studied her face closely, then drew a picture from his pocket. He compared the photo to the two then handed the photo to the surprised girl.

"Bess," he whispered softly, "have I really found you? For two years I have kept your picture before me. I thought I recognized you from the first. I am Jim Vaden of New York. Won't you allow me to row you home?"

"Come," said Bess Gilbert as she handed him the oars, "we will be late getting home."

## The Winning Gamble

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

about until they stood facing each other.

"The other paralytic patient, doctor, who did you say he was?" she asked anxiously.

"The gambler?" Dr. West answered. "I hardly think I said—it would be unprofessional—but if you'd like to know, his name is Justin Hall."

"And—and—where does he live?" inquired Bonnie.

"Thirty-three Biltmore Apartment—in the same city I do," answered the doctor pleasantly.

"When will you call on him again?"

Dr. West looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Anybody would think you were personally interested in the famous gambler, Bonnie Lathrop, to hear you talk—but I shall not be able to see him again before tomorrow afternoon at four. Now, any more questions?"

"Only one, doctor," replied Bonnie. "Is—is he a kind-hearted sort of man?"

"Kind-hearted?" repeated the doctor, thoughtfully. "I would say so, though his reputation, I believe, is that of never having rendered personal service to anybody in his life."



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Dr. West laid his hand on Bonnie's arm. "What you need is sleep, Bonnie, dear," he said gently. "You've got enough to worry over without taking on the troubles of a gambler."

Long after Dr. West had departed, however, Bonnie Lathrop walked the floor in despair. The thought that Trubie had turned her down caused the hot tears of anguish to fill her eyes, while the memory of her father lying ill in the room above, accompanied with the stack of bills in the old library desk almost drove her mad.

Presently she crossed the room and carefully surveyed herself in the long French mirror.

"You are a true Lathrop, Bonnie," she said, shaking her finger at the lovely reflection before her, "a true Lathrop—and any sacrifice you make is worthy the cause—it's your time to act—you must save your father and Elmwood!"

With this decision, she went hastily up-stairs and carefully selected from her numerous gowns a very becoming costume; this she laid on a chair, then smilingly she got ready for bed.

The sun was still low in the eastern sky when Bonnie came swinging down the main street of Attalia City in a little black racer; at the first corner she stopped, spoke to a policeman, then moved on in the direction he mentioned her to go.

Presently she was rolling down a long, shady boulevard, peering eagerly at the houses which decorated either side, but not until her eyes beheld the big brass letters forming the word BILTMORE over an archway opening onto the boulevard did she slow down.

Getting out of her car, she made her way into the court, and there she paused before the house register. Rapidly her eyes ran down the list of residents until they came to the name of Justin Hall.

"Justin Hall," she read slowly. "Apartment 33." Just for a moment she paused, undecided whether to take the elevator or the door through which she had come—then with a sudden shrug of her shoulders, she turned to the elevator.

Nervous and weak from the stroke of the previous day, Colonel Lathrop awoke and inquired for his daughter.

"She went to the city this morning," the nurse told him, "but left instructions for you to eat a good breakfast and not worry about anything."

"An' heah's de breakfast," Maria Lathrop, interrupted the voice of old Dorothy as she deposited a heavily-laden tray before the old man.

Colonel Lathrop made a great effort to eat heartily, but old Dorothy noticed with solemn anxiety that the food had scarcely been touched when she carried the tray away.

Beside the window in his luxuriously-furnished apartment, propped among gaily-decorated satin pillows, Justin Hall sat gazing idly upon a small flower garden in the back yard of the Biltmore Apartment house, when James Adams, his faithful friend and secretary, entered the room and handed him a card bearing the name of Miss Bonnie Lathrop.

"Miss Bonnie Lathrop," repeated Hall thoughtfully, then he looked up at James with a smile.

"Some charitable sister, I suppose; show her in."

A moment later Bonnie Lathrop stood trembling before him.

"Well," said Justin, eying her critically, "did you come to see me?"

"Yes," answered Bonnie. "I have come to ask a very great favor of you."

"A favor?" Justin repeated Justin. "Can't say that I was ever thusly honored in all my life before. You know who I am?"

"You are the Gentleman Gambler, are you not?" Bonnie asked hesitatingly.

For an instant Justin Hall sat staring at her in silence; something new and strange was stirring in his heart—Cupid's arrow had suddenly struck home—then he said pleasantly:

"I believe that is my reputation in the South, but who told you of me?"

"My doctor," answered Bonnie quickly. "He told me of your affliction; he told me also that you have a great deal of money—and—and I wondered if you wouldn't help me?"

Justin watched the speaker in silent admiration; never before in his life had he seen such a vision of loveliness except in his dream pictures. Bonnie winced under his ardent gaze.

"Pardon my stupidity," Justin exclaimed suddenly. "Won't you have a chair; we can talk better that way."

Bonnie took the proffered chair and drew it a bit closer to the speaker. There was something pathetically sweet about the lonely man's countenance that caused her to lose fear of him.

"Tell me," said Justin presently, "what brought you here?"

"As I said in the beginning," answered Bonnie, "I have come to ask a great favor of you."

"My father, like yourself, is suffering from paralysis, though he has a chance of recovery provided I can get him away from this place into a new climate."

"You wouldn't expect a man like me," said Justin, glancing down at his helpless legs, "to move him, would you?"

"Not bodily—no," responded Bonnie, "but I thought perhaps since the doctor said you had so much money and such a little time to live yourself, that you might—might—well, give me enough to give my father a chance of prolonging his life."

Justin looked his heartfelt astonishment, then he threw back his head and laughed.

"Just who is this doctor who has put a time limit on my life?" he asked pleasantly.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that," Bonnie answered slowly. "You see, he really never thought of me ever seeing you."

"You mean to tell me," interrupted Justin, "that West told you this?"

Bonnie nodded. "But, honestly," she continued in an anxious tone of voice, "I didn't know you were ignorant of your condition."

"So I've only a short time to live, have I?" said the man more to himself than to the girl.

"Well, we'll see about that! However, my condition has nothing to do with your affairs. How much money do you need?"

Bonnie leaned a bit nearer the speaker and a flush of red dyed her cheek.

"Oh—I need a whole lot—more, probably than any other one girl ever needed in the world before. I just learned yesterday," Bonnie went on without waiting for Justin to speak, "that my father has been caring for me on borrowed money for ever so long; debts have piled up something terrible. The livestock is mortgaged, the land is mortgaged, and even the house we live in is mortgaged—I hate to say it, but nothing less than thirty thousand dollars would do me any good."

"Thirty thousand—?" repeated Justin, "a little gift, all right—and I must say the request is out of the ordinary."

"I know it is," admitted Bonnie blushing, "but it seemed a last resort to me, and—and I—I just took a chance on it."

Justin had never seen anybody so anxious over anything as this girl was, and he had never before seen a girl who so thrilled his heart. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and reaching out, he took Bonnie's hand.

"Look here, young lady," he said earnestly, "just how badly do you want that thirty thousand dollars?"

"With all my heart, body and mind," answered Bonnie quickly. "Can't you see it means my father's life? Why, man, I'd most sell my soul for it."

"I understand," answered the man, "and I've a proposition to make."

Reaching into his dressing-gown pocket, he drew forth a letter and handed it to Bonnie.

The girl's eyes grew wide with astonishment as she scanned the first page—but it was the postscript of the letter that seemed most to excite her.

"Remember," it ran, "if you would inherit the fortune of your late Uncle John Hall you must be married by the 27th of this month."

Instinctively Bonnie's eyes sought the calendar on the wall, which registered the 26th—then she turned back to the man.

"What has this to do with me?" she asked, suddenly, handing back the letter.

"It's the one way I can help you," answered the man, "if you are willing to pay that price for it."

"The idea is preposterous," Bonnie cried. "I—I—couldn't think of doing such a thing."

"Why?" asked Justin thoughtfully. "It's a straightforward proposition; by our marriage I would inherit my uncle's fortune which would enable me to give you far more than you ask, and still have a good profit for myself; besides that, my widow wouldn't be so badly off when I am gone."

"I—I—couldn't do it," stammered Bonnie. "I couldn't marry you."

"It's better than selling your soul," answered Justin, "and it couldn't be any worse on you than it would be on me."

Bonnie looked at him in amazement.

"You forget who I am," she said haughtily. "Not a fit wife for a gentleman gambler, I admit," answered Justin, "but it's the one way I have to grant your request."

"If I should do this thing," Bonnie asked presently, "would you leave me free as long as my father lives?"

There were tears in Bonnie's eyes when she turned her face towards the man again, and Justin noticed with delight that her lips trembled, and he reached for her hand again.

"Surely," he said slowly, "you could read in my eyes that I am not the sort of man who would hold a woman by force; what you need is money—I can supply that need in an honorable way, and be none the worse off."

"I'm tempted to do it," Bonnie answered thoughtfully, "but, somehow, I feel that I'd have to pay heavily for such a favor."

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"The points that lead to success," Mrs. Moore replied, "are: the proper selection of milk stock; the proper care of herds; sanitation in the cow barns; a proper handling of the milk, and a regular market."

The unique success of Mrs. Moore in her chosen field is but one more illustration of the diversity of employments at which women are working every day and achieving victory.

## Crocheted Medallion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

1 s c in same petal, ch 6, 1 s c in next petal, ch 6, 1 s c in same petal. Repeat.

3rd row—Ch 4, turn, 1 sl st under last ch between petals, 1 d c in loop at end of petal, ch 5, form picot, \* ch 1, 1 d c, 1 p, repeat from \* until there are 8 d c in under ch sl st to ch 6 between petals. Repeat around.

## Jute Crochet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

stems, take several strands of wool, tie in leaves, then s c over the entire length. Arrange on bag as fancied.

## Jute Pillows

Either round or square pillow cover of single or double crochet can be quickly worked up.

For round ones, begin as directed for bag and work until the desired size, center of one color with borders of another are attractive. Or different crochet stitches may be used.

For a square pillow make 15-inch square of single crochet, then add a border by working round the four sides.

In doing this make three stitches in each corner stitch. Borders of one row of color, one row to match center, and repeated, are effective. Checker-board borders or entire pillow covers may be made. In doing this two threads are used. Make a square of one color, drop this, join in second color and, holding the first corner just above the stitches into which one is to work, crochet the second square, pick up first color for third square and crochet over the thread used in the second square.

A plain single crocheted center for a pillow may be decorated with a large initial crocheted in with the color jute used in the border.

Luncheon mats for porch use can also be very quickly made.

## School Bags for Children

As jute is very serviceable, it is especially suitable for children's bags. Use a natural or tan jute chain to measure 14 or 15 inches. Turn 1 s c in each stitch, working under only one loop, make 2 s c in last stitch, turn, work along the other side of the chain, under one loop only of each stitch.

Now work round and round, making 1 s c on each s c and working under the two loops of each stitch.

When bag is seven inches deep, join in a color preferred for bordering the top.

Divide the edge of each side around the top into six equal parts and place pins at the points. Starting from one side of the bag with the color for the border, work 1 s c in each stitch to the first pin, then 7 rows below, draw loop through stitch and make 1 d c, 1 s c in each stitch to next 2nd pin, then 1 d c through seventh row below. Continue working in this way around the bag to the starting point.

This will give one a row of singles with three doubles on each side of the bag worked seven rows below the first row of the border into the body of the bag.

2nd row—1 s c in each st, in stitch before the double make 1 d c six rows below first row of border, 1 s c on d c, 1 d c in next st 6 rows below. This brings 3 doubles together. Repeat.

3rd row—8 c to stitch before doubles, then 1 d c in 5th row below, 3 s c, 1 d c in 5th row, repeat.

4th row—Singles, 1 d c in 4th row below, 5 s c, 1 d c in 4th row, repeat.

5th row—Singles, 1 d c in 3rd row below, 7 s c, 1 d c in 3rd row below, repeat.

6th row—Singles, 1 d c in 2nd row below, 9 s c, 1 d c in 2nd row below, repeat.

7th row—All singles. This completes bag. Make handles of single crochet and fasten to the center of the top.

Decorate the front of the bag with an initial or a monogram in cross-stitch.

A beaver colony on the east fork of the Hood River in Oregon recently felled a tree 18 inches in diameter across a power line of the Pacific Power & Light Company, plunging the entire countryside into darkness.—Dearborn Independent.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

## "A Woman—Again"

By Hilda Koppel.

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ALL over this big country of ours there are thousands of women "making good" at all sorts of professions; who are earning their living in all manner of ways.

In the little town of Hazelhurst, in Mississippi, a sweet-faced, attractive woman has made a huge success of her chosen work of dairying. She is Mrs. Louis B. Moore, and with rare business sense, with remarkable executive ability, she originated and carried out the idea, which is now willingly acknowledged to be a paying one, and which permeates a large section around Hazelhurst.

Mrs. Moore was originally the proprietor of a large hardware store in Hazelhurst. She became interested in the dairy industry through the farmers who came to her place to buy.

Acting on an impulse, this enterprising woman sent for one hundred and fifty cream separators, which were soon sold to nearby farmers. In an effort to encourage the poorer farmers she signed the purchase notes, thus enabling many men to own separators who would not have been able to do so otherwise.

Mrs. Moore, becoming more concerned in the dairy business, enlarged her field of activities. She personally visited every farmer whom she could succeed in interesting in dairying. She arranged for government experts to visit the country around Hazelhurst, where they gave talks to the farmers at the different schoolhouses.

With the aid of a few men who saw the feasibility of her ideas, Mrs. Moore succeeded in arranging for farmers to buy pure-bred Jersey cows on a cooperative plan.

She inaugurated the plan of sending a large truck out into the rural districts to bring the milk to her station in town, thus saving the farmers the trip into Hazelhurst to carry just a few cans of milk. The charge for this service is barely above expenses.

Milk men within an area of twenty-six miles send their products to a branch of the Brookhaven Creamery Co., managed by a woman.

The Illinois Central Railway has assisted in the movement by furnishing excellent service for the shipping of dairy products to New Orleans, Memphis, Jackson and Brookhaven. Early trains run north and south before seven o'clock. The cans are returned each day to the shippers, and the truck delivers them to the farmer's home by noon the same day.

From a beginning of a shipment of ten gallons a day, the dairy business has grown until, now, thousands of gallons leave Hazelhurst daily. Today the finest Tennessee milk stock is seen on every pasture. There are few farmers in that section who do not ship a certain quantity of milk every day in the year. The plan has been to encourage dairying, and cooperation is going to make the business the largest in Mississippi.

And the woman who has caused it all, who originated the idea and did much of the work to bring about the fulfillment of her plan, smilingly gives information.

"I became very much interested in dairying," Mrs. Moore declared, "and the more I learned about it, the more I wished to know."



# THE LITTLE BRASS RING

By Joseph F. Novak

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"I" was in the air. Now, if you ask me what "it" was, I'm sure I could not tell you any more than could Jack Staunton who at this particular moment was experiencing "it."

But, basing an explanation, I might say that "it," as experienced by Staunton this late Saturday afternoon in August was a desire for companionship of the opposite sex.

He had returned to his native city after an absence of nearly eleven years; then he had been a boy of fourteen, now he was a man of twenty-five. Those eleven years had changed him completely, for, having gone to New York, a poor boy to seek his fortune, he had accomplished that ambition—for him, since, from a parentless, penniless orphan, he had made himself worth three thousand dollars a year to the corporation that employed him.

The return to his home city brought back to him most poignantly, thoughts of a girl, a sweet little slip of a creature who had always been his idol and inspiration. Where was she now?

To satisfy that desire, all he need do was look her up, but this he had not thought of doing. Why? Simply because in the old days her father had been accounted rich, and at the rate he had been making his fortune, he was probably a millionaire by this time and his daughter no doubt moved in the best of society. What would his success, so great for him, be in comparison with her father's financial rating?

No, though there was an overpowering desire in his heart to see her, he would not, for, if indeed he did not find the girl fettered and bound to another, she probably wouldn't remember him anyway.

But "it" was in his veins, and as he looked from the hotel window and saw the vacationists, suit-case laden, hurrying to street cars that would take them to railroad depots and thence early the next morning to the August dogdays of the city to the open country, he wished he was numbered among those happy ones. There were family clans, young, proud fathers with girlish wives and doll-like children; devastatingly pretty groups of flappers, dainty and spirituelle, looking piquant enough for a movie garden party, spruced up, pinched-backed young fellows. There were probably typists, sales-people and office help, but for once, or rather a heavenly two weeks, they could imagine themselves rich, issue commands and flip employees of summer hotels very like the most opulent of democratic aristocracy.

A pang of loneliness shot into his heart as he watched the happy crowds go by. How he wished he were a part of those crowds. And he decided to seek companionship.

Where, though? Staunton was a decent fellow and had no love for any pleasure that might spoil his self-respect, for though an offspring of very poor parents, they had been moral, honest and upright.

A sign on a street car decided him:

"TAKE THIS CAR  
to the  
LAND OF JOY!"

Recollection crowded upon him and he smiled, for he recalled his first visit to the "Land of Joy," years ago when the amusement park had first opened. When just a bit of a kid, he had found a two-dollar bill. With more bravery than he possessed now, he had invited the girl of his dreams to go to the Park with him. And she, democratic child that she was, accepted. What a time they had! They rode on the carousel, looked at the pictures in the penny arcade (a thing of the past now), bought popcorn, candy and cracker-jack, washed the stuff down with cold pop, and after wandering about the park the whole afternoon, finally sat down to rest and fell asleep with their arms about each other, the girl's finger prominently displaying a little brass ring which they had found in a ball of popcorn.

Yes, for the sake of auld lang syne, he must visit the park and off he started, an attractive figure in a light summer suit, oxford, silk socks and straw hat, so well groomed that he might have passed for a young millionaire—the line of demarcation is not so pronounced these days.

He boarded the car and along it sped, picking up the crowds as it went along. All were good-natured and the more the conductor packed them in, the more hilarious the crowd grew—there was always room for one more.

At last in the dusky twilight, the gleaming lights of the arches and towers of the amusement park arose. Lines of street cars disembogued their crowds. Hawkers and fakery dinned their trashy wares, balloons squeaked, the insistent whistle of the popcorn vendors' machines shrilled cheerfully.

Staunton passed through one of the numerous turnstiles with thousands of others and found himself within the realm of the "Land of Joy." Up above the treetops, the great sweeps and dips of the various "rides" were outlined in incandescence, forty-five different "orchestras," calliopes and musical combinations of all sorts blared-blinded their tunes, now and then drowned out by the racket of cars as they plunged down the "dips" to the shrieks of their occupants.

He noted the nonchalance with which the young fellows treated their "girls" to rides on the various concessions, and it stirred him. He could imagine how big they felt, how they felt they were impressing the lovely young creatures at their sides. How pleasant it would be to have a spirituelle little thing at his side, to compliment him, to flatter him and perchance give him a little opportunity to hold her hand, while he told her he was from New York, show that he had money and was willing to spend—how it would be to have that spirituelle little creature be the person of that baby-day romance—in short, "it" was in the air and he was possessed of it, a bit of midsummer-night madness!

He walked along under the trees, alone, for though now and then a girl gave him a "come hither" look, they were not the companionship he was seeking.

At length he sat down on a bench which bordered the merry-go-round. This was the especial joy of the children and the immense carousel with its flashing lights of red, yellow and blue, its glistening monsters and horses, did not lack for patronage, especially among the very, very young set.

As he sat there, his eyes lighted upon a most charming picture. A little youngster in a sailor suit of spotless white, came along, clasping the hand of a veritable little fairy Titania. She was the daintiest little creature, dressed in a frock that flared like the skirts of a ballet-girl, her little bare arms and plump little shoulders invited kisses.

The two came along sedately, hand in hand, a little in advance of two men and two women, and from the way the women admonished the children one readily saw the youngsters were not sister and brother.

They reached the carousel and stopped. "Papa, kin we go on th' merry-g'-round?" queried the lad.

"Sure, kid, sure!" papa responded.

"Tum on, Mildred, tum on!" and he hastened

to the carousel. Regardless of their white clothes, they clambered on and sat in one of the seats, holding each other with a confidence sweet to behold.

Jack Staunton found himself watching for the pair as the carousel made its revolutions, and as the parents had seated themselves near by, he had the benefit of the sweet smile of the tiny woman and the superior air of the little man, who, despite his bravado, however, looked just a wee bit out of breath for the carousel revolved with considerable speed.

Staunton was not the only one who had noted the little couple—others did also, and smiles wreathed many faces.

At length the ride was over and the youngsters clambered down. But they were so heartily enjoying themselves that Staunton determined to follow them—they so reminded him of the time he had played the gallant to dainty Evelyn Marsdale.

He found himself smiling, and as he turned, he smiled into a pair of brilliant brown eyes belonging to a most bewitching girl. She was dressed completely in white, except for the broad green collar and green silk cuffs of her suit. White silk stockings and white pumps were on her feet and a floppy hat of white and green was on her head. She was dainty and fresh and cool-looking—an antidote for the warm night.

She had been smiling, too, smiling at the sweet naivete of the two mites, and she now

for he realized that he had done what he had too often censured in others—he had deliberately sought to keep her with him. Yet, was it deliberate? He couldn't feel it was—some powerful fascination was drawing him on.

"Oh, it's just a bit of midsummer-night madness," and he let it go at that.

They went to the elaborate ballroom and enjoyed several dances there—then they sat down at one of the tables and watched the summer show and quaffed some heavenly slush.

By this time the girl had become quite chummy with him and at his rash suggestion permitted him to take her for a ride on one of the coasters. As the car started up the incline, the boys of the car yelled like college cheer leaders—then they simply put their arms about the girls and the young ladies thought it perfectly all right—though perhaps Flora Jane Jibby of the "Heart-Balm" column of a local newspaper might have condemned such liberty. But Flora doesn't know that as a rule these young people have an "understanding" they are "going together," and perhaps the next year when these same couples come to the amusement park they will come as "Mr. and Mrs. So." So it's all right—in most cases.

The car reached the top of the fiercest dip. A wild yell from all, and down the incline it shot. The girl was jostled against him—he clasped his

I—sort of fancied that you were in society, and of course, if you were, you were not for me. But if you are poor—there may be some chance for me for I am making three thousand a year—good heaven, I am proposing to you! The moon makes us mad!" he exclaimed.

"Jack," she said gently.

"I don't know what you think of me, but somehow, finding you this way, seems like fate. I always thought you were a little princess when we were children, and I guess that regard became love." He laughed a little helplessly. "Have I a right to talk to you this way? Did I ever imagine your father as a wealthy man? Was he merely comfortably fixed and we, through our miserable poverty, only imagined him wealthy? Have you ever thought about me, Evelyn? May I hope? I can open my heart to you when I know that you are on my social level?"

The girl sighed, a little wearily.

"You may see me to my car now, Jack," she said.

He thought she meant the street car, but she led him toward the enclosure where automobiles were parked.

"Where are you going?" he queried.

"To my car," she returned.

He looked at her in amazement, but she walked on, until she came to a luxuriously appointed limousine, upholstered in velour, and trapped out with all luxuries, even to a vanity case.

"This is my car, Mr. Staunton," she said wearily. "Thank you for the pleasant evening you have given me. It was the only really enjoyable one I've had in a long time. But it has ended, bitter-sweet. My father is rich, Jack, richer than he ever was."

Just then her chauffeur came up (he had been bobbing with others in the center of the parking field). She waved him back, and he deferentially touched his cap and retired.

She stood, a beautiful figure, in the moonlight against the rich velour upholstery of the door.

And Staunton stood—as if the solid ground before him had suddenly developed a gigantic fissure, carrying the girl away from him. She had seemed almost encouraging—almost. He heard her voice, as in the distance—what was she saying?

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing.

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness.

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another.

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

"Good by, Jack."

She waved to her chauffeur, he came, she stepped into the limousine. The door jarred shut, there was a whizz of gasoline exhaust, and Jack Staunton found himself standing, hat off, the moonlight flooding down upon him.

"Now, let me wake up and find myself in my room in New York, for this certainly has been a dream," he said bitterly. "Was it a whim of fate, and was it meant to be 'only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence'?"

Slowly he left the auto park, then he hailed a taxi and was driven to his hotel. For a long time he thought seriously, then his mind was made up. He had not made his little success by sitting down idly and waiting for it. He must not let Evelyn Marsdale slip so easily through his fingers. She had seemed encouraging. She seemed to have recognized him immediately upon his recital of the amusement park incident.

He would look her up.

He did. He found the Marsdale home one of the show-places in an ultra-fashionable neighborhood. He rang and was shown in.

Evelyn came down at once.

"I wondered if you would call," she said, smiling just a little vaguely, and he could not decide what was in her thoughts—whether she was trying to blot out the revelation of the evening before or whether it was an attempt to treat the whole matter with levity.

"I had to, to know just what you meant when you quoted that passage from 'Ships That Pass in the Night'?"

"Well," she smiled. "You would only consider me as a poor girl and I was rich."

"Oh," he replied. "Well, leaving the question of our relative monetary worth out of it—my word, is this that same little brass ring?"

He stepped to her side and raised the little ring which dangled on a tiny golden chain.

She nodded.

"You've kept it all these years! It is the emblem of an unconscious truth we made in childhood. Evelyn, you did think of me!"

"Always, Jack, dear. And last night when you all unknowingly spoke of what an inspiration I had been to you, I knew that I loved you. I did not want to be wedded for my wealth. And that's why sometimes ran away from my wealth and tried to imagine how it would be to be poor. Jack, dear," and her voice grew very low. "I think I've always felt sort of engaged to you ever since you gave me this little brass ring."

A class in practical laundry chemistry was recently formed in one of the high schools in New York City; the object being to teach modern and scientific methods of washing clothes.



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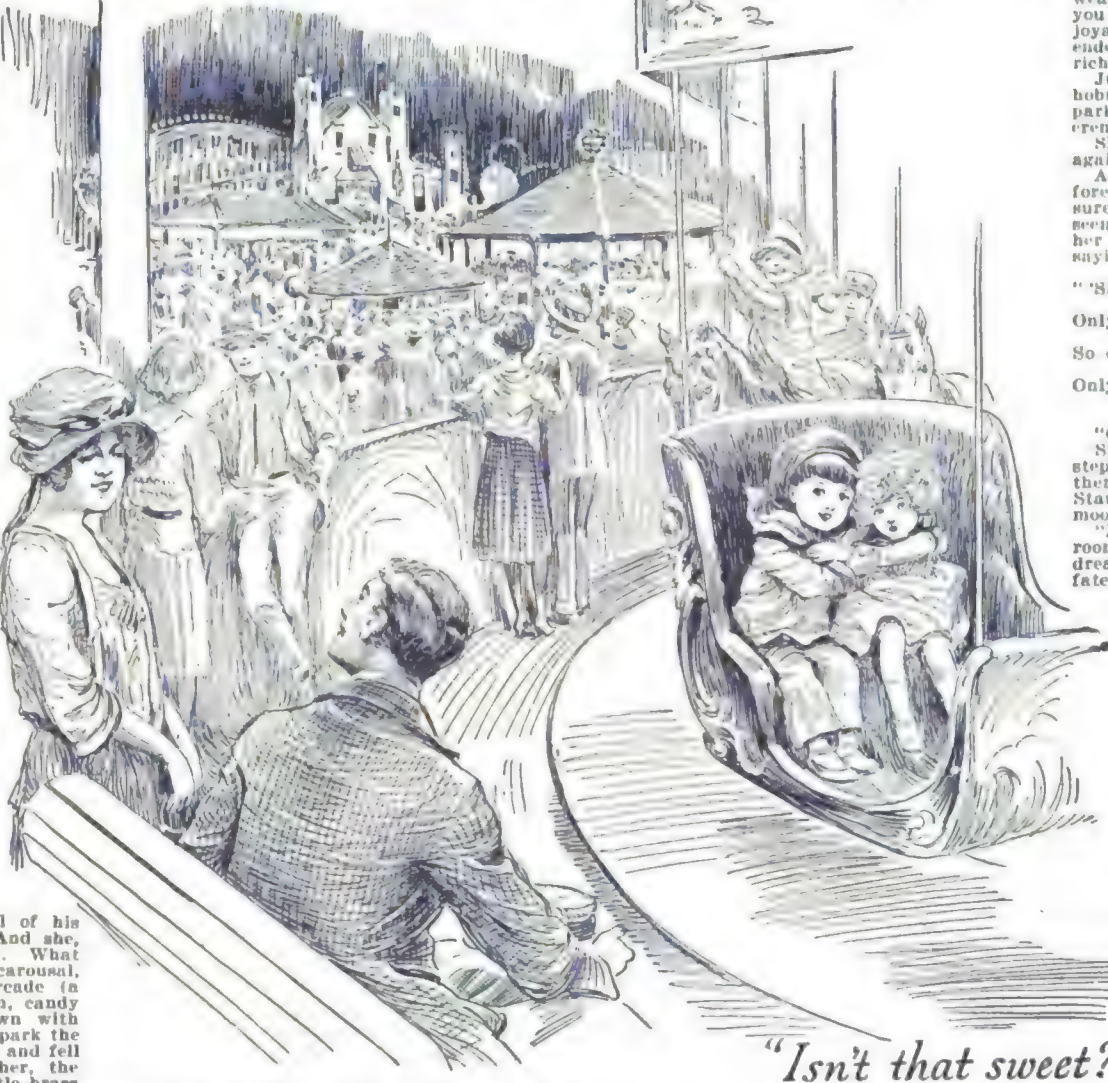
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"Isn't that sweet?"

smiled at him—not with a flirting, encouraging smile, but one of those smiles people smile when they look upon innocent childhood. And then strangers may smile at each other, and the smile is understood, and such a smile brings back the belief in the brotherhood of mankind.

Her smile moved him strangely—had he ever seen anyone with those eyes?

The girl moved away, too, as he did, he purposing to follow the children.

Just then the callopie of the carousel began a popular song which wove in its theme those snatches of childhood songs:

"Hing around a rosette,  
That's the game for me—"

The rattle of the "aerial railroad" drowned out the music, but presently it emerged from the racket again:

"And London Bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down—"

and again the interruption.

The little couple arrived at the miniature railroad and again the little gallant offered his services to fair lady.

"Turn on, Mildred, I'll hold you," he said.

And Staunton smiled again and as he looked up he found himself again smiling into those mysterious eyes of brown.

"Isn't that sweet?" the girl remarked, softly, almost as if she spoke involuntarily.

"It is charming," he returned, speaking as friend to friend, and in spite of himself: "It reminds me of a little incident that happened to me years ago."

And then, almost as if unaware of what he was doing, he began telling her the whole incident, while she listened, interested, sympathetic.

She smiled when the recital was finished.

"What happened then?" she queried.

"The judgment," he replied solemnly. "Shades of the whipping post! What a hiding I got! And the girl wasn't allowed to see me any more, for the idea was dreadful—a child of her social position going to an amusement park with the son of the trash of the vicinity." He laughed, but there was bitterness beneath it.

"The girl must have loved you very much," she laughed.

"Possibly. At five years, little women have not commenced to discriminate."

Then, somehow, he had an odd feeling, as if he had once before stood in that very spot, and talked with this girl and told her the story of the two runaways. And now, he didn't know how to "break-away," he wanted to ask the girl to ramble with him and perchance ask her to dance in the big ballroom or ride some of the break-neck rides.

Finally he blurted out:

"I don't suppose you believe in chance acquaintance but I'm from New York and don't know anybody in the city. I wonder if I could dare to ask you to dance with me? Of course, if you'd rather not—" but there was entreaty in his eyes.

"Why—why—" she hesitated. Then defiantly: "Yes, you may!"

"Thank you," and then he looked into her eyes and put a sincerity in that glance that he meant should quiet any qualms the girl might have had,

hands over hers in a strong grip; up the car sped, down again, up and down for a third time when it smoothly rounded a curve.

There was the opportunity for holding her hand—and he had grasped it—beyond a doubt. He glanced at her. But evidently she felt it was perfectly all right, for straightening her hat, she laughed merrily, saying:

"Isn't it the wildest thing? I wonder what they'll invent next!"

"Do you remember the 'Loop the Loop'?" he queried. "That awful thing that had an actual loop in it and when one rode on it, his head actually dangled downward for a fraction of a second?"

"I remember it. It was in this park the first season it was opened. Wasn't it? A dangerous thing."

"Yes. The city stopped its operation after a couple of people lost their lives—though riders were warned that they rode the thing at their own risk."

"Did you take your little friend on the device the time you ran away with her?" And then without waiting for his reply, she continued:

"Did you adore her?"

"Of course I did. And she has been my inspiration, always. You see, her parents were very rich and I've no doubt they are among the city's social elite now. When I got older, I guess I loved her with a boyish love. But as I grew older, I saw there was no chance for me, so I decided to go to New York, and make my fortune. I found that I wasn't adopted by a bank president in the manner of the Alger books, but nevertheless, I did manage to get into a place where I constantly received promotion until now I am making what seems to me to be quite a little fortune, considering what I started with. Pretty Evelyn Marsdale was always my inspiration, and it became to me my joy, when I bought a new suit to imagine I went calling on her, and I tried to imagine pleasure in her eyes, and encouragement in her actions—pshaw, what a fool I am! It is this glorious midsummer night."

"Yes, I think so," she murmured dreamily, "but I must go home. It is getting late."

"May I see you home?"

"No, please don't. I live in such a miserable street. I'm just a poor working girl, and it took nearly everything I had to buy these lovely clothes."

"That's just why I want to take you home. I thought perhaps you might be an actual society girl—you have the air and—oh, everything about you bespeaks the thoroughbred. And if you were an heiress and all that—good night for me."

"Why?" she asked quickly.

"Do you suppose I'd want to have anything to do with a rich girl?"

"No, I don't suppose you would,—Jack!"

"Jack! How did you guess my name?"

"I didn't guess it, Jack Staunton. Evelyn Marsdale has not forgotten you."

"You are Evelyn Marsdale? Oh, you're stringing me!"

"Am I?" she laughed good-naturedly. "Oh, no, I'm not. Do you recall the time you came to call on me—in our yard? My father went after you with a switch and I hid you in a barrel? And do you remember—the little brass ring?"

"Yes, yes, but Evelyn, I somehow cannot grasp it—that I should meet you in this fashion. I—"









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28 x 3 3/4	8.25	12.45	34 x 4 1/2	14.45	23.45
30 x 3 1/2	9.45	13.45	34 x 4 3/4	14.95	24.45
30 x 3 3/4	10.45	14.95	34 x 4 1/2	15.45	25.45
32 x 4	11.85	16.95	34 x 4 3/4	15.95	25.95
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30x3 3/4	7.05	1.60	35x5	9.30	2.70
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32x4 1/2	7.70	2.15	37x5 1/2	9.85	2.90

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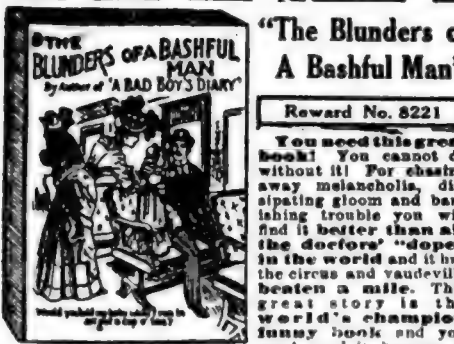
Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	\$4.95	\$1.25	34x4 1/2	\$8.15	\$2.35
28x3 1/2	4.75	1.35	34x4 3/4	8.95	2.50
28x3 3/4	5.75	1.45	34x4 1/2	9.15	2.60
30x3 1/2	6.45	1.50	34x4 3/4	9.25	2.70
30x3 3/4	7.45	1.75	35x5	9.50	2.85
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5 1/2	9.75	3.10
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# Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

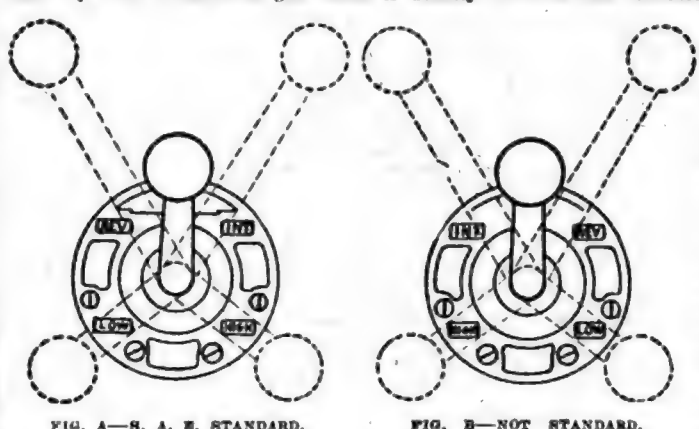
## Washing the Car

**D**ON'T wash the car too often as you will ruin its highly-polished finish. Don't polish it too frequently or you will get the same result. There are advocates against ever placing a polish on the finish and advance good arguments in the support of their statements. Don't try wiping the dust off with a rag. Regardless of whether the cloth is of the soft or hard type, it will usually grind the grit into the finish. When washing the car remove the nozzle from the hose and use a gentle stream of water. Considerable has been written about applying the water to the car until the mud and dust soften and flow off. I have followed this advice to the letter and believe the mud on my car would still have been there if I hadn't got busy with a sponge. The water surely softens the mud and dust but the film does not flow away. A sponge is needed to remove this film after which the car should be wiped with a chamolai skin which has been wrung out of water. This step prevents spotting.

## Helpful Pointers

### Turning off Switch

Turning off the ignition switch on a grade so that the motor will act as a brake is not to be recommended. When this is done the muffler loads up with combustible gas which is usually



fired when the ignition switch is turned on. The common result is a blown-up muffler. Another reason why the switch should not be turned off is that the cylinders will be loaded with the gasoline mixture which will attack the oil on the cylinder walls and destroy its lubricating qualities. It is good practice to use the motor as a brake on long or steep grades but the proper method for so doing is to leave the switch turned on and retard the spark and throttle levers.

### Dust in Motor

Did you ever return from a motor trip "white with dust"? Have you stood in the open for many minutes vigorously wielding the brush, endeavoring to remove the dust from your clothes? Of course you have, several times. Now have you ever given a thought as to what your motor breathes? It must have air so that the gasoline might be rendered combustible. Stop to consider the amount of dirt and dust you were compelled to eat on the trip and then think about the amount of dust and dirt that entered the motor with the air. There was no way provided for separating the dust so it necessarily went into the motor with the air. Dust entering the motor is just one of the reasons why the oil in the crankcase should be drained off occasionally, the case flushed out with light oil and then filled with new lubricant of the proper grade.

### Overheating

If your motor overheats during the hot weather take a look at the fan belt. It may be slack and require taking up.

### Piston Freezing

There are several terms commonly used in connection with an automobile which might not be readily understood by all new and old owners. For example, one common expression is "frozen piston." Now this condition might take place on the hottest day as well as on the coldest day, and as a matter of fact the temperature of the air has nothing to do with it. When a piston is fitted very closely in the cylinder and does not have proper clearance for expansion or if there should be a lack of lubricant to the piston, the expansion would take place to such extent as to cause more and more friction until finally the piston would stick fast. This is the condition commonly referred to as a "frozen piston."

### Spring Clips

The spring clips (the parts that hold the springs to the axle) stretch after being in use for a short time and it is therefore imperative that they be adjusted at least once each month. Use a large wrench on the nuts and draw them up tightly. It is almost impossible for a spring to break at the center bolt if the clips are kept tightly drawn up. Loose clips will permit the axle to slide out of position and shear off the spring center bolt.

### Storage Battery

The manufacturer usually provides means for securing the storage battery tightly in place. However, after the battery has been removed once or twice the owner is apt to neglect the securing of the battery in place. If the battery is placed in the box and not secured there is danger of its "jumping around" during the operation of the car on the road and causing broken cells or loose terminals. Acid leaks from the cells when such a condition exists and it is only a short time before the battery is a total loss.

### Mountain Grade

Long use of the car brakes down mountain roads causes the brake linings to wear rapidly. As a matter of fact, there is danger of the linings burning out before the level stretch is reached, and thus you may be compelled to guide a "wild" car down the grade. A friend of mine had this experience in New York State last summer. The railway follow the valleys and it therefore is essential that the car be kept under absolute control at all times. It is nice to experience that toboggan sensation but the sport certainly is not worth the chance taken. I much prefer to engage the second gear and retard the throttle and spark levers and in this manner permit the motor to do most of the braking. A little help with the brakes occasionally will hold the car back sufficiently so that you have absolute control at all times. If the grade is an exceptionally steep

one, engage the low gear. After the car has gained considerable headway it is impossible to change to a lower gear so bear in mind that the changing must be done first instead of as a last resort.

## Answers to Correspondents

Mrs. E. E. H. Merigold, Miss.—Assuming that you are inquiring about the effect of driving the car at all times with the spark fully retarded, I believe that you will agree that the manufacturer would have omitted a spark lever if such a condition was favorable. When the motor is idling, the spark lever should be retarded, but it should be advanced proportionately to the motor speed. In plain talk, the motor would lack pep were you to leave the spark fully retarded, and you would not drive a great distance before the water in the cooling system would boil. The safe rule to follow is to carry the spark as far advanced as possible without causing the motor to knock.

Regarding your inability to start until the cylinders have been primed, believe you should be able to overcome this difficulty by use of the choke. When the carburetor is choked a much richer mixture is produced. If, however, pulling over the choke does not help, it would seem that the carburetor should be adjusted for a richer mixture.

I do not understand the condition referred to when you state that there is a "leak between the needle valve and engine." If the carburetor floods at all times then the level is either too high or possibly there is a particle of dirt between the needle and its seat.

If I am certain there is not a great deal of the matter with your car and I suggest a careful study of the instruction book furnished by the manufacturer. Unless you are experienced in motor construction, it might be well to call on the dealer of whom you purchased the car and have him explain certain features you do not at present understand.

F. Y. Austin, Texas.—You have presented a subject which cannot be answered fully due to lack of space. In Fig. A we show the standard three-speed S. A. E. gear shift, while in Fig. B we show a shift that is not considered standard. The different makes of cars have different shifts and it is impossible from external appearances to determine the method used. When you sit in the driver's seat of a car with which you are not familiar, it is best to idle the motor and try making shifts and letting in the clutch until you have figured out the arrangement. In 1920 I received an inquiry for a list of gear shifts and the one I compiled at that time is given below. I have not made up any list since that time but do not believe many of the manufacturers have changed their shifts since that time. Sitting on the left front seat, we will let L. R. stand for left rear, L. F. stand for left front, R. F. for right front, and R. R. for right rear.

LOW	INT.	HIGH	REV.	MAKE OF CAR
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Allen
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Briscoe
L. R.	L. F.	R. R.	R. F.	Buick
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Cadillac
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chalmers
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chandler
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chevrolet
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Dodge
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Dort
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Franklin
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Haynes
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Hudson
R. F.	L. R.	L. F.	R. R.	Hupmobile
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	King
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Marmox
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Maxwell
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Mitchell
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Oakland
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Oldsmobile
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Overland
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Packard
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Paige
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Reo
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Studebaker

Regarding the location of the clutch foot brake, believe you have reference to an arrangement such as used on the Reo models. The left foot pedal on these models operates the clutch and service brake. Depressing the pedal about half way throws out the clutch. Further depression of the pedal operates the service brake. The right foot pedal operates the emergency brake. No emergency brake hand lever is used, both pedals having ratchets which can be easily operated to lock the pedals in any position desired. When the car has an emergency hand lever and two foot pedals, the usual arrangement is for the left pedal to operate the clutch and the right pedal the service brake. The emergency brake is controlled by the hand lever.

The location of the foot accelerator is a matter of choice on the part of the designer. However, it is usually placed in the toe board in a convenient position for the operator.

The location of the spark and throttle levers is also a matter of choice. When the levers are placed on top of the steering wheel, the top lever is usually the spark lever and the bottom one the throttle lever. When there is a lever on both sides of the steering post, the left lever usually controls the spark and the right lever the throttle. Some designers have the spark and throttle advance up the segment while others have the advance down the segment.

P. N. Mascot, Tenn.—The usual firing order for a six-cylinder motor is 1-5-3-6-2-4 or 1-4-2-6-3-5. The usual procedure is to arrange the cranks 1-6, 2-5, and 3-4 in pairs and space them 120 degrees apart.

The crankshaft in an eight-cylinder motor is like the shaft used in a four-cylinder engine. There are but four crank pins, two connecting rods using one pin.

Two firing orders for an eight-cylinder motor are as follows:

R	L	R	L	R	L	R	L	R	L	R	L
1	4	3	2	4	1	2	3	1	4	3	2

I do not quite understand what benefit you will derive from getting the names of a few major parts entering into the construction of a magneto. The study of electrical apparatus is an issue to itself. However, for your information some of the common terms heard in connection with a magneto are magnets, pole pieces, windings, armature, condenser, circuit breaker, distributor, brushes, etc.

The generator produces electrical current. When run at sufficient speed it furnishes current direct to the ignition and lighting circuits. It will also produce more current than will be consumed in these circuits and this is sent into the storage battery for use at such times as the generator shall be inoperative or not

running at a sufficient speed to produce all the current needed.

The Ford car uses one kind of splash system. The oil is poured into the crankcase and when the motor is started the flywheel picks up the lubricant. The centrifugal action causes most of the oil to be thrown off the flywheel and some of it is caught in a tube and flows to the front end of the motor. As the oil flows back in the case it fills the little basins under the connecting rods. There is a small scoop fitted at the bottom of each connecting rod and as the rod swings around the scoop dips into the oil in the basin directly beneath and in this manner picks a shower of lubricant up into the cylinder.

Other makes of cars having a system classified as splash lubrication also have a pump for circulating the oil. A reservoir or tank is placed under the crankcase. The pump, which might be plunger, gear or some other type, drives the lubricant out of this reservoir and circulates it to the timing gears, main bearings, etc. However, the principle involved is that the basins under the rods are kept filled so that the scoops on the rods can kick or splash the oil up into the cylinders.

Mrs. J. B. Waubun, Minn.—Reboring cylinders and fitting oversize pistons is a successful practice and if properly done produces a result as good as new. If the score is not too deep, sufficient stock to make the walls very thin will not have to be removed. If, on the other hand, the scores are deep then they should be filled in first, after which the cylinders should be rebored. It is not necessary for anyone to have worked on your car to make the cylinders oversize. Natural wear causes them to gradually get out of round, and in time reboring is the proper remedy for the condition. Providing the mechanic will stand back of his work, I would suggest reboring and fitting oversize pistons and rings.

Mrs. M. McA., Hayward, Wis.—Without having the opportunity of inspecting your car, it is impossible for me to state the exact cause of your difficulty. Whenever a car stops dead on the road, the first thing I would look for is ignition. Switch on the lights to determine whether the battery is delivering current. If so, remove the spark-plug and ground it on the outside of cylinder. Turn on the ignition switch and spin the motor either with the hand crank or starter. If a spark jumps the gap of the plug, you are then reasonably certain that the ignition is O. K. Next take a look at the carburetor. Try to flood it by priming, and if it will not flood disconnect the gas line. Of course you must first make certain that there is gasoline in the tank. If gasoline does not flow from the line when it is disconnected, the line is either plugged with foreign matter or a shut-off in the line has worked closed. If you do not receive ignition current, check up the equipment until the trouble is found. If you are not getting gasoline to the carburetor, direct your efforts to the carburetor system.

J. W. B. Cedar Key, Fla.—Water in the crankcase of a Ford will not affect the magnets. However, the condition should be corrected as soon as possible as it will have an injurious effect on bearings. Regarding water blowing up into the radiator, it is just possible that a leaky cylinder-head gasket is the cause of this condition. If the gasket is old or worn, try a new one.

Sixteen valves can be fitted on your motor successfully but unless you are going into the speed game I am sure that the results will not be sufficient to warrant the expense.

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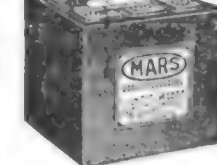
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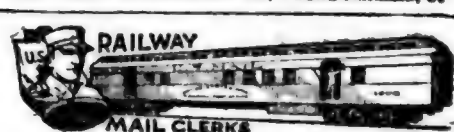
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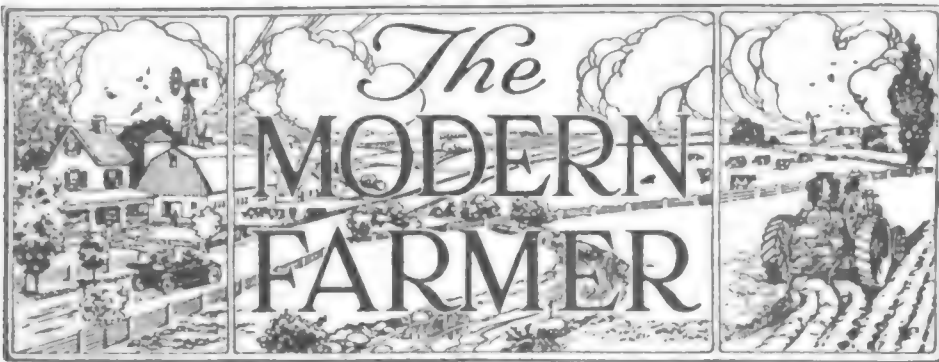


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## Gardening in August

**"A**UGUST tells the tale!" Whether the efforts of the gardener are to meet with real success or dismal failure is a question that is usually answered this month, for long-protracted drought is a menace that often leaves a heavy toll unless steps are taken to soak down the thirsty soil and supply growing things with the necessary moisture that falls to "fall from out the brassy, cloudless skies." Water the garden in the evening, giving it all the moisture that the parched earth will "drink," then cultivate to form a loose surface mulch as soon as the soil can be worked. Remember that hard-packed surface soon bakes, cracks and induces rapid evaporation of soil moisture.

August can hardly be considered as a planting month; really it is more of a harvest month, with a welcome array of peas, beans, beets, berries, tomatoes, —yes, and new early potatoes, to lend ready proof of summer's lavish bounty to the farm bill-of-fare. But there are still some vegetables that may be planted if desired. Peas may still be sown during the first week of August if the soil is moist enough to sprout them. Then there are turnips. Few gardens but could readily make room for these tasty globes of succulent that so admirably lend themselves to winter storage. Market gardeners remove the dried tops of early potatoes, already dug, or the vines of peas that have borne their crop, then quickly level and work the soil, broadcasting or drilling in rutabagas or Dutch turnips. Turnips make their best growth and are better flavored when grown in the cool, moist months of early fall, surviving severe frosts, and allowing the gardener to dig them almost at will up to the time the ground freezes. Given a fair amount of rainfall, we can think of no other crop that will so amply reward the grower with mammoth yields for a minimum outlay of labor. And how welcome turnips are, either the yellow or white, either mashed or sliced, in soup or as an essential portion of a grand old-fashioned New England boiled dinner, when chilly winds and winter snowstorms make us hug the stove or fireplace!

## Some Odd Jobs

The observant gardener will find plenty of jobs for willing hands in and around the garden. Late-planted tomatoes should now have their foliage thinned out to permit the fruit to ripen evenly. Fruit that is shaded or that rests upon the ground where it will likely rot should be picked and placed upon the shed roof, window-sill, or laid on straw in a cold frame with the sash in place and allowed to ripen.

Cover the late-bearing currant bushes with mosquito netting, if this has not already been done, to protect the crop from the birds. Bury the joints of squash vines at intervals; new roots will form where joints are covered with earth, and this offers protection from borers. If the vines are growing too long and setting too many small squash, snip off the ends to stimulate the growth and increase the size of a few choice specimens. Pinch back limas or other pole beans that have grown so tall they overtop their supports. If you are numbered in the ranks of those who love a "mess of greens and ham hocks," plan on a supply for fall by sowing spinach now.

Keeping the upper hand in the fight against weeds is less difficult now than it was earlier in the growing season, for weeds rooted up by the hoe or cultivator "stay killed." But there are sure to be patches of burdock, masses of quack grass, or jungles of Canada thistle that have pre-empted a fence corner or other out-of-the-way place from whence they are spreading slowly but surely to gain a foothold in the garden. Now is the time to take them in hand. With a sharp spade dig out the hearts or crowns of the burdocks, then place a generous handful of common salt in the hole over the cut crown. Mr. Burdock will give no more trouble. If quack or thistle patches can be plowed—in fence corners they can't, which we regret—then plow two inches deep. This cuts off the roots and permits the sun and heat to dry them out and kill them. Plow again six inches or more deep, then disk and harrow. If no green growth is allowed to persist, the fight can be won in a single battle. Small patches in fence corners can be spaded up, then worked from time to time with the spading fork, tossing the roots to the surface to dry out and die. Be careful that no roots remain clinging to any kind of garden tools; if they do you will find new centers of weed infestation springing up where the roots are dropped.

## Pruning the Cane Fruits

Observation indicates that under ordinary farm conditions the cane fruits are more often than not sadly neglected and allowed to "run to tops." Scant crops are the sure result of such handling, and a little work at the right time would be time well spent.

Prune black raspberries by pinching out the tips of the young growing canes during late summer, or when they have reached a height of 18 to 24 inches. To accomplish this it is usually necessary to go over the patch several times during the growing season, as all the canes do not appear at the same time. The penalty for allowing canes to grow beyond the desired height is weaker, spindly plants. Then in the spring thin out the canes, leaving only three to five of the best ones to each bush. Remove all lateral shoots or side runners, or cut them back to 12 to 18 inches.

Correct pruning of red raspberries consists in removing all old canes as soon as possible following the fruiting season, then thinning out the new growth. Here the new canes are not pinched back, but are allowed to grow. Proper thinning out of the new growth and spacing of the new canes is important. All weak and weak canes should be cut out and if the raspberries are grown in hills not more than five to seven of the best canes should be left in each hill to produce the next season's crop. They are most commonly allowed to fill the space between the original plants, forming a solid row or hedge. The hedge row should not be allowed to become more than 10 to 12 inches wide and the canes should be spaced so to stand six to eight inches apart.

Experienced growers consider it highly important to pinch the high-bush blackberry canes at least when they are about two feet high, as this encourages the low setting of the fruit buds. Do not prune in the spring until the canes are in flower and the amount and location of bloom can be seen. Otherwise too many fruiting canes may be removed. As a general rule, about one-half the bloom should be cut off.

## Rye for Early Hog Pasture

Rye is perhaps the earliest and best of all spring pasture crops for hogs, provided it is sown during late August or early September, en-

abling it to develop an extensive root growth and make a thick stand before the weather becomes too severe. Started early and given a favorable, open fall with plenty rainfall, it may even be pastured lightly along toward Thanksgiving. Too close grazing and constant trampling in late fall will more often than not cause winter killing.

Following ordinary Northern winters with a good blanket of snow, there is no other forage crop that is harder or that will start growing earlier in the spring. As soon as the frost is out of the ground and the land has become firm it may be pastured lightly, with a steady increase as soon as the spring growth starts. From this time until the stems commence to joint it must certainly be pastured lightly, but if a crop of grain is desired the hogs should be removed at this time. If this is done a good grain crop may still be obtained, as a rule.

When hogs are turned upon rye pasture for the first time see that they receive a full meal of their accustomed feed before they are turned out. A sudden change of feed is harmful at any time, but if the change is made "on an empty stomach" they will at once gorge themselves on the succulent green feed and the consequences may prove quite serious. Particularly is this true with sows that are nursing litter, for small pigs will almost certainly starve if their dams overeat the new feed. The plan commonly practiced by experienced breeders is to feed a full meal of their ordinary ration first, then allow them to go out with full stomachs, limiting their stay on rye pasture to not more than two or three hours the first day. The time may be increased from day to day until, at the end of a week or so, they may be permitted to remain in the pasture at will.

## Selecting and Managing Herd Bulls

It has been said that "The bull is half the herd," but the truth of the matter really is that, weighed in the milk scales and in the annual balance sheet, he is far more than half the herd. In truth, the whole success and future of the dairy industry depends upon the bulls used by dairymen. The pure-bred sire indelibly stamps his progeny with the "trade-mark" of his own breed, and his owner soon feels the direct benefits resulting therefrom.

For the farmer of average means the best plan is to buy a young bull whose maternal ancestors during several generations showed good yearly milk and butterfat production records. Only bulls which have the backing of closely-related, high-producing ancestors can improve a herd. Keep this point in mind: Most good bulls are registered, but not all registered bulls are good. The prepotent bull stamps his calves with his own desirable qualities. Therefore he must have energetic in order to pass them on. Look for the wide muzzle, the broad forehead, prominent eyes, deep chest, big barrel, open-jointed frame, long, straight rump and loose skin all combined in the good-sized animal. In addition to outstanding masculinity, strive for vigor and vitality in the new herd sire. Beware of the undersized, lazy, dull-eyed bull; he seldom is a money-maker.

See that the herd bull gets plenty of exercise. It will improve both his condition and his temper. Do not keep him "jailed" day after day in a small box-stall. Give him a strongly-fenced exercise lot, provided with some sort of shelter from sun as well as flies, and he will exercise at will. Feed him for masculinity rather than for fat. See that his winter quarters are light, well ventilated and sanitary. Hand him frequently and gently while he is still young; it will then be easier to manage him when he grows older. Use a bull-staff at all times, and insist that the hired men do likewise. Remember that it is the docile bull—so called—that does the damage. Do not let him run at large with the cows.

Many young growing bulls are underfed, whereas the aim should be to get early, steady and rapid growth that guarantees size, stamina and vitality in the mature animal. A good growing ration for the young bull is: skim-milk; clover or alfalfa hay; silage or roots, one to five pounds, depending upon his age; and one-half to one pound of the following grain mixture: oats, three parts; wheat bran, 1 part; corn, 1 part; and oilmeal, one-tenth part. The mature bull requires feed that gives strength and vitality, but not fat. He should receive from eight to 15 pounds of silage daily, but no more. A good ration is: silage, eight to 15 pounds; hay, eight to 12 pounds; and grain mixture, two to four pounds, consisting of three parts of oats and one part of wheat bran.

## Marquis Wheat Is Favorite

According to a statement recently published by the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Marquis wheat has come to occupy an outstanding position among the varieties of wheat commonly grown in that state. Although not resistant to stem rust, the earliness of Marquis enables it to escape infection in a large majority of instances. Power, Haynes and Preston are highly susceptible to the disease. Kota is superior to Marquis in stem-rust resistance and apparently in drought resistance, is a high yielder, and appears to be a first-class milling and baking wheat in every respect, but as yet it has not become generally known in this region. Flour from Marquis wheat excels that from any other commercial variety for bread-making purposes. Varieties grown in the drier sections of the state produce stronger flour than when grown in eastern North Dakota where the rainfall is heavier.

Durum wheats generally have higher acre yields than common wheats, growing more vigorously and usually exhibiting greater resistance to drought and rust. Flour from durum wheat, however, does not have the strength of gluten associated with flour from common wheats. Of the common amber durum varieties, Kubanka is recent origin, exceeded Kubanka in yields and rust resistance, but its flour does not give quite so large a loaf when baked. Acme appears and behaves quite similar to Monard. Although the red durum variety D-5 yields well and is least susceptible to rust, its milling and baking qualities are distinctly inferior to all other varieties and it is considered unsatisfactory for macaroni and other edible pastes.

## Calf Feeding in England

In England calves are kept on new milk for the first two weeks, after which they are put on mixed new and separated milk. After the fourth week when they commence to nibble at hay they are fed from one and one-half to two gallons of separated milk per day, to which is added four to six tablespoonfuls of cod-liver oil. At the age of ten weeks the oil is discontinued, the calf being able by this time to obtain sufficient carbohydrates from the hay ration to supply the necessary heat and fat. During winter a little linseed

cake, crushed oats and wheat bran, along with pulped turnips, is introduced into the ration so that at the age of from four to six months milk may be discontinued altogether. This ration is continued up to one year of age, producing thrifty, growthy, healthy calves.

## Value of Purebred Sire Proved

The Pennsylvania State Hospital, cooperating with the Pennsylvania State College, has issued some interesting figures showing conclusively the value of a pure-bred dairy sire. The institution owns King Kornedye Sadie Vale 20. Four of his daughters have completed records as two- and three-year-olds. Their dams had yearly records as mature cows. The average production for the daughters was 12,200 pounds of milk and 648 pounds of fat, while the record for their dams averaged 9,445 pounds of milk and 452 pounds of fat. This represents an increase of 30 per cent. in milk production and 42 per cent. in fat. Moreover, the dams' records were made as mature cows, while the records of the daughters were made with their first or second calves. Putting the daughters on a mature basis, the increase would be 53 and 70 per cent. respectively. It seems that this plainly answers the common question, "What is a pure-bred bull worth?"

## Combating New Plant Diseases

**CUCUMBER MOSAIC.**—Following two years' investigation work which has been conducted in the Middle West, it has been found that white pickle or cucumber mosaic is by far the most serious disease affecting the cucumber in that region, and that it is equally serious in Eastern States. Contrary to a mistaken notion long held by many growers, this trouble is not due to weather nor is it preventable by soil management. The virus, introduced into a wound in a healthy plant, will produce the disease. Insects, particularly the cucumber aphid and the striped cucumber beetle, are among the most important agents in its transmission, though it is also spread from plant to plant by the hands of pickers.

In seasons particularly favorable to the reproduction of plant lice the disease is always worse than in seasons when these pests do not thrive. The disease never winters over in the soil and only very rarely in the seed of the cultivated cucumber, according to the findings of the investigators, but it does survive in the seed of the common wild cucumber. As this plant is considered as one of the most important agents in the perpetuation and dissemination of the disease in many districts, removal of wild cucumbers should be practiced. Where this has been carefully done almost complete freedom from mosaic disease has resulted. Other plants besides those of the cucumber group are attacked, and it has been found recently that a perennial species of the milkweed carries the disease over winter in its roots.

**TOBACCO DISEASES.**—Experiments conducted for the purpose of discovering methods to eradicate or control root rot in tobacco have shown that disinfecting the soil of the seed-bed, either by live steam or the use of formalin, and the adoption of rotations were the only methods which proved effective.

Continued observation of the mosaic disease of tobacco have indicated that certain varieties are especially subject to the disease. Experiments now under way point to the possibility of developing new strains of tobacco that are totally or partially resistant, however. Already a resistant strain of White Burley which gave a yield equal to that of the ordinary type has been obtained as a result of crossing ordinary White Burley with a variety naturally resistant to the disease.

**BEST NEMATODE.**—This disease, now quite widespread in sugar beet growing regions of Utah, is steadily spreading to new districts each year. Experimentation indicates that crop rotation seems to be the only method of combating the disease. Such rotation should include a leguminous crop, such as alfalfa, clover, peas or beans. If alfalfa is grown, a crop of wheat or corn may follow before beets are planted again.

**SPINACH MOSAIC.**—This disease, also known as spinach blight, has caused severe losses in the truck-growing regions of Virginia. Extensive experiments have been conducted for the purpose of developing varieties resistant to the disease. Crosses have been made between the commercial variety, Savoy, and a wild variety obtained from China. As a result of this cross-breeding, one resistant variety has been obtained and named Virginia Savoy. Grown under carefully watched tests, this resistant variety was affected with mosaic disease to the extent of only about one-half of one per cent., while adjacent beds of commercial non-resistant Savoy suffered a loss of more than 10 per cent. Seed of the new resistant variety is said to have been grown under contract for distribution, and no doubt will become available for spinach growers in blight regions in the near future.

## Saw-fly Injurious to Young Pines

Young pines, both in nurseries and growing wild, are often completely decimated by the larvae of a saw-fly known as Leconte's sawfly. Defoliation is usually severe in its effects upon young pines, killing, maiming, or weakening the trees to such an extent that attacks of secondary enemies often kill them. This pest is common on the scrub pines throughout Eastern States and is a constant menace to the better varieties found in nurseries or reforestation areas.

Control of the saw-fly depends largely upon the extent and location of the infestation. In nurseries and parks, where the infestation is heavy, a thorough spraying with lead arsenate at the rate of two pounds of powdered lead arsenate to 50 gallons of water (or six to ten spoonfuls to the gallon) will give good results. Spraying should begin promptly when the first larvae are discovered. In a scattered infestation, hand picking or knocking the larvae from the trees and crushing them will be found more economical and at least as effective. In larger areas of either natural or artificial growth control cannot well be practiced because of the expense. Whenever these insects are observed in any locality and control measures are practiced against them, it is important that the territory be carefully observed during the 14 months following treatment, since it is highly possible that some larvae may have escaped the treatment and have spun cocoons. This possibility makes watchfulness necessary over the entire period required for adult insects to develop from the larval stage; otherwise adults may emerge from the cocoons and reestablish the infestation.

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## Questions and Answers

**GROWING DEWBERRIES.**—Will you kindly tell me through Modern Farmer what dewberries are and how to grow them. I have never seen them grown, and am curious. C. O. E. Minn.

**A.**—Dewberries are quite similar to blackberries in many respects, but the canes creep along the ground, forming new plants by rooting at the tips. Instead of growing erect as do blackberries, set the plants three feet apart in the rows, and have the rows five or six feet apart. They may also be "check rowed," setting the plants five feet apart each way. Set out the plants in the early spring and cultivate thoroughly throughout the growing season. Let the canes lie on the ground during the first year. The following spring drive stakes five or six feet long at each hill, or construct a one- or two-wire trellis along the rows to support the vines. If stakes are used, wrap the canes once or twice around them and tie in two or three places with soft twine or twisted cloth which will not cut. If a wire trellis is used, tie the canes along the wires in the same manner. Dewberries are pruned much the same as other cane fruits. Cut out the old canes after

fruiting and clip back the new growth if the canes grow longer than five or six feet. Leave about six canes to each plant. In colder Northern regions the canes may be laid down in the autumn and covered with straw or other material for winter protection. The covering is removed in the spring and the canes are then retied to their stakes or trellises.

**HOLSTEIN OR FRIESIAN.**—I keep Holstein cows and know that their right name is Holstein-Friesian. Is it right to call them Friesians as some folks do, or is this another breed of cows? A. B. W. Vermont.

**A.**—In the United States the correct name for the breed commonly referred to as Holstein is Holstein-Friesian. In Great Britain the same breed, or at any rate cows descended from the same stock in Holland, are called "Friesians," and the British herd book of the breed is known as the Friesian herd book. There seems to be some reason to favor the British name, as the breed was originated in the portion of Netherlands called Friesland. Holstein is in northwest Germany, does not rank with the former as a cow-producing country, nor did it play as important part in the origin of this great breed.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## Housing and Feeding for Winter Eggs

**E**VERYBODY who keeps hens should give the subject of housing and feeding for the winter special consideration, for birds should be placed in their permanent quarters, given regular egg-producing rations, and started before the end of the month. Upheavals, such as change of houses or method of feeding, upset the birds and check the egg-laying machinery, and as the winter schedule should not be changed after it is once started, do what needs doing to the houses, and how many birds you are going to keep through the winter, what feedstuffs and litter you are going to use, must all be well considered and decided upon without delay.

First comes the house. No matter how plain and shabby it may be, it can be made storm proof, clean and well ventilated without much expense. Stop up all the cracks and holes and cover the roof and sides with tar paper. Clean the walls and all the inside fixtures, then give them a coat of thick whitewash, being careful to get it into all the cracks and crevices, for those are the places where vermin congregate.

The floor of the house where you keep the birds must also come in for its share of cleaning. If it is just a dirt floor, scrape it off two or three inches deep, and cart in the same amount of strong clay soil that will pound down to a hard, smooth surface. If the floor is of boards, wash it off with plenty of hot, soapy water, using a good hard broom. Let it dry thoroughly, and before the birds are put into the house, cover at least six inches with deep litter. The best way to be sure of ventilating the ordinary chicken house is to take out the sash in half the windows at opposite ends of the house and cover the openings with strong unbleached muslin.

I like to have one or two glass windows on the south or southwest side of the house, as they allow the direct rays of the sun to get in, and the birds enjoy it in cold weather. It is well to have a frame door covered with muslin, as well as the wooden door, as the muslin will let in some air and light, and should keep out snow during the stormy days when the hens will have to be kept in the house.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of foodstuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy or old hay causes more sickness among fowls than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores or germs, which float in the air when the hens scratch up the material, and are inhaled by the birds and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines, and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by hens, causing white diarrhea in chickens hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped corn-stalks topped with dried leaves as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we tried the combination of corn-stalks and straw. The shavings are particularly valuable because they are cheap and prevent the other materials from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

The next important matter is to decide how many pullets and year-old hens you can keep through the winter. Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring than overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty who are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters at night, their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, and it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a perpetual recurrence of moisture day after day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air perpetually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

Having arranged the house and the number of birds to be kept, general care and feeding is the next thing to consider. The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, and the influence that to a great extent, in sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations in fats and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern States, they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of this fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral water, nine grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of the egg are used in the shell, which contains about 50 grains of salts of lime, and about 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbonic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the head of carbons. Mineral consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect a biddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys the green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

Now, however, I hope to convince you of the common-sense advantage of balanced rations. The next consideration is, what ordinary farm products are best and cheapest to feed biddy on during the winter. Clover, alfalfa (green or hay), linseed meal or wheat bran all contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets and carrots also contain a goodly amount, hence their great value in making up rations for laying hens. Clover hay, linseed meal and wheat bran are also flesh-forming foods, like middlings or skimmed milk. Oil and fat we get principally from corn and buckwheat, and the lesser amount from wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and unskimmed milk.

Minerals are principally furnished by the process of digestion, which reduces to ash the grains and herbage which contain lime, potash, magnesia and sulphur. One quart of mixed grains is as follows:

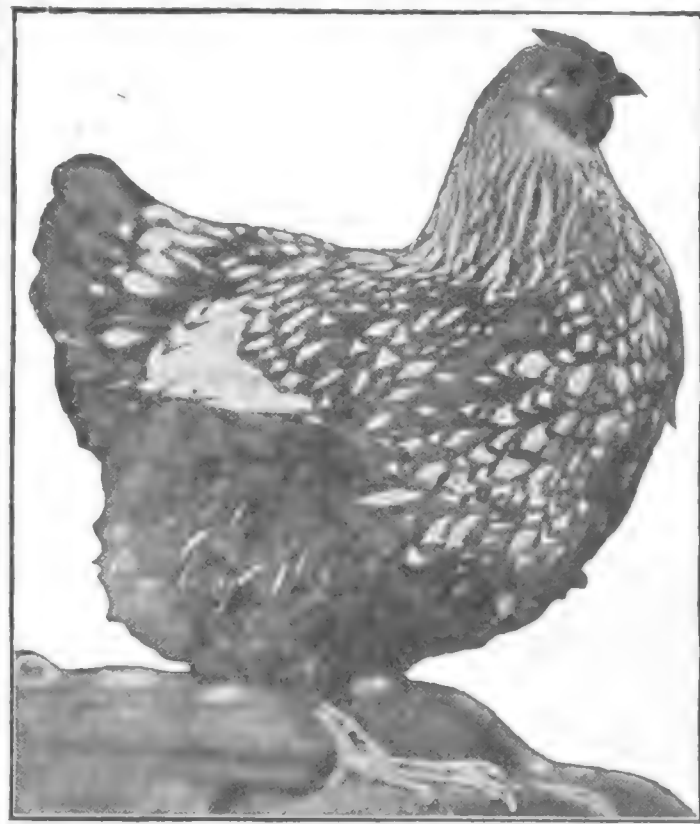
Two parts of coarsely-cracked corn, two parts wheat, one part oats, buckwheat or barley. One quart of this mixture, scattered in deep litter, for twenty hens in the morning. At noon, a

mash made as follows: Mix two parts of wheat bran and one each of white middlings and corn meal, one-half part each of gluten feed and meat scraps. Alfalfa or clover hay we must have, as it gives depth of color to the yolk of the egg, and the necessary balance to the rations; so, to make the mash, put four quarts of either alfalfa or clover hay which has been chopped fine into a can with a tight lid. Pour on it just enough scalding water to thoroughly moisten it. Cover and allow to steam for three or four hours, then add one quart of the ground corn mixture. Feed about one pint to every ten hens, the first morning. If they eat that up clean in less than ten minutes, increase the quantity slightly, and be very careful to give only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

The mash must only be steamed enough to crumble, not pasty nor wet. About one hour before dark, feed the same as in the morning, except that an extra half pint may be added to the quantity, and when the weather is cold whole corn should be used instead of cracked corn. Sharp grit and oyster shell must be before them all the time, and unless you have drinking fountains which will not freeze the dishes should be emptied and refilled with warm water morning, noon and night. Change the litter on the floor of the house every two or three weeks and shake it up every day. Follow these directions and you should have plenty of eggs from October until June.

Culling is the important work just at this season, for with the present price of feed nobody can afford to keep "deadheads." As soon as hens stop laying in July and August, clear them out to make room for pullets.

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good, strong pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toe-nails, showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying. In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an



THIS SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE IS A GOOD TYPE OF HEN TO SELECT AS SHE HAS ALL THE POINTS OF A GOOD LAYER.

unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When this hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and the vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thin out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics and become changed, as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time, the pelvic arch enlarges and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy-laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat bird has a tendency to turn her food into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy-laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, beak, earlobes, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthophyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy-laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior end of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth. In the non-layer the pelvic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a larger carcass, and sells for ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half to five months, they become quarrelsome, and are hired to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks and are as docile as pullets.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass cannot be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

## Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

B. C.—Examine the flock, and take out all the hens which have a baggy underbody. Confine them in a

separate house and yard, or if all your birds are confined, give those you remove free range, if possible. Add a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water. If they are confined, feed very sparingly on oats and plenty of green vegetables. Or, if you can give them free range, give just a few oats at night, and plenty of sour milk to drink, for three weeks.

H. F. M.—The egg organs of a fowl are very delicate, and easily upset. Give very stimulating food will make them lay very heavily for a time, but sooner or later the strain commences to show, and the birds break down in one way or another. Eggs containing blood are the forerunners of most serious trouble, unless you immediately take steps to stop it. Cut down the amount of food at once. Give nothing but a little scratch feed at supper time for a month, if the birds are on free range. If they are confined, give only half the usual quantity at each meal, and that scattered on deep litter, so that they will have to scratch for every grain. Omit the mash feed entirely. Give them all the green vegetables or lawn clippings they will eat, and sour milk to drink.

E. T.—Brooder chicks, or chicks confined in small enclosures, get very few of any insects, and their natural craving for animal food often turns them into cannibals. Chop a hard-boiled egg once a day for every twenty chicks, and get some commercial meat scraps, chick size. Commence with about a teaspoonful for every twenty chicks, and increase the amount very gradually until it can be left before them in a pan. Remember, you must be very careful about the quantity at first, or they will get bowel trouble.

D. H. H.—There are so many reasons for chicks dying in the shell that it is very difficult to assert the cause of the trouble without knowing all the conditions. The parent stock may be wanting in vitality. If they are overfat, over lean, or have suffered any illness in the past, or are inbred. Too many hens for the number of male birds is a frequent cause, but in such cases, the germs are fertilized only sufficiently to develop the chick, and lack the necessary strength for the exertion of breaking through the shell and starting the internal machinery of the body working. Then when it comes to the matter of incubation, really strong eggs may suffer for the want of moisture, heat, or an excess of either, especially during the last twenty-four hours. After the evening of the nineteenth day, don't open the door of the incubator until the hatch is well over on the twenty-second day. It won't hurt the chicks to tumble over each other. If the machine has a glass door, cover it up at hatching time to keep out the light, and the chicks won't move about very much. If you open the door to take out the first ones that hatch, you reduce the moisture and heat in the machine and the remaining eggs will rarely hatch well. I advise all beginners to use a hygrometer. They cost only about \$1.50. Any drug store or place where they sell incubators can procure them, as they are made by the same firms that make thermometers. During the first week the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer 122 or 102½. Second week, hygrometer 70; thermometer, 102½ to 103. During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week are greatly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating and the chick is growing fast. Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to the development and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood in circulation is comparatively small. Then comes the ten days of growth, or increase of size of body and its parts when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg, with consequent rapid enlargement of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation I would remove the water pans or wet sand from the egg chamber and let the humidity decrease to 50 degrees, or possibly 40 in some cases. Simply removing the water supply of water usually answers the purpose. The moisture supply must be renewed again on the nineteenth day to 75 for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the tough inner lining of the eggs. When this parchment-like lining is dry, it is exceedingly difficult to tear it, and its strong bands may hold a vigorous chick a prisoner even after it has broken the shell clear around. Keeping the air of the egg chamber moist renders the inner linings of the egg-shell easy for the chick to burst through. The greatest danger of over-heating comes during the first few days of incubation. It is well known that the temperature at the level of the tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102. During the third week the animal heat exerts some influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg. While the chickens are hatching from the egg, 104 may be registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where the temperatures are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperatures may be run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes, where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

J. H.—Please read answer to D. H. H. Yes, it would be very likely to cause trouble, if the heat took any such flights during the last twenty-four hours.

M. O.—According to your letter, you are feeding correctly, unless they are confined to small yards, in that case they must have green vegetable and animal food. Read the answer to E. T. in this issue. Keep the brood coops and brooder or brooders very clean. Bathe the eyes with boric acid, about a teaspoonful to a glass of water.

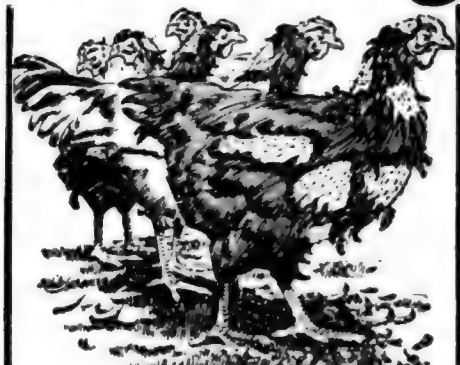
L. C.—Please read answer to B. C. and H. F. M. Your hens are on the point of breakdown, which is being caused by heavy and over-stimulating food.

M. J.—The dimensions of the trap nest for which you ask are as follows:

**Construction of the New Cornell Trap Nests**  
The nest is 12 inches wide, 12 inches high, and 20 inches long, inside measurements. Light materials should be used as far as possible. Most poultrymen are likely to neglect cleaning the nests often if they are not light and easy to handle. In building these nests we use for corner posts, white pine ¾ x 1 ½ inches. The sides, front, rear and bottom are ¾ inch pine. The pieces on top are 5-16 inch or heavier. The door or trap is made of ¾ or 1 ½ inch pine. The screen over the opening in the door is what is known as 3x3 mesh galvanized wire cloth. The screen in the back is for ventilation. Galvanized wire cloth can be used for this, but a cheaper screen will answer the purpose if one wishes to use it. The trigger or trip is made from No. 7 wire. For making this, all that is necessary is a piece of wire about two feet long, a woodworker's bench vice, a pair of pliers and a hammer. From the middle of the wire measure four inches each way, place the wire in the vice and bend at right angles at the point marked. The ends measure one-half inch toward the ends of the wires and bend against right angles. Measure again three-fourths inch towards the ends of the wire and bend at right angles in the opposite direction. From this last angle measure four inches towards the ends of the wire and bend the ends toward the wire. The ends should be cut off so that they will measure about one and one-half inches from the last angle. The board with grooved ends is fitted on to the wire to prevent the hens from sitting on the wire. The eye screws which support the wire trip are put in and the wire is then sprung into place. Considerable care must be used in hanging the door or trap, as it must hang level if it is to work properly. The holes for the wire which support the door are bored one-half inch from the top and one-half inch from the front of the post. The galvanized iron on the lower edge of the door is to prevent the edge of the door from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

## Hens Lay While Moulting



Joe Martin of West Plains, Missouri, writes:

"I would not be without More Eggs If it cost \$10.00 a package. It has hurried the moulting for me and all my hens are now laying full capacity."

This great discovery by Mr. Reefer hastens the moult and puts the hens in best possible condition. The use of Reefer's More Egg Tonic right now will repay 100 times in extra eggs. One out of five hens die during the moult (Cornell Bulletin No. 258). Be sure to keep up your hens' vitality with More Eggs Tonic. Don't wait.

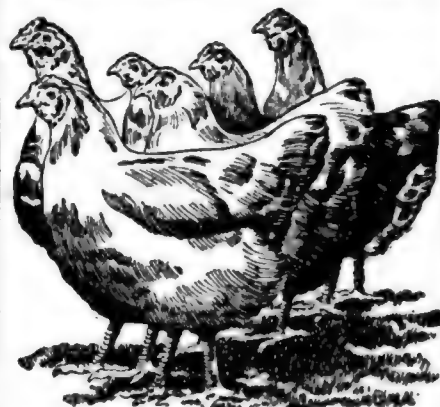
## Hens Moul Late—Still They Lay Eggs

"Dear Mr. Reefer:  
From the 21st of November to the 7th of December my 25 hens have moulted and laid 200 eggs. Your More-Egg Tonic is fine and I will never be without it in my home. Yours very truly,  
F. SHAW."

## 27 Eggs Instead of One

"I began feeding More-Egg Tonic to my flock of hens at a time when I was getting only one egg every day. This was probably due to moulting. Now I am getting 27, which I consider a wonderful record.  
E. N. PALMER."

## Make Fall Layers Out of Spring Chicks



## Make Fall Layers Out of Spring Chickens

"Dear Mr. Reefer:  
For the first time since I have been raising poultry I have been able to make my spring hatch lay eggs in the fall. Your More-Egg Tonic is responsible. I would never be without it.  
HARRY WOLFF."

## 160 Hens—1500 Eggs

"I have fed two boxes of More-Eggs to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white Leghorn hens and in exactly 21 days I got 1500 eggs.  
H. M. PATTON."

## Banker Endorses More Eggs

"Sometimes ago I got some of your More-Egg and it means MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old and the first day in December they laid 11 dozen eggs.  
H. F. FOHLAND", President Citizens Bank, Ashland, Ore.

## More Eggs Paid the Pastor

"I cannot express in words how much I have been benefited by More-Egg. I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses and that is not all. I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 14 dozen left.  
MRS. LENA MCDOOM", Woodbury, Texas

## Big Fat Broilers in 8 Weeks

"Dear Mr. Reefer:  
I fed your More-Egg Tonic to my spring chicks. It seemed to work wonders. Ordinarily it has 125 days from three to four months to fatten my chicks so I could sell them to the market for broilers. More-Egg is responsible. My chicks grew quicker, were in a very healthy condition and fat. Your More-Egg Tonic enabled me to sell my spring chicks as broilers in eight to ten weeks.  
VERA CASPIN"

## Send No Money

Do not send a penny. Just send the coupon below and I will send you two \$1.00 packages of my latest improved More-Egg Tonic. When the postman delivers them to your home, pay him only \$1.00 plus postage. The other \$1.00 package is free. Remember this scientific egg tonic has been tried and tested, but to prove its value to you I am going to send it to you on 30 days free trial. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied, I will send you the money you have paid. Act Now! Mail the coupon.

**E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert**  
Dept. C34 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert**  
Dept. C34 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Send me two packages of More-Egg Tonic for which I agree to pay the postman \$1.00, plus postage, when the package arrives. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied at the end of 30 days you will refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

If you prefer, enclose \$1.00 cash or money order with this coupon. This brings your order sooner. C. O. D. Packages sometimes take longer in the postoffice.



# Ah Sam's Stray

By Shirley Cookman Hayes

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It was a late afternoon of the California August when Old Sam, his stock of vegetables sold out, started home along the main tree-embowered street of the mountain village. He was comfortably reckoning up the probable value of his small store of gold-dust, the day's earnings tied up in his old buckskin bag, when he heard a running staccato of pistol shots from the group of malodorous red-ticketed shanties which composed the village Chinatown. Prince questioned with a pair of attentive ears, continuing betimes his quiet, long-limbed stride. The pack-animal in the rear flung his head up sharply, listening. Old Sam spoke to him encouragingly, letting out the lead-ropes and giving him a moment to reassure himself. He was young and nervous, but after planting his feet firmly and giving one or two snorts, he came to go on, while Sam chirped to Prince, and marveled at the Chinese and their ways.

A long war had been in progress for several months. More than one Chinese miner belonging to gangs working the diggings along the river had silently dropped out of sight. Similar reports kept coming in from most of the mountain towns strung along the ridge on both sides. The Chinese were killing one another without compunction, and the Sheriff and his deputies continued unsuccessfully their search for the murderers.

Quicker they ain't never willin' to keep the peace, Sam thought. His own attitude toward life was different. Tonight he felt tired and rather lonely, but when he and Prince and the pack-animal had wound back and forth for an hour down the zigzag trail to the river and he could see his own house, like a big bird's nest in its lace-work of roses and climbing vines, perched on the bluff opposite, Old Sam's spirits rose. Over there was the peace of home, a peace guarded by his two dogs.

When they reached the flat sand of the river-bed, he dismounted and tied the pack-animal's rope to the pommel of Prince's saddle.

"Go long!" he rumbled, giving Prince an affectionate slap on the flank. "I'm goin' down to the smoke-house for some bacon." The saddle-animal, used to confidences, obeyed, stepping carefully into the water, and Old Sam waited until he heard the wet click of horsehooves against the hidden stones of the river as the horses splashed across, following the ford; then he turned back into the steep trail up the bank. He was powerfully built, with a forceful agility that carried him quickly up the rocky slope towards his "kerridge." This was a tiny suspended box, moved by small wheels rolling on a cable high above the river. Tonight as he neared it, where it hung fastened to a young pine, the weather-beaten lines round his eyes contracted them to narrow slits. There was a shape in his "kerridge"—a shape something like a bundle of mountaineer's blankets set up on end. Old Sam, one hand on the rope, cautiously stepped into the oblong box, peering at the strange object which stirred uneasily under his gaze.

This time he saw its aspect more distinctly. It was that of a small Chinese girl about nine years old; a little girl with a pair of slanting, frightened black eyes in a small face.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "Who on airth be you?"

There was no answer. Old Sam had had too many dealings with her countrymen to waste any more time in futile questioning. He sat down in the shaking little car, untied the rope, and began his hand-over-hand pull across the river. The bundle opposite continued to eye him solemnly. Half way across, when for a moment he held the box suspended while he rested his arms, he leaned, as usual, over the side and looked down to the pale glimmer of the water below.

The bundle made a move as though to approach. "Look out, honey," he warned. "Don't fall out!"

The child spoke for the first time. "I am no have 'frid," she answered, very deliberately, and sat up straight, holding to the sides with smooth little brown hands.

Arrived at the other side, she clambered out first and stood waiting, a queer-enough little figure in her trousers and brass-buttoned blue blouse. Sam secured the "kerridge" and, as he came towards her, she took one hesitating step and slipped one small hand into his big one.

"I am liking you," she announced, with halting spaces between the words, and placidly held onto his hand all the way up the trail to the smoke-houses.

Two colliers were waiting at attention as they stepped up on the rough porch of his dwelling. They sniffed the new guest over with friendly curiosity and wagged their great plumes of tails in a tentative offering of fealty. She placed a timid hand on each. Sam lifted her upon the high porch bench and left her there with a collier on each side, her short, purple-trousered legs dangling contentedly.

As he cut great slices from his home-made bread and fried the bacon for supper, he wondered. The child must have wandered away from the camp of Chinese miners just below. He resolved to go that way and ask the next morning. When everything was ready he called to her. There was a gentle thud as she dropped from the bench, and then a light slap, slap of small Chinese shoes on his porch as she appeared in the doorway, accompanied by the dogs.

"What's your name?" he smiled.

"Ah Luen," she answered, and unexpectedly put to him a counter question, in careful syllables: "What am I you?"

He was somewhat taken aback, but laughed deeply, tossing out of his eyes, as he did so, his heavy locks of iron-gray hair.

"I guess you can call me Sam, for short," he chuckled. "Come in now, honey, 'n get some supper."

She looked at him, her black eyes snapping for the first time with merriment.

"All right, Ah Sam; I come."

She became quite gay and talkative over the meal. The two dogs lay down near the door, watching expectantly, but too well trained to beg. She did her best to manipulate the three-pronged fork, strange to her Chinese hands; her host decided to whistle out for her a pair of chopsticks.

When they had finished and the dogs were fed, he returned to the kitchen. Ah Luen had pre-empted a small three-legged stool, and was gazing round with serious black eyes at the walls hung with pans and kettles, which reflected dull lights from the single small lamp on the shelf.

"What made you want to get into the kerridge, little one?" Old Sam began, rather at a loss.

She stared at him in silence.

"When I found you tonight, where was you a-goin'?"

"There was a pause."

"I not am remembering," she answered, very slowly.

"Was you lost, 'in tryin' to get back to your father 'n mother?"

At the word "father" her face unaccountably darkened. "No; I not am wantin'!" she announced, with surprising vigor of tone.

"For the land's sake! You ain't rememberin' where you was a-goin', or wantin' any father, at present writin'! Still, I guess," he added, half to himself, "I'd better ask at the Chinese camp."

She caught the import of his last words.

"No, no; not not!" she begged, and straightway burst into a tempest of sobs interspersed with muttered Chinese words, her queer little figure doubled over and rocking back and forth on the three-legged stool.

Old Sam's heart melted at sight of her grief. He strode over and lifted her to his knee.

"There, there, honey," he soothed, "if I'd a' known you was a-goin' to take on so, I wouldn't 've bothered you with questions. Guess you're pretty tired, poor little soul. You just put your little head down there, on my shoulder 'n forget all about it."

She could not stop all at once, but with an evident desire to smother her cries, she buried her flat little brown nose into Old Sam's rough wool shirt, while her body shook. After a little the convulsive shaking of her sobs became less and less frequent; her body a drooping weight in his arms, unaccustomed to such tender burdens, and when he looked down at her face against his shoulder, he saw that the black-flower eyes had long since closed up for the night. Sam rose, tiptoeing across the creaking floor to the one spare room in the front, facing the river, and placed the child very softly in an empty bunk. After wrapping the blankets round her, he stood looking down at her a moment, his rugged face very tender, before he softly closed the door and went back to the kitchen fire.

He thought it probable that she might be the child of some Chinaman already fallen prey to the fighting tongs. As yet, however, he had observed no trace of any struggle on either side of the river near the house. Everything had been peace in the blue haze of mountain-dust; the trails undisturbed, except for the morning tracks of his own horses.

He resolved to give her time to become better acquainted and less afraid; perhaps she might then confide in him voluntarily. It might be several days before she could be transferred to her rightful owners. The thought brought a glow round his heart. He would, of course, in the end have to give her up, but how he wished he could keep her! It would be mighty fine to come home at sundown, after a long day's peddling of vegetables, and see her standing with the dogs on the porch. In fancy, he could already see her small tousled figure waiting for him, and hear her flute-like voice calling out the Chinese mountain-welcome: "Ho loo-coom—ah, Ah Sam!" He could even imagine just the way the thin echoes would float and return from the mountain across the river. Having her there would make a real home out of the big bird's nest he loved. The colliers were almost human, but a little girl was rather more so. Perhaps, too, she might not be unwilling to stay. It was evident she had already made friends of the colliers, in whose estimate of character Ah Sam had immense faith, and besides the dogs there was the garden and the climbing roses, of which he was justly proud, for had he not carried the soil in basketfuls up the rocky trail all the way from the river?

"Well," he muttered at last with a sigh, knocking out the ashes from his pipe and rising to blow out the light. "I've got no right even thinkin' 'bout it. She's lost, that's plain, 'n what I've got to do's to find her father's mother."

Before he left, the next morning, he gave the dogs stern orders to guard the house and Ah Luen. They understood and he saw them watching him seriously until the bend of the trail hid them from sight.

At the Chinese camp none of the miners could or would acknowledge having lost a little girl. Old Sam inquired cautiously, in a language incorporating a few words of real Chinese into its pidgin English.

"No savvy," was the same response in various shades of mockery from each yellow workman of the group. Sam was forced to continue on his rounds without finding the owners of his stray. He was hardly sorry. The scattered householders of the mountain mines gave him an even more cordial welcome that day, he thought, although they always appeared glad to see him coming. Today, his kindly, weather-beaten face was lighted with an inward satisfaction which they all noted as they bargained for turnips and carrots, or his fine white potatoes.

The days followed one another into weeks and the weeks into a month of unaccustomed happiness for Ah Sam, for the little girl persisted in the name. No one had come to claim her, and he began to rejoice comfortably in the thought. He had long ago given up attempts at questioning. Gay and confiding, in an ever increasing trustful comradeship, she would lapse into Chinese impenetrability the moment he tried to discover her origin. To make her feel more at home, Ah Sam called into service his small vocabulary of Chinese, augmented by an occasional new word she would shyly venture to teach him, breaking into irrepressible ripples of merriment over his awkward attempts at pronouncing it. They two had become great friends.

One bright Sunday morning they went down to the barn, hand in hand, the dogs following. Ah Sam began to hammer up a loose board or two, torn free by a storm. Ah Luen wandered over to Prince's stall and climbed up to look into the manger under the horse's very nose. All at once she began to shriek excitedly:

"Ah Sam, Ah Sam! Come, heap quick! Mieu got ill! Mieu!" By the time he reached the stall, she was already flattening her small body over the manger rail, and desperately fishing for the kittens with the end of her long black queue.

"Jus' you wait a moment, little honey. You'll fall in 'n old Puss'll scratch you. Let me get there." She obediently slid down and stood waiting, her blouse held up to receive the kittens, while Old Sam carefully lifted out Tabby, who was purring triumphantly, opening and shutting her yellow eyes in a sleepy transport of satisfaction.

"How old 'll' mieu?" she inquired, regarding the kittens with curious and delighted black eyes, as she and Ah Sam, with the two dogs, formed a returning procession to the house.

"Bout two weeks, I guess. Be you a-goin' to teach them Chinese?" he queried, with assumed anxiety.

She gazed at him with serious eyes, unable to decide whether or not he meant to tease.

"'Lil' mieu know Chinese, now," she answered, with half-offended dignity. "Big mieu know, all mieu know," she finished, positively.

Another three weeks went by. One night after supper she suddenly slipped down from her three-legged stool and trotted to the door.

"Look—see, Ah Sam," she said, mysteriously, opening it, and began a strange summons into the dusk in wild nasal-vowelled Chinese, her flute voice projecting its tones to float and carry. She paused; the echoes took it up; she repeated it. The echoes, like distant ghost-music, were still returning it, when old Tabby appeared, followed by her three kittens. Ah Luen broke off a small twig from a laurel branch in the wood-box and Tabby entered the doorway with a slow and languorous grace, seated herself in the middle of the kitchen floor and curled her long striped tail round her like a train. The kittens took up stations about her in a sort of semi-circle.

Ah Luen fixed her look with a queer intensity of expression on the kitten nearest the door, and pointed her wand. He returned the gaze as though fascinated, keeping his recently-opened blue eyes on hers, and emitted a little squeaky "mieu." She turned her gaze on the next, pointing the stick. He answered her look and recited his own lesson, perfectly learned. The wand passed on to the third kitten, whose thin little "mieu" was in ludicrous contrast to the deep contralto of his mother's "mia-au-ow," when it came her turn.

Old Sam clapped his hands in hearty delight. At the noise all three kittens scampered out of

the open door, followed more leisurely by their mother.

"Well, I guess you was right 'bout the Chinese!" he said. "How long was you a-teachin' them?"

"I show him every day." Ah Luen's eyes sought the floor. "You like him?"

"Well, I should say so! I just 'bout guess they're the smartest little cats this side of the ridge!"

A shy smile crept up the corners of her mouth, but she continued to look down, rather overwhelmed with his praise.

"By gum! I come mighty near forgettin'! Your little cat-school 'most drove it out of my head!" He rose and from a corner of the kitchen took down a bulky newspaper bundle from the shelf.

"See here," he began, watching her exultantly over its top as he began to untie it on the kitchen table. There were three blouses and as many pairs of Chinese trousers, all of fresh blue gingham. He shook them out before her eyes, while she stood by solemnly watching him, unable at first to realize that they were meant for her. All at once she gave a quick gasp, burst into a rapturous babble of Chinese, and flung both arms round his neck.

"Oh, Ah Sam, dear!" she cried. "You a great deal good! I am stay here so very happy! The river goes both happy." He patted her smooth black head. "Look at this, too." He held up an oblong buckskin bag and made her feel the weight of its contents. "Seems I've made 'nough this season to get a man to help me do a good piece o' gold-washin' afore it gets too cold. Guess I'll go down tomorrow 'n see how the old rifles look."

She flashed at him a strange look half of fear, the smile fading from her face, which took on the inscrutable expression of the Oriental. He felt vaguely disappointed, stared at her a moment in silence and rose to go out to smoke his after-supper pipe on the porch overlooking the river. The breeze from the mountain opposite were purplish-green in the soft dusk. Below, where the canyon bent the river's course, the water was caught in eddies round the shoulders of big smooth stones whence it sent up a confused tinkling murmur of voices. From attentive listening Old Sam had figured out the whole human gamut. There were the cries and silver laughter of babies; women's talk; the roar of men's fury. Once in a long while the male voices stopped to listen to the children, or a woman's sweet pleading; but more often these were drowned as though frightened by the dead-end bass thunder from the rapids below.

This evening the rugged charm of the mountain somehow failed to hold him; the river-voices he did not even hear. He was worried about Ah Luen and her strange attitude when he had mentioned his intention of remaining at home to work his river sand-bars. He had looked forward eagerly to it; it would put an end to having to leave her alone all day with only the dogs for company.

A horse's sharp squeal, and the dull sound of hoofs pounding against boards of the barn, roused him. Prince was expressing an ancient grudge against the pack-animal. Old Sam rose precipitately and strode off the porch, his one idea being to stop it before they knocked the barn to pieces.

Half trotting down the trail round the house he nearly ran over Ah Luen, just issuing from the kitchen door, her hands full of bread and cold meat. At the unexpected sight of him she started, dropped the food on the rocky ground, and stood staring at him helplessly, trembling while with evident fright.

"What's the matter, little one?" he joked. "Where be you a-goin' with all that bread? If it's for the dogs, you'd better put some gravy on it."

She was silent, and sank down shamefacedly on the kitchen steps, her eyes on the ground. He hurried on down to the trail to the barn, more puzzled than ever.

The next morning as he was pulling himself across the river in the "kerridge," ready to begin work on a river-bar, it occurred to him to take a look at a small empty shack close to the water on the opposite side, almost underneath his set of rifles where they stood high on thin, spidery trestles. Arrived at the other side, he tied up his movable bridge, shouldered his picks and shovels and descended the trail to the river, intending to leave the tools he did not need in the cabin for safe keeping. He walked up and opened the door, casually looking round.

The shack's one room, empty, spoke in half-a-dozen ways of having been recently occupied. There was a piece of Chinese matting stretched tightly across a wide board, and a faint odor, unmistakable to his nostrils, pervaded the place.

"Opium," he mused. "Queer I ain't seen you," he remarked to the residue of his uninvited tenant, and was about to close the door, when he noticed an object on the floor near the improvised bunk. He walked over and took up a piece of crust, crumbling it in his hand. He had made that bread, and more than that, it was still fresh.

Ah Luen and her bundle of food flashed across his mind. Had his Chinese tenant been forcing her to feed him during the long days of his absence? If so, how had the man managed to evade the dogs? The Chinaman's influence must have been a strong one to frighten Ah Luen into silence, Ah Luen, who now began her babbling, happy confidences at the least encouragement—Old Sam made a grimace as his thoughts brought up with a jerk. After all, he had never been able to persuade her to tell him whence she had hailed. His gentle inquiries had produced nothing better than unfathomable silence, or a storm of passionate sobs.

He went on about his preparations for the gold-washing, cleaning out the caked mud from between the rifles, and mounted to the big flume to turn on the water. Returning, he selected a promising piece of pebbly sand near the river and began to feed it in great shovelfuls into the open mouth of the washer. It was some time past noon when he ceased work and began slowly to mount the trail towards his "kerridge." He had crossed the river and was climbing the trail to the house when his eyes fell on a quick-moving flash from the mountainside. He had just left. The sun was glinting on the rifle-barrels of three black-clad Chinese, who were trotting down the trail, single-file, their wiry, shuffling bodies bent almost double. Old Sam paused, half-concealed as he was, behind the trunk of a cedar and waited until they had splashed through the ford and begun to climb a lower trail leading to a mountain town on his side, several miles above the river.

With the Chinese well out of sight, Ah Sam when close to the house gave the Chinese mountain call for Ah Luen. The plaintive notes floated across the river-canyon and returned to him, thin and melancholy from the mountain. The dogs heard, and came bounding out, but for the first time Ah Luen was not with them. The colliers, usually self-contained, were whining restlessly, trotting back up the trail and returning to him—proof that something was wrong. Sam took the rest of the trail in leaps, forgetting any weight of years. The house was empty.

He hoped that she might be down in the raspberry patch, or in the stable, holding a conversation with Prince in Chinese. But she could not be found, and after an hour of anguished indecision, he added Prince and started up the trail in the track of the mysterious Chinese.

If some Chinaman, hiding from the guns of a fighting tong, had been waiting in the old shack to watch his chance and steal her, well—He grasped the heavy old-fashioned revolver that hung at his belt, and urged Prince forward.

After a half-hour of steady climbing, he emerged from the narrow trail, walled on both sides by its thick hedge of manzanita, into a clear wagon-road which wound round and up through flattened hills covered with bear-brush, with here and there a scattered pine. Ahead of him, on the left, stood out a clump of thick

bushes. As he approached it Prince's ears began to move in sudden alarmed interest. He had barely time to note the horse's warning when a dark-clad Chinaman broke out of the brush and fled across the road. He was followed almost instantly by three others in pursuit. There was the crack of a pistol; the first figure dropped, and the three, after turning in alarm, followed low faces towards the man on horseback, who off silently into the brush of a ravine, and with the road. It was the final track of some highlander quarrel.

Old Sam dismounted to examine the prostrate body. The man, lying with extended arms in the red dust of the mountain road, was already dead. As Sam bent over him, he heard a muffled cry. He came up from his stooping posture. Ah Luen was stumbling towards him, her clothes dusty and torn; her face covered with angry red scratches from the rough underbrush, was tracked with tear-stains.

"Ah Sam, Ah Sam!" she sobbed, with a woman of Chinese in which one word, whose meaning he strove to recall, kept recurring. "Come, hurry up, Ah Sam, heap quick!" In an agony of fear, she splashed on through the dust and with one last bound of failing strength, fell into his arms, panting. Her own arms flung round his neck almost choked him from the violence of her embrace.

Old Sam's heart was full. Ah Luen was restored to him for a moment; nothing else mattered, though in fancy he saw the three about to rise out of the gulch to claim her. Instinctively he tightened his arms about the child, pressing her head down on his shoulder to shut out the sight of the body. But she kept struggling to look, repeating, in a transport of horror: "Hully, Ah Sam, hully up! I go 'long you now, now!" Then would follow the Chinese babble, with its same puzzling word, like a refrain.

All at once a light broke upon him. "Honey," he began, very tenderly, "which one o' them did you say was your daddy?" He felt her small body, pressed against him, begin to quiver.

"He lie down, now," she quavered. "Hully, Ah Sam! You wait, he get up!"

"No," he comforted, his heart smiting him while it rejoiced; "don't be skeered, honey, just you shut your eyes a minute."

A quick swing and she was seated upon Prince. Ah Sam turned the horse and held the straps for himself. But Prince, used to his practiced leap into the saddle, had, with his master still in mid-air, already pushed forward with long, satisfied strides down the mountain towards home.

## Friends no Longer

Miss Thomas for some years worked in the post office where Mr. Watrous was in charge and it was then that the friendship which will be concluded at the altar Thursday night began—Waukegan, Ill., Sun.

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## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

W. P. M. Worland, Wyo.—In tempering steel the effect is to reduce somewhat the results of previous hardening. The method is to re-heat hardened steel to a temperature lower than red-hot and then cool suddenly. For tempering steel for use in coiled springs about 550 degrees Fahrenheit is the proper temperature to which the steel should be raised in burning charcoal or other special furnace arrangements. The steel is cooled by placing it in a tub of water or oil.

G. S. Indianola, Okla.—Copyright upon songs, stories, etc., which may be sold by the author are generally obtained by the firm doing the publishing, unless in certain cases where the author has the printing done at his own expense and plans to have title of the published product vest in himself. To copyright a song or story will cost you a fee of one dollar. For application forms and further particulars you should address the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

A COMFORT LOVER, West Virginia.—As a young woman arriving alone in a strange city where you have no friends, you would do best to go directly to the branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in that city. You can secure accommodations and information there, or the secretary will direct you to investigated places where you can secure proper board and lodging. Do not accept the advice or direction of strangers when arriving at a large city railroad terminal, but secure your necessary address and information from a police officer or other responsible attendant or official. Many large railroad stations have detailed representatives from the Travelers' Aid Society whose duty it is to look out for and help arriving strangers like yourself.

L. L. T. Cameron, Texas.—Any date may be placed upon a violin and we regret that we must tell you this is often done. A flourishing trade seems to be carried on in fraudulent "old violins" of which COMFORT readers seem often to fall victims. Of course there is the barest possibility that your instrument is a genuine Stainer and made in the year 1754, but we regard the possibility as very bare indeed. No one but an expert could pass upon your violin's value, although any dealer or musician of common sense and intelligence should be able to judge if the instrument was actually made in the year stated.

Mrs. A. C. H. Baltimore, Md.—The poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," was almost a fixture in old school readers and we remember it well. It is there you should search for it. We are keeping your address and if any kind COMFORT reader sends in the old verses we will forward them to you.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The origin of the phrase, "to be gyped," is supposed to have arisen from the reputation of gypsies as horse dealers. These roadside dwellers, less frequent now, had ways of doctoring up injured or useless animals so that they might be traded off or sold to advantage—that is, to the advantage of the gypsies, not the buyer who was "gyped." The word would be regarded as slang.

T. M. S., Okla.—While we have no particular information injurious to the companies you mention, we can state, as a general rule, that all oil stocks are uncertain and speculative. They are not a proper investment for a widow. Keep your savings nearer home and consult your local bank officials as to investments. Other COMFORT readers please take notice. Prospectus promises are easier to pay than dividends.

C. A. B., Edna, Ind.—See reply to L. L. T. Cameron, Texas, in this issue.

W. D. W., Knoxville, Tenn.—Genuine Strads are very scarce. All are considered to be known to experts who claim that there are but some thirty-odd of these rare violins now remaining in existence. But violins bearing spurious Strad inscriptions are many and we believe your instrument is one of these. No one but an expert could pass upon its true value and age. See reply to L. L. T. Cameron, Texas, in this issue.

Mrs. A. W. D., Haskell, Okla.—Roses are one of the most difficult plants to keep free from insect pests. What you call "mold" is a collection of aphids or plant lice. Examination under a magnifying glass will prove this, we think. When the first leaves appear upon your bushes in the spring begin spraying with a copper solution. If this fails to help, try a spray made from one of the various nicotine commercial solutions which you can obtain from seedmen or hardware stores. Many fail to obtain results with sprays because they do not repeat often enough. And in spraying to control any pest, it is the early spray that catches the worm—no doubt. After they are well established control is difficult.

Mrs. C. P. G., Virginia.—We have never heard of the company you mention and if you have also failed to hear further from them we think you can consider that your share receipt is worthless. But it will have value if it teaches you to not trust savings to "developing companies" who are usually interested in developing the pockets of stock subscribers. We are always sorry to hear of any reader of COMFORT who has been thus victimized. Invest your money near at home where you can know something of the men and methods of the corporations whose shares you hold. It is always best to ask your local bank officials concerning any investment you may be tempted to make. They are interested in seeing you make money. Far off "developing companies" are often only interested in making money for themselves.

Mrs. W. H. H., Arthur, Nev.—You should be able to obtain grafting wax from any store dealing in seed supplies or farm implements, or should be able to tell you where you might send to obtain it. We would not know that the dealer to whom you wrote who might have this wax for sale, although it is not a rare commodity.

Mrs. S. E. M., Grey Rock, Wyo.—You are wrong in thinking there are more women in the U. S. than men. The census of 1920 gives the total male population as 53,900,431. The female, 51,810,180. (2) Nature has her own mysterious ways of balancing the proportions of boy and girl babies who are born in this country and all over the world, so that over a term of years they nearly equalize. If in one year the percentage of female births is excessive, the next year will usually show a percentage of decrease. It has long been a matter of record that after disastrous wars, the afflicted countries who have suffered a large loss of man power are compensated by an excess of males in the birth rate. At the present time the males are in excess in this country by about three per cent. Despite many efforts, scientists have as yet been unable to establish any system of control whereby sex can be determined in advance.

Miss J. S., Texas.—Although beseeched in various ways to take action to take such action for Uncle Sam to wear in his buttonhole.

PATTY-JO, Missouri.—Cherokee means "upland field," and these Indians were upland dwellers. The Cherokees constituted the most important tribe of the eastern U. S. In some far past descent they are connected with their more northern neighbors, the Iroquois. The Cherokees formerly inhabited the mountainous sections of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. In these places they had many well-built villages and raised corn, beans and pumpkins in the rich soils. It was De Soto who first mentions these Indians in 1540, and from that time on your aboriginal ancestors figure largely in the history of the Southern States. During the Revolution they sided with and aided the British, but in 1785 they concluded a treaty with the U. S. Becoming what we choose to term civilized, the Cherokees by 1820 were ready to adopt a constitution and called

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5th prize	25	75	150	400
5th to 55th prizes, each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes, each	1	2	4	10

**Observe These Rules**

- Any one excepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest.
- All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reeper, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, November 15, 1922.
- Contestants who have sent lists or orders before November 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before November 30th.
- Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, unpronounced or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, fork, or table, will not count. The plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will count. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
- The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with a letter of the alphabet, of 100 words, and so on down the list, of 100 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words, selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.
- For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.
- Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
- If a contestant sends us more than one list under an assumed name or pseudonym, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
- You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive relation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will mistakes or handwriting affect results. Typewritten your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
- The final decision will be made by three judges independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reeper Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of each list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
- An additional prize of not over \$500 for promptness, as specified above.
- In case of tie for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

## Can You Find More Than 15 or 20 Words in This Picture Beginning With Letter "R"?

There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort will help you win.

## Costs NOTHING To Try!

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started RIGHT NOW!

## Win the \$5,000 Prize!

You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize. If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize \$50 (See column 1 of prize list). If you send in an order for one \$1 package, and your list is awarded first prize, you win \$750 (See 2nd column of prize list). If you order two \$1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get \$1,500 (See 3rd column of prize list). And if you order five \$1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get \$5,000 (See 4th column of prize list).

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is \$2,500. Third prize \$1,250, etc. Just think of it—105 chances for you to win.

**\$600 Extra for Promptness** The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of \$10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today. Then any time before November 15th you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. \$600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra \$600. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

**Win All You Can!** Be sure to send your order for \$5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

# Yeast Tablets!

The greatest of all yeast products. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamins. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling", with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity—find out what Reeper's Vimogen will do for you.

## Start Today—Now!

Send today for Reeper's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prize, \$50 or \$5,000 which do you want?

**FREE**

Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.

E. J. Reeper, Dept. C304, 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

## Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

wearing off. This nest can be built in series if desired, and it can be put under the dropping boards or on the walls of the house. When the nests are placed on the wall, a sloping cover should be put above them to prevent the hens from roosting on the nests. To make it convenient for the hens to reach the nests, a board four inches wide should be placed along the front of the nests. Care must be taken that the board is not placed too high. The upper side of the board should be at least two inches below the opening into the nest, and a space of two and one-half inches left between the board and the front of the nest. For nesting material use planer shavings, sawdust or similar fine material. Long hay or straw may eventually get piled up in such a manner as to interfere with the action of the trigger. To remove the hen, simply turn the screw hook and swing the door outward; or, if you prefer, turn down the point of the trigger and swing the door backward toward the top of the nest, thus permitting the bird to come out that way. Of course, the nest may be set in a partition with a back door through which the hen may be removed. If the poultryman cannot attend to his trap nests except at noon and at evening, he may arrange rear doors like the front doors of the nests. The hens can thus, after laying, push their way through the rear doors into little yards of the width of the nests and several feet in length. Here litter and small grains may be scattered to keep the hens busy until they can be released.

W. C.—Feather pulling is a bad habit. Give the birds free range if you can. If not, feed small grain in deep litter, so that the birds are kept busy most of the time scratching for their food. Nail up a piece of salt pork or bacon rind in the chicken house for the birds to pick at, and smear the feathers around the places where they have been picking with bitter aloes.

S. G.—The hens need lime and grit, probably. If they are on free range, dump a supply of coal ashes on the ground near the chicken house. If confined, put a pan in their yard, filled with ashes, air slaked lime or oyster shell, and another pan full of sharp grit.

V. N.—Nothing for thirty-six hours; then hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, shell and all, and sour milk to drink. Give only a pinch at a time, and feed at least five times a day for a week, and then you can go to chick feed and one meal a day, either egg or mixed grain, with a little animal meal added, and sour milk all the time.

## Rabbit Book FREE

Illustrated. Facts about the easy, profitable home industry—growing domestic hares for meat, fur, fancy, little space—cheap equipment. Big demand. We buy all you raise at \$7 to \$18 per pair. Turn your spare time into cash. Book free—write now.

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## BABY CHICKS

hatching every day in every week. Three Million for 1922. Twelve popular breeds—5c and up. We deliver by parcel post anywhere east of the Rockies. Catalog Free.

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For us, big profits, thousands needed. We pay our raisers as high as \$1.75 pair. No experience needed. Particulars, contract & book free.

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Like hungry wolves, any season if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. \$1 Box Free to introduce our new fish and animal traps. Write us today.

WALTON SUPPLY CO., R-13, St. Louis, Mo.

## LADIES EARN

\$8-\$15 doz. painting pillow tops at home—experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TYPENIT PAINT CO., 8184 LAGRANGE, ILL.

## BIG MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Training Agents wanted. \$2000 per year. No experience needed. Write for details.

## Suits \$13.99

Only one suit in a suit. Only one suit in a suit. Only one suit in a suit.

## This Beautiful Sleeping Doll

You can have this beautiful doll. She has closing eyes, movable arms and legs, turning head, real hair. Dressed up in your favorite picture. Dress her in your favorite picture. Dress her in your favorite picture.

## AGENTS

and \$5 to \$10 a day. We have territory for sale. We have territory for sale. We have territory for sale.

## GIVEN

Real American made. Real American made. Real American made.

## VIOLIN GIVEN

This special prize. This special prize. This special prize.

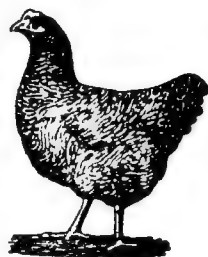
## HINDU PORTING

Will deliver any day. Will deliver any day. Will deliver any day.



# Egg Records Smashed by Hens Fed Vitamines

New Discovery of Science Makes It Easy for Every Poultry Raiser to Double His Profits.



EGG records are being smashed by common, ordinary hens that were not worth their feed a short time ago. A series of experiments, made with 90 hens, at an Indiana Experimental Station, increased the yearly average from 57 to 189 eggs per hen. This three-for-one increase was accomplished merely by giving feed enriched by properly blended Vitamines.

Listen to this: A California man who had raised poultry for 45 years had this experience; By giving his hens food containing the proper amount of vitamines he secured a 70% increase in only 20 days. Just think of that.

Science has proved that you MUST feed vitamines to your chickens in order to get all the eggs your hens can lay. Ordinary feeds contain so little of these vital elements that it is no wonder that the average hen lays less than half the eggs she ought to lay. But now Science has made it easy for you to supply your hens with these vitamines. Furthermore, you supply them in the exact proportions necessary to produce the largest number of eggs per hen.

## How to Feed Vitamines

There are three of these vitamines and all three are needed. To get them all in the proper proportions which should at once increase the egg-laying powers of your hens use "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." These wonderful tablets not only help produce more eggs but also help develop your pullets so that they reach the egg-laying period very early.

Make up your mind that you are going to get a yearly average of at least 189 eggs per hen. Try to make 200-egg layers of some of your hens. By using "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry" you keep your hens in prime condition and quickly give them egg-laying powers greater than you ever thought possible.

## A \$2.00 Package for \$1.00 30 Days Trial—Send No Money

Just mail the coupon. A \$2.00 package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry" will be sent you by return mail—ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. When it arrives deposit with the postman the special introductory price of only \$1.00, plus the few cents postage. Then count for yourself the extra eggs you will get. Then if you are not thoroughly delighted with "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry" return to us, within 30 days, with a left of the package and your money will be refunded instantly and without the slightest question. You are to be the sole judge. The guarantee of the million dollar State Bank of Philadelphia, insuring the refund of your money if not satisfied, goes with every package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." Act today before this special price offer is withdrawn. Mail the coupon this very minute.

POULTRY VITAMINES CO., Dept. 18,  
269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Poultry Vitamines Co., Dept. 18,  
269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, send me a \$2.00 package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." When it arrives I will deposit with the postman the special introductory price of only \$1.00, plus the few cents postage. Although I am benefitting by this reduced price, I have the privilege of returning what is left of these tablets within 30 days, and you agree to refund my money. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

(You may send \$1.00 cash, if you prefer)

## Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

He laid his hand on Ralph's arm, and the young man felt it tremble with the emotion which thrilled him. "Come with me," he said, in a low, earnest voice, "where we can be by ourselves, and I will talk this matter over with you. There has been a terrible mistake, and my two names have been the cause of it all. I loved Star Gladstone devotedly; I love her today. I have done her no wrong, as I will explain to you, and nothing would have kept me from her side if she had not hid herself from me. Come."

He linked his arm familiarly within Ralph's, and drew him from the room to a small antechamber leading from the hall, and shut the door, while the young man was dumb with astonishment at what he heard, and began to feel as if he had got himself into a very unpleasant predicament by his rashness.

### CHAPTER XXXIV. MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

"Have I made a mistake? Have I wronged you?" Ralph Meredith asked, when the door was shut, while he gazed blankly at his companion, and feeling convinced in his heart that no man could show the emotion which Lord Carroll manifested at the mention of Star, and willfully betray her.

"If I were not confident that you had made a mistake," his lordship returned, drawing himself up with dignity, though he was still very pale and deeply agitated—"if I did not believe that you share in the misunderstanding which has been the cause of all Miss Gladstone's trouble and my own exceeding sorrow, I could not pass lightly over the disparaging imputation which you have cast upon me tonight. I am no traitor, Mr. Meredith. I have never willingly wronged Miss Gladstone, for I have loved her, and I do love her today, with a deathless love. My plurality of names, as I have told you before," he went on, with a wan smile, "has been the cause of it all; and if Star has unconsciously been made a victim on account of it, I also have suffered in no small degree. Sit down, Mr. Meredith, and let me tell you all about it;" and he motioned him to a chair.

"Not until I have apologized for my rash words to you, my lord," Ralph said, in a manly, straightforward way, and, advancing to him, convinced now of his honor, and that he had never intended Star even a thought of harm. "Miss Gladstone," he continued, "confided the story of her grief to me only a short time before I sailed for Europe, although she did not enter into particular details that I should ever meet you, but I had made up my mind at the time that if I ever did come in contact with 'Archibald Sherbrooke,' which was the only name by which she designated you, that I should make him answer for the wrong which I believed he had done her. I saw you today with a lady in the chapel of Henry the Seventh, at Westminster Abbey. I heard her call you by the name that I remembered only too well, and was convinced I had found Miss Gladstone's secret at length. I resolved at once to return to London beyond the time I had originally intended, look you up, and call you to account for what you had done. You were at the concert in the Albert Hall this evening, but I had no thought of meeting you when I came hither, at the invitation of my friend Alden. You can imagine, perhaps, something of the shock which I experienced when he introduced you as Lord Carroll. This will explain why I refused your hand, and why I addressed you in the way I did."

"I cannot blame you in the least, under the circumstances," Lord Carroll returned, smiling. "Your words, however," Ralph went on, "regarding the young lady in question, convince me that you are entirely guileless, and have been as great a sufferer from an unfortunate misunderstanding as herself. I trust you will accept my explanation, and also my hand with it," he concluded, extending his hand to the young peer. Lord Carroll grasped and shook it warmly. "I have no right to harbor any ill will toward you for espousing so gallantly the cause of one who is very dear to me," he said, cordially; "and perhaps, after all, this meeting, which at first promised to end in a stormy manner, may be the means of restoring happiness to two very unhappy people."

"I feel assured that such will be the case," Ralph answered, but there was a keen pain in his heart, notwithstanding.

He gave Lord Carroll a history of Star's life during the last year, telling him of her success as a young authoress, and of the happy change in her worldly circumstances as the acknowledged ward and heiress of Jacob Roosevelt, the millionaire. He spoke also of the admiration which her grace and beauty had excited during the past season at Newport.

"I am glad," Archibald Sherbrooke said, earnestly, and his lip trembled as he spoke, "that her life has been made so much brighter during the past year, and I shall always be grateful to Mr. Roosevelt for his kindness; and yet I am almost selfish enough to wish that I could have been the one to raise her to a more congenial sphere. I shall go to the United States at once, I must seek her and set myself right with her as soon as possible. Will you be so good as to give me Mr. Roosevelt's address?"

"With pleasure," Ralph responded; but you will not find them in New York just at present for they, with my sister—who is a very intimate friend of Miss Gladstone's—are traveling in the far West, and will not return under three or four months."

Lord Carroll looked thoughtful and disappointed at this intelligence.

"I must wait, then," he said, with a sigh, "until their return. The time will seem very long, although I am greatly needed here just now, and it would be much to my own disadvantage were I to leave before my affairs are in a more settled state; but I should feel no pecuniary consideration deter me from going to Star if I were sure I should find her. However, I must submit to the inevitable; and now, Mr. Meredith," he concluded, with a genial smile, "what can I do to make your stay in our city pleasant? I am at your disposal for any length of time."

"Thank you, my lord. My business will not permit my tarrying much longer just now; but I intend to return to London in the course of three or four months, and shall hope to meet you again then," Ralph answered.

He shall most certainly see to it that we do meet again, Lord Carroll returned; "and now, if you have no engagement for tomorrow, will you do me the honor to dine with me?"

"It will give me great pleasure to do so. I have no other engagement," Mr. Meredith returned.

He was growing to admire Star Gladstone's handsome lover exceedingly, notwithstanding the fact that he was his own rival.

"Thanks. Now come with me and let me introduce you to my mother and sister, who are both here at Stamford House; and, Mr. Meredith," the young lord added, grasping his hand again, and speaking with emotion, "I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you, for you have put new life and hope into my heart tonight."

### CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. RICHARDS' GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

The following day Mr. Meredith, according to his promise, went to dine with Lord Carroll at his mother's elegant mansion, near Belgrave Square.

After the meal was over, and the other guests comfortably disposed of, Archie took his friend up into the "sanctum," as he called it, for a smoke and quiet talk.

If Lord Carroll suspected anything of the feeling which Ralph had entertained for Star, he

gave no sign, but confided to him, as they sat there together, more of his hopes and plans for the future, and spoke with much more of freedom regarding Star than he had done the day before.

When they had finished their cigars, Lord Carroll arose and said:

"Come inside, Mr. Meredith, and I will show you one of my treasures."

He went back into his "sanctum," followed by Ralph, and passing by all the beautiful paintings, drawings and engravings which hung upon the walls, he walked to an easel which stood in a corner, and, removing a cloth that covered it, stepped back for his friend to look.

Ralph Meredith gave one look, and then exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise:

"Star!"

"Yes, it is Star," Lord Carroll said, with a tender smile as he looked upon the portrait. "I am glad you recognize her, for I should be sorry if she had changed so much that you could not. This is a picture which I love, and which I keep for myself alone. It is very seldom that I show it to any one, and I have never told its history to any living being until I told it to you last night. As she stood there that morning in her modest beauty, smiling that sweet smile which I never die while I live. I have that little lock of gold here now, Mr. Meredith," he said, touching the diamond-studded locket which hung from his watch chain, "and untold wealth could not purchase it from me. Here is the cameo also which I gave her in exchange, and of which I told you, too, last night," and he held up his left hand, on the little finger of which gleamed the ring that Josephine Richards had made of it. "Ah," he added, with a sigh, "it is hard to think that she should believe me so false—so treacherous and cowardly, as to win her love and then cast it aside as of no value."

"Yet it was very natural for her to think so, under the circumstances," Ralph returned, thoughtfully. "I suppose it is not strange; but, oh! if she would but have given me one minute, I could have convinced her of her mistake, and all the sorrow that has followed might have been avoided," sighed the young lord, as, with another fond glance at the picture, he covered it again and turned away.

"You will be more successful when you go to her again," Ralph said, cheerfully.

"Yes," Archie returned, with firmly-compressed lips. "Miss Gladstone will listen to me when I go to her again. It is but right that she should hear my justification, whether she receives it favorably or otherwise."

"I have no fear of the result," his guest returned, smiling. "For Miss Gladstone acknowledged to me that, in spite of her belief in your unworthiness, her affection for you remained the same."

A flush of joy shot over Lord Carroll's face at this.

"Did she tell you that?" he asked, eagerly. "Then I will doubt no more; and I have you to thank for bestowing such happiness upon me as I never expected to know again."

They spent half an hour longer looking at other pictures, then, seeking the fair Vivien's side, Ralph Meredith spent a most delightful evening, the memory of which clung to him for many a week afterward.

The next morning he left London for a three months' tour through Scotland, Ireland and the Continent.

Mrs. Richards sat in her handsome boudoir one morning a few weeks later, reading a newspaper.

Something had evidently gone wrong with her, for her face was overcast, an angry red glow in her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed with a sullen fire.

The reason for this was the flat refusal, on the part of Mr. Richards, to accede to her immoderate demand for five hundred dollars, to purchase for herself and Josephine new dresses for the coming winter, and she had just returned to her room after the stormy interview.

"I cannot let you have a dollar," he had said, with a gravity almost amounting to sternness, "for I haven't it to spare."

"Not a dollar, George?" she retorted, with a scornful laugh. "Whoever heard of anything so absurd?"

"It is true, nevertheless," he answered, gloomily. "Two months ago I expected that today would find us all beggars."

"What do you mean?" his wife gasped.

"Just what I say; and but for the appearance of a friendly hand just when and where I least expected it, I should have been obliged to fall, overwhelmed with debt and disgrace, and everything we have—house, furniture, horses and carriages—would all have had to come under the hammer of the auctioneer."

"I cannot believe it," Mrs. Richards said, growing pale.

"That does not alter the fact, however," her husband replied, laconically.

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I did tell you. I kept writing to you when you were at Newport, Ellen, that I could not long endure such a drain upon my purse as you were subjecting it to, and that you must curtail your expenses; but you paid no heed to me, launching instead into greater extravagances."

"But I never dreamed that things were so serious as you represented," she said, a guilty flush mounting to her forehead, as she remembered

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

just eighteen of us, ten boys and eight girls and my mother and father are still living. They have seventy-eight grandchildren and four great grandchildren. You may wonder how they made a living but the older ones always took care of the younger ones and there was always plenty of help. Some were married before I was born.

I am twenty-four years old, black hair and black eyes, five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. I have been married seven years, have no children but one of the best of husbands.

I hope some of the sisters will write to me.

MRS. GEORGE MANIS.

ARTHUR, NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—The many letters are so interesting and contain so many good ideas that I for one, always enjoy reading them. May I try to return the many favors I have received by offering a few ideas to those who are interested in earning money at home?

I have saved clippings on this subject, but a neighbor gave me a new one the other day that may be as new to others. She has been raising sheep for several years, selling lambs and old stock for meat. But the new idea—she took some of the latest cut off wool, and after many washings, carefully carded it and offered it in three pound lots as filling for comfortables, at \$1.00 per pound. She also tied the wool into cheese-cloth for a dollar extra.

Another friend who wanted to make a gift for a little boy, that was just a little different, made a quilt for his crib, using pages from washable linen books, set together with alternate blocks of unbleached muslin. His little friends all wanted one like it and so far she has had all the orders she could fill.

How many boys and girls that live near the woods know that the pine needles sell for a good price? And baskets can be woven of so many, many different materials to be had just for the gathering, and sell readily to city folks, especially when filled with home-made confections, such as candies, cakes and apples. Or filled with dainty little ferns are a delight to those not privileged to be out in the woods.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters.

Yours very truly, Mrs. JESSIE B. TILLINGHAUST.

Mrs. Tillinghaust.—Your suggestions are very good. Come again with more.—Ed.

STUDA, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:—I note your request that I send the catarrh remedy mentioned in May COMFORT to you for publication. I

would have sent it before but didn't get my COMFORT until late and will thank you very much because I have so many letters I cannot answer all for some time. Their number is close to 900 now. Many request an immediate answer but that is out of the question. As many as 63 or 78 and once 86 in a day and day after more than "Oliver" and I can both answer. If you print it the writer will get their answer sooner than I can get to their letters. I will answer all that have come.

Now for the main part of my letter. At night and in the morning I washed throat and nose with warm salt water. But don't make the mistake of using too strong at first as this only irritates instead of heal. Begin with weak solution and increase in strength then put a bit of mentholatum in each nostril.

At mealtime I ate a piece of plain vanilla cream pea size until I became accustomed to the taste then increased to hickory nut size.

Plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables in season, fresh air day and night; summer and winter. Before window always open. And lots of water, both hot and cold, outside and in.

Someone has said we need water "externally, internally and eternally." They were right.

That good friend salt water has a thousand uses. Watch and see how many things you can use it for. To stop a falling hair is only one of them; to cure poison ivy rash is another.

This will give the friends a chance to start if they wish or wait for a more detailed explanation in my letter to them.

Many ask if they can return the favor. Nothing is expected. Freely we have received; freely we give. Our duty is to help the poor "growing creature" in whatever way we can.

I would like to hear from some brother who was a member of the "12th Aero Squadron" who was seas. I have learned that many of the brothers and the Sisters' Corner and thought perhaps someone of that outfit may be a reader. I think most of us were Western boys. Or if any of you know the address of some of them please send it to me.

Will tell you how to make a homemade shower when I will leave. After being accustomed to it, it misses a shower when in the country where they do not happen to have running water in the house. Just take the little clothes sprinkler to be bought at any five and ten-cent store and after removing the rubber pipe from a fountain syringe put the sprinkler on the hose and your shower is ready. Of course, if you put the water in. It's no trouble to put together and take apart.

Good night. Love to you all.

MISS L. L. EMER.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for some time and have enjoyed reading it as well as the Sisters' Corner. I have found the sisters' letters particularly interesting, and this is the first time I have ever

Foreigners, what does Lord Rose think she is? Were her ancestors Indians? They are the only true Indians of which I know. I don't think the foreigners worse than the Wild Rose. She seems to be from the Wild Mountains.

Foreigners, indeed! We are all foreigners, that is if we are from the Old World. Perhaps her ancestors are from the New World. Who knows?

I wonder if Wild Rose thinks that there are as many marriages between the Wild Roses and the Foreigners, especially among the working people and the middle classes. I hope she didn't marry a foreigner herself.

This is my opinion of our American girls marrying foreigners. What is yours?

A FOREIGNER.

## Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

I have found this successful in killing flies without using poison, so dangerous to use when there are children in the home. Fill a dish with syrup and leave where the most flies are and you will soon have a few flies prisoner that can be killed by poison. Be sure the dish is full so as to give no chance for the flies.—MISS LILLIAN STENSBY, Chetopa, Kan.

Always put the sugar used in a pie in the center of the fruit, not at the top, as this makes the crust sodden.

When filling cake pans let the mixture come well to the sides of the pan, leaving a slight depression in the center. The cake will then be level when baked.

Cover the skin lightly with glycerine before applying a poultice and it will not adhere.—MRS. LIZZIE LARSEN, West Frankfort, Ill.

Keep chips, cobs and splinters soaking in a small bucket of coal oil and you will have no trouble in starting the fire.—JAMES, Bearden, Ark.

To remove iodine from fabrics: Wet the spot with gasoline and wet in suds as usual.

To boil cracked eggs: Add a little vinegar to the water. This will prevent the whites from boiling out.

For cleaning screen doors: Dip a stiff brush in kerosene and go over the door. It will look like new.

Put several layers of newspapers under the washcloth and when liquids are spilled the moisture is absorbed by the paper and stains come out more readily.

For a floor oil, boil some used motor oil and wax socks add a little turpentine. Polish with old waste socks.

Make underwaists for the children out of extra sugar sacks. Put strong tape on the sides for the supports and when washing them stretch them slightly and they will wash easier.

Checked gingham edged with colored or white braid makes attractive curtains for the kitchen.

Pad your comforters with old blankets. They are warm and wash easily.

Use a little bluing in the water you use for white washing. It makes them clearer.—MRS. HARRY J. SCHMIDT, Beaver Falls, Pa.

## Remedies

If you have corns, quarter an onion and soak a strong vinegar until pickled. Bind fresh piece to corn for three nights and it will remove the soreness and the corn.

For boils, nail wounds or inflammation of any kind make a poultice by stirring buttermilk and flour to a very thick batter, cover cloth with this and bind to inflamed part. I have used a little paregoric for bone lesions.—JAMES, Bearden, Ark.

Mash common garden beets to a pulp and apply cold to blood poisoning which will quickly effect a cure. Also if blood poisoning should be drawn to a boil, order to lance, there is no better remedy for this common wormwood (Jerusalem oak) made into a tea with cornmeal added to form a thick paste. Apply a generous poultice of this warm, to affected part and replace when cold.—MRS. GLADYS EVELLI, Camden, Missouri.

COTTON SEED SALVE FOR BURNS.—One pint of cotton seed parched real brown then beaten to a powder and fried out in lard or fresh butter. Then strain through a cloth and put away for use. Put on a burn and let it up so the air is excluded. It stops the pain instantly. I used it for my babies and am now using it for my grandchildren.—MRS. DONA V. RUSSELL, Rowden, Texas.

CHAFING.—I find that powdered blamish will be chafing on baby in a few hours. Sprinkle on cloth or powder puff, have all parts dry, and dust lightly.—MRS. H. GRISWOLD, Oakville, Wash.

## Requests

A. Cochran, Cowden, Ill., would like to get copies of papers from Evanston, Ind.

How to make a plush coat, that has been raised upon, look like new?

Mrs. W. C. Bentley, Tuskegee, Ala., would like to see "My Name is Charles Galt."

I have a raincoat that has become stiff so that it cracks whenever it is bent. Have had it for some time but have not worn it much. How can I make it soft and pliable?—MRS. C. B., Salem, Wis.

How to remove grease from wall-paper.

I would like to get the number of COMFORT containing butterfly design for a little girl's dress. Write first.—MRS. J. S. STEPHENS, Dow Cabesa, Box 16, Arizona.

The following would like back numbers of COMFORT: Write first in all cases.

E. C. Vaage, York, R. B. 2, N. Dak., April, 1922.

Mrs. W. A. Snanman, Duluth, 725 East 11th St., Minn., July, August, September and October, 1921.

A. E. Thaurston, Greenville, 304 Adams St., Carolina, Dec., 1921; Jan., 1922.

Miss L. Horn, Chetopa, R. E. 1, Kan., February, March and April, 1922.

Mrs. Fred V. Proffitt, Hendrix, R. E. 1, Okla., January, February, March, April and May, 1922.





Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

**G**IRLS, this extremely hot weather is slowly but surely melting me, and instead of resembling "two nice fat, friendly parentheses" (I'm beginning to look more like a very thin letter "I"). Wouldn't it be an awful thing if I could lose the good nature that belongs to fat people? But if I do I won't be cross to the girls who write to me. If I must be disagreeable I'll pick on the person who rings my doorbell by mistake after I've gotten nicely to sleep, or the careless automobile driver who splashes my white dress with muddy water, or the well-meaning person who tells me what I want to do. There are others but no more capital "I's" in the linotype machine and I positively refuse to be indicated by a small "I"—unless it's a red one. Now for the letters:

**PEARL, Montana.**—Your letter didn't get the personal answer you requested for I knew if a certain young lady of Montana had made up her mind to become better acquainted with a certain young man, they were already the best of friends. Montana girls are quick workers, I'll bet. If I had answered personally I'd probably been conservative and told you to wait until he showed that he wanted to become better acquainted with you, but if he was worth knowing better he was worth going after, I suppose, and inviting him to join your Sunday School class was a good, moral beginning.

There was a pretty young girl of Montana who carried a Sunday School banner. She brought new members to class, That ambitious lass— Only pretty girls can save souls in this manner.

I hope you weren't disappointed after knowing him better. It is much nicer to think we'd like certain people than to meet them and find we don't care for them at all.

**JANE, La.**—I haven't the slightest way of knowing whether he cares as much for you now as he did when he asked you to marry him. That's something you'll have to find out for yourself, only don't drift off two years longer before finding out.

**RED-HEADED TEXAN.**—There was nothing in your letter to cause him to feel hurt or offended. Forget him. He isn't worth winning. If he had been worth while don't you suppose his first wife would have hung onto him instead of divorcing him?

**BAFFLED, Utah.**—To be popular with "everyone" would be the most tiresome thing in the world. There's no set rule for being popular, and a girl's popularity depends more upon her good nature rather than her good looks. Look around you at the most popular girls you know and study the secret of their popularity. Nine times out of ten they are not the best looking ones or the best talkers. Chances are they are the kindest and jolliest and the best listeners. Try being popular with a few people at first and gradually increase the number if you still feel that you want to be popular with everyone.

**Nobody's Sweetheart, Ga.**—See answer to Baffled, Utah. (2) I should think it would be all right to sing love songs though some of the present day songs are silly things.

**MILDRED, La.**—It is only natural that you should want to be friends with all the boys and it would be unwise to confine yourself entirely to one. He is fair enough in promising to give up all other girls and if you were older and cared more for him I'd say he had the right idea, but at sixteen you shouldn't commit yourself to a promise you may not feel like keeping later on. Maybe he has known so many girls that he is glad to give them all up, but he shouldn't object because you want to know a few more boys. That's the trouble with men, they sow a wonderful crop of thick, wild oats and then begrudge a woman one little weak wild oat.

**S. B. Ind.**—It has been proven that tobacco is injurious to the health. Lots of smart men smoke cigarettes and cigars and they are smart men. If your sweetheart didn't have will power enough to stop smoking he wouldn't have made much of a husband. On the whole, you are better off at school. A good education is much better than a poor husband.

**LOVEBUCK, N. C.**—If I were thirty and very much in love with a youth of twenty-three I suppose I'd be fool enough to marry him, provided he cared as much for me as I do. It all depends upon yourselves. I'd about as soon be unhappy by a young man as an older one.

**BLONDIE, Mich.**—If there isn't a teacher of dancing in your community go to a girl friend, or boy, and ask her or him to give you lessons, always, of course, with the permission of your mother. But don't take dancing seriously for a while yet for you'll need all your energy for your studies. I do like to do this work, truly.

**BLU EYES, Ind.**—The boy who drank moonshine because you refused him must certainly love you. Greater love hath no man than he who drinketh hooch—or else he's a plain drunk fool. Either way, you'd better forgive him, seeing as how he has repented and joined the church. You wouldn't be showing a very, very, very bad example if you didn't. I've found out why so many Christians have such a beautiful, shining Christian spirit all the time—they use it only on Sunday. For week days they have an old, uncharitable, faded out spirit that they use. Yes'm, somebody's dog bit me.

**CHARLEMAGNE, La.**—Of all the cuckoo letters, yours was the cuckooest. Indeed I won't pray that your parents allow you to have a beau. I've got more important things to pray about. And you write so nicely, too! One would really think you had brains.

**Mrs. G. W. Texas.**—If I could truthfully give you any encouragement I'd be very glad to do so, but the short-story road is a hard one to travel. If you ever wrote to an "Editor" that you were the mother of "to" children and that you were sending him a "tip" written story—he'd throw a fit, most likely. I don't want to hurt your feelings but I'm sure you do lots of things much better than you spell. Look around you and see what there is need of and what you can do well and easily and do it. If it is cooking, make good things and charge a good price, rather than sell something not so good at a lower price.

**BLU EYES, Mo.**—It may be that he is careless rather than stingy. Why not talk to him (don't write it in a letter) and tell him how you feel—that knowing he thought of you meant more than the money value of any present he could ever give you. Tell it in a nice way so as not to hurt his feelings. He is probably just careless but that's a bad quality for a husband to have.

**FRENCHIE.**—If I "kinda" liked a nice boy and my mother didn't want me to go with him, I'd say to myself, "Mother knows best, and I wouldn't go with him." That's what I would do and that's what you had better do.

**ADA, Ga.**—Goodness me, Ada, if your father won't buy you any clothes I should think you'd want to stay home. You are liable to be arrested if you don't. Seriously, I am sorry you do not have a happier life but think how much worse you would feel if it were your mother instead of your father who was unkind to you. Tell your friends why you can't visit them and I think you'll find them willing to visit you, and your mother for you should include her in such pleasure as come your way. Really, she is more to be pitied than you are for she's known your father much longer than you have. Just because he is unkind doesn't mean that all men are but enough are so that a girl should not marry hastily. Did you every try being very nice to your father, sort of kidding him into thinking he is a wonderful father, and all that sort of thing? It might be worth trying. Perhaps he feels that you care more for your mother than you do for him and his unkindness may be a form of jealousy. Be very nice to him and see what happens. Ask him to take you and your mother to "preachings" and "sing-

ings" and tell him he is the best bass singer in the community. Men love to be complimented, just as much as women.

**BROWN-EYED JANE, Texas.**—Find out why your father objects to the young man. Maybe you'll want to stay single then. If his objection isn't serious, marry him, but wait a year or two just to be sure.

**DISTRESSED, Ill.**—If you haven't backbone enough to stop caring for him when his actions prove that he doesn't care for you, then I can't give you any of mine. In fact, my backbone is in constant use.

**GERTRUDE, Texas.**—I don't know much about divorce but it seems it should have been an easy matter for him to have gotten copies of his divorce papers to have shown you. There would be less unhappiness if all girls would take the precaution you did. If he cared very much for you he would come back.

**Bessie, Colo.**—Ask your teacher about the different grades.

Be good and have a good time. COUSIN MARION.

### The Old Clothes Problem of the Rich

By Frances L. Garstide.

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**"W**HAT?" I asked of a multi-millionaire's wife, "do you do with your old clothes?"

It was a question apparently without point, for wives of multi-millionaires never have old clothes. But it was a question that every woman, consciously or unconsciously, asks when she reads of the priceless gowns worn by the wealthy.

"What do I do with my old clothes?" she replied. "I do not have what are really old clothes, but I dispose of all that I no longer care for in various ways."

"We are denied one avenue open to those who do not spend so much on dresses; that of giving to our maids. For instance, I have a pale blue velvet evening dress that I have appeared in several times this season. Suppose I gave it to my scullery maid. Can you imagine her trailing down to light the fires in the morning wearing that gown? Or, can you picture the pantry girl in a white silk trimmed with jet beads? Yet I have both dresses right now that I would give to these girls and give gladly, if they could make use of them."

"But as they can't, I will donate them to some Jumble-In sale. A Jumble-In sale is a way of disposing of cast-off garments that attracts many donations from the wealthy and those who follow the stage for a profession. These clothes are bought by second-hand dealers, and what they bring is turned over to some worthy charity."

"I do not doubt that often, in the hands of some clever seamstress they appear looking prettier than when new. I recall on one occasion an old rose satin that I wore a few times. It was a gorgeous affair, but I did not like it, and I donated it to a Jumble-In. It was a garment I had bought in Paris, and I had never seen the exact shade in any store in this country, and you know shopping is my pastime."

"A few weeks after I had sold it I saw it worn by a young girl at a dance. I inquired her name, and found that she had arrived only the day before from Chicago. I grew interested, sought her acquaintance, and remarked to her that I had never seen such a beautiful shade and texture before. She very ingeniously told me that her mother bought it of a second-hand dealer in Chicago, and made it over for her. Perhaps it was her freshness, her youth, her beauty; I do not know what, but the dress looked prettier than when I had worn it. She added that it cost her mother seventy-five dollars. I refrained from saying that she got a bargain, for it had cost me over ten times that amount. Growing more interested, I inquired at the Jumble-In, and found that it had been sold to the second-hand man for thirty dollars, so he made a big profit on it."

"On another occasion, I sold a 'white satin' trimmed with a peculiar pattern of beaded lace. I originated the pattern, and had it made to order so that I could not be mistaken when, after selling the dress direct to a second-hand dealer I saw it on one of my best friends. She sat in the box next to mine one night at Grand Opera. I asked her where she got her handsome gown, and she replied that she bought it in London."

"Do you know that I admired her for her economy when I saw that she had it on, but my admiration was lost when she made that reply. Not that I blame her, for I might have evaded the truth under similar circumstances. I have four children; their clothes go direct to a church society that makes a business of collecting cast-off clothing and making it over for the poor. As I dress my children very plainly, there is nothing incongruous in one of their gowns falling to a child living in a tenement. I think you will find, if you investigate, that all the wealthy dress their children plainly. It is the middle class who seek to make little fashion figures of the children with an over-abundance of embroideries and fussing and feathers. Of course, it is not pertinent to the subject, but we also have our children live simpler. My children—the oldest is seven—never have meat or cakes. Oatmeal, milk, vegetables and fruits comprise their diet, and my boy, who is the oldest, never saw a duckwheat cake till he went home last fall with his governess. Her nephews, all younger than my son, have them every morning, soaked with butter and syrup. My boy also tasted his first sausage there, and came home feeling that we had never fed him well."

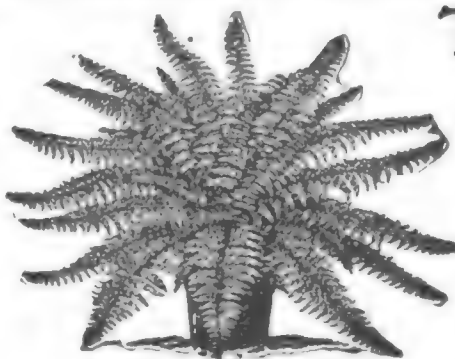
Her private secretary took me to the third floor of the house and into a large room that seemed at first to be hung with ghosts, row upon row of them, perhaps a hundred all told. I found that every ghost was one of Madam's gowns wrapped in soft white silk as a protection. Another room was devoted to her furs, the latest addition costing fifty thousand dollars, and from there I was escorted to a room lined with glass shelves, and on every shelf there rested a hat, all that season's, and every hat the perfection in taste and representing what would be the average wage earner's monthly salary. There was another room devoted to shoes, and the disposal of these articles proved as interesting as that of the dresses, for every shoe is given away.

"Madam," said the secretary, "has a very narrow foot and a very high instep." It was part of my work three years ago to compile a list of women in moderate circumstances whose feet were like hers. There are seventy-three on the list, and it includes women in all the eastern states. Every month I send shoes to them, and as it is not advisable to send one woman a dress shoe this month, and a dress shoe next, when a street shoe is needed, I keep books on them."

"Madam is very generous. I have been with her nine years and in all that time I have never known her to turn down an appeal for aid. I know there are thousands of women who envy her her handsome clothes. I know whereof I speak when I say her clothes are a task to her, and that she would be happier if she had only a few garments. She feels that she has to appear at her best; her husband demands it, but she dislikes the whole proceeding so much that I have known her to beg her husband not to insist on more new dresses for her, and on several occasions she has taken goods to her dressmaker, and then, losing interest, has forgotten they are there."

"It is not a big heart, nor a big mind, that can find contentment in a new feather or a piece of lace. It is handsome," said Madam one day when we spread out for her inspection a dress costing several thousand dollars, and which her husband had ordered from Paris. "It is handsome, but it is not satisfying. Fine clothes never are."

Presents For The Whole Family



Reward No. 8581.

They Cost Nothing But Your Time



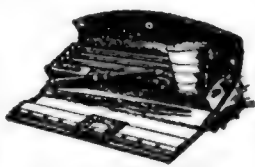
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Reward No. 7796.



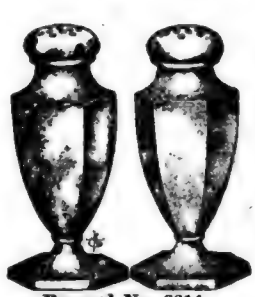
Reward No. 9942.



Reward No. 9972.



Reward No. 9482.



Reward No. 8814.



Reward No. 8104.

**Reward No. 8581** Three beautiful Ferns—The Roosevelt, Boston and Ostrich Plume, strong, healthy and well rooted, ready to pot as soon as you receive them, guaranteed to grow or we will replace them free of charge. Sent to you free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

**Reward No. 7417** Premo Camera with one film pack and instruction book, takes a picture 2 1/4 x 3 3/4 inches, leather covered, with view finders, will take either snapshots or time exposures, can be loaded in daylight. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 76610** Handsome Dinner Set, consisting of 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter, decorated with clusters of purple wood violets, surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Sent to you free by express collect for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 7796** Pure white with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. Heavy beveled French glass mirror. Comb has both coarse and fine teeth, brush has the finest stiff bristles. Can be cleaned with soap and water just like French Ivory. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 75110** This Lady's Watch is the stylish octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter, with high-grade, jeweled Swiss movement, pure white dial with Arabic numerals. Bracelet is of fine black silk ribbon with rolled gold catch and slide. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 9942** This handsome used for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc., is five inches wide and two inches deep, heavily silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A handsome ornament for the sideboard and a splendid Christmas or birthday present for any woman or girl. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 8084** Sweet Grass Basket, eight inches in diameter and three inches deep, close-fitting top, just what every woman wants for her sewing and fancy work, scissors, buttons, thread, etc. The delightful fragrance of this basket is practically everlasting. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 9972** Give the boys and girls one of these Writing and Drawing Outfits—they will be delighted with it. Fine leatherette case, 10 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, containing three pencils with erasers, pen-holder with pen, combination pencil, pencil sharpener, rubber eraser, ten-inch ruler and aluminum collapsible drinking cup. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 9682** Six beautiful nickel-silver teaspoons in the new popular "Avon" design, full size, six inches in length, will wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 9482** A box of fine Stationery is always an acceptable gift. This one contains two dozen sheets finest white linen letter paper, beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, and two dozen envelopes to match. Be sure to mention initial wanted. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 7635** Comb, Brush Set in a handsome black ebony finish. Mirror and Brush have silverline shield on the back. Mirror is 4 1/2 inches in diameter, the seven-inch Comb has both fine and coarse teeth, the Brush is nine inches in length with firmly-set white bristles. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

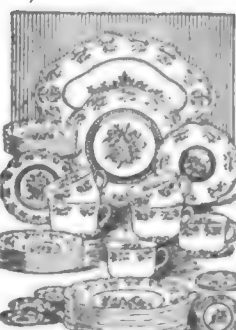
**Reward No. 8814** A handsome Silver Salt and Pepper Set in the new fashionable "Colonial" design, quadruple silver plated, three inches in height with broad bases so that they cannot be easily overturned and spill salt and pepper on the tablecloth. Finely finished and polished and equal in appearance to sterling silver. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 5561** More than one hundred pieces of Silk Remnants in all shades, sizes and colors, carefully trimmed, just what every woman wants for making quilts and tidies, pillow-tops and crazy patchwork. Five skeins of embroidery cotton, instruction book included free. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

**Reward No. 8104** Stylish House Dress of high-grade percale in all the popular patterns, including checks, plaids and stripes, both light and dark shades. It is shirred around the waist, opens down the front, with sash and two roomy pockets. Be sure to mention pattern and color desired. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 1132** Leatherette Needle Case containing 142 needles—75 sewing needles, 15 silk darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 tapestry and 3 chenille needles, steel attiletto, steel tape, 2 steel crochet needles, one bodkin, one punch-work, 10 fine and medium cotton and wool darners. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

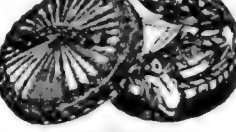
Address All Orders COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



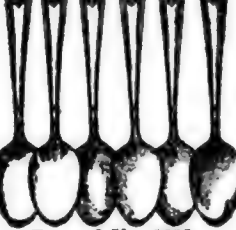
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Reward No. 75110.



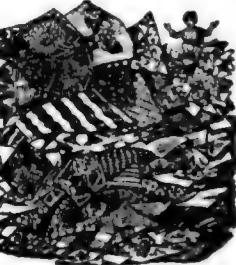
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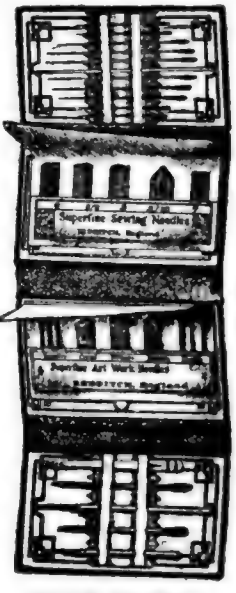
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Reward No. 9682.



Reward No. 5561.



Reward No. 1132.





### Send Birthday Greetings To Your Friends!

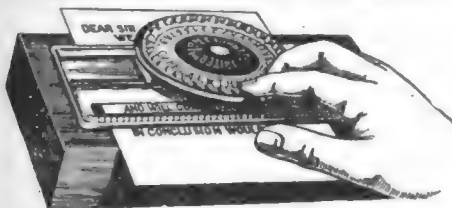
**12 Beautifully Engraved Colored Birthday Cards FREE**

REMEMBER your friends on their birthdays with these handsome, refined greeting cards, a card for each month of the year, each card with an envelope to match, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in all, put up in a nicely decorated birthday box. They vary in size from 3 1/2 to 4 inches by 1-2 inches and are steel engraved with different floral designs emblematic of the months, including Poppies, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Roses, Iris, Wild Rose, Bachelor Buttons, etc., all beautifully tinted in the natural colors of the flowers. The verses are in Shaded Old English and Script and convey to the recipient some tender birthday sentiment and message of good will. The finest of cardboard, known as "kid finish wedding stock," is used for these cards and the envelopes also are of the highest quality in keeping with the cards.

Remember these are nothing like the ordinary birthday "post cards" but the best steel-engraved cards made, the same that are used by people of the very highest social standing. They are cards that you will be proud to send and your friends will be proud to receive and they will cherish them for years as souvenirs of a happy birthday anniversary.

We will send you this fine birthday box containing twelve beautiful birthday greeting cards, with envelopes to match, exactly as described above, if you will accept the following special offer.

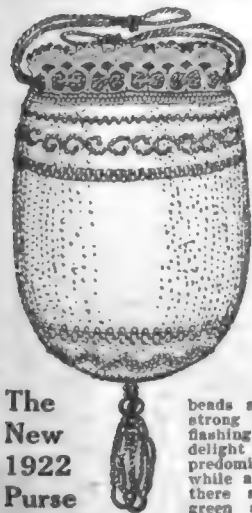
**Given To You!** For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you this box of twelve steel-engraved, colored birthday greeting cards with envelopes, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8691. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

**Given To You!** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Beaded Coin Purse

Reward No. 8224

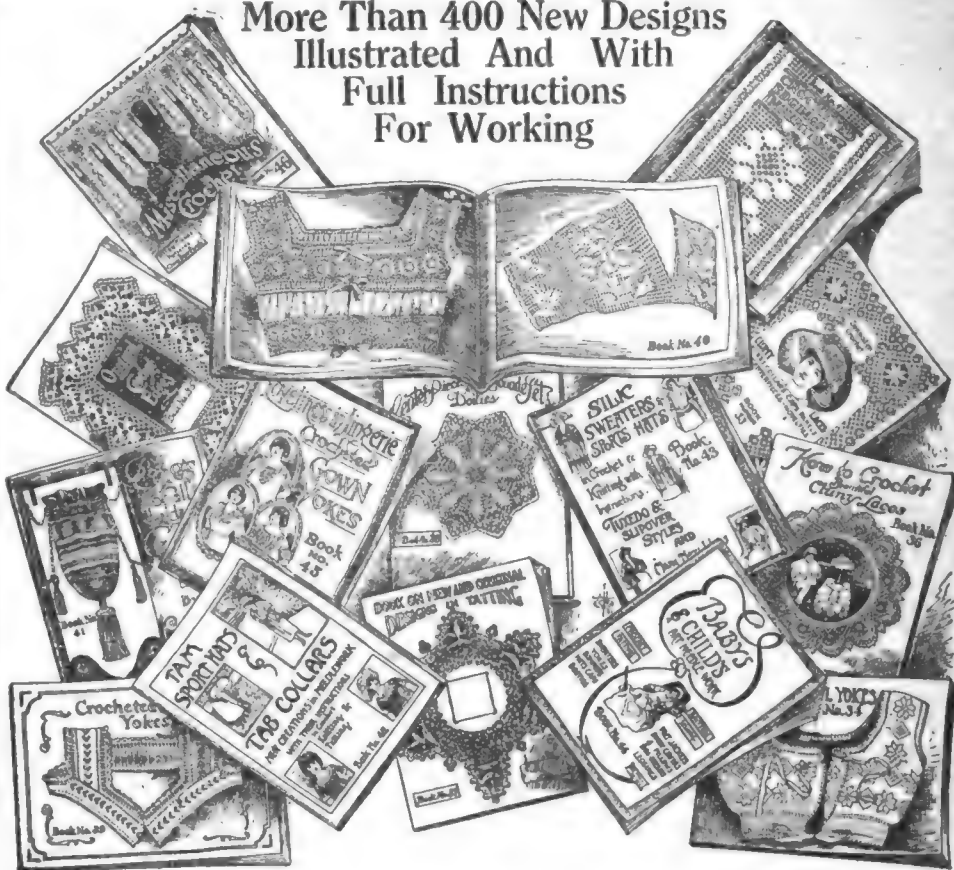
### For A Club Of Four

ONE of the leading styles this season is this handsome beaded purse with black crocheted top which closes with a draw-string made of black twist. It is about seven inches deep and five inches wide when lying flat. The beads are sewed directly to the strong poplin lining and their flashing, iridescent colors are a delight to the eye. Blue is the predominant color of the beads while around the top and bottom there are three rows of gold, green and amber beads. The finishing touch is given with a three-inch tassel of blue and black beads.

A leading New York concern showed us this purse and it pleased us so well that we decided to include it among COMFORT's club rewards. You can have one of these stylish and handsome beaded purses if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beaded purse free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8224. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### More Than 400 New Designs Illustrated And With Full Instructions For Working



### If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The fifteen books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting, tatting and knitting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell stitch by stitch how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size and most of them contain 32 pages. Following is a brief description of what you will find in this wonderful library. When ordering please give the number of each book wanted.

**Volume 33** Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny lace, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, dolly, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

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All The Season's Popular Colors



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BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real bargain in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirt with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

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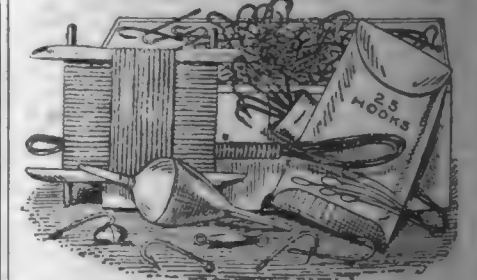
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And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the smallest half hour's work you ever did.

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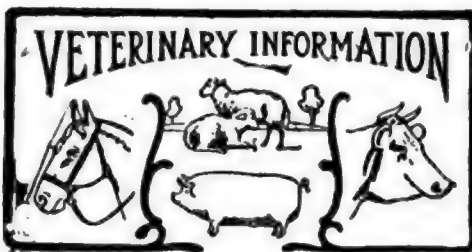
Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge.

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**VETERINARY INFORMATION**

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name and address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

### Removing Extra Teats

**A**DDITIONAL or supernumerary teats often grow from the rear of the udder or back teats of the cow and cause a lot of trouble at milking time. In some instances they are large and close to the normal teats so that two may be milked as one. Such teats are sometimes united to the normal one and if the web of tissues connecting them is quite thin it may be snipped through with scissors when the animal is dry. It is best in all cases to examine the udders of the young, growing heifers before they are bred and remove by operation any extra teats that will be sure to prove troublesome. As a rule, not more than two have to be removed, but cases have been met with where a heifer had five supernumerary teats. Some of these teats connect with little milk secreting glands and yield some milk which is a nuisance at milking time. It is not only necessary to amputate such a teat but also to obliterate the secreting gland. This is done by cauterizing it with nitrate of silver or with a red-hot knitting needle or veterinarian's thermo-cautery, after removal of the teat.

The method of amputating an extra teat is as follows: Restrain the cow. Cleanse and disinfect the udder and teats. Have an attendant pull upon the normal teat to stretch it and also on the extra one. Then snip off the extra teat with sterilized curved scissors, as close to the base as possible and making the smallest possible wound. The wound is then to be swabbed with tincture of iodine. If an opening is seen where the teat was removed that should be well cauterized by burning or inserting a small pointed stick of caustic and twisting it round a few times to cauterize the lining membrane and obliterate the duct. Where an extra teat has been yielding milk the veterinarian has to dissect out the secreting gland, after amputating the teat. When a veterinarian cannot be employed the teats may be got rid of, when the heifer is quite young, by ligating the base of each very tightly with a fine cord.

**SCRATCHES.**—My mare suffers with scratches, her ankles swell and the affected part discharges pus. Could you give me a good remedy? R. J. D.

A.—The term "scratches" is applied to a sore and chapped condition of the skin of the back part of a horse's legs between the heels and fetlock joint. There is no marked discharge. If there is a foul-smelling discharge in the case in question, the disease is grease or grease heel instead of scratches. One has always to make sure that farcy, the skin form of glanders, is not present, as that disease is not only incurable and contagious in horses and mules but communicable and fatal to man. Have the mare examined by a qualified veterinarian. If it is a case of scratches, poultice the parts for two or three days with hot flaxseed meal and bran; then wash clean and twice daily apply freely a mixture of one part each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin, and one part of flowers of sulphur and eight parts of unsalted lard. Do not repeat the washing. Write again, giving full particulars if it does not prove to be a case of simple scratches.

**LICK ON CAT.**—Please tell me what is the matter with my cat and what to do for him. He has something on him that looks like chicken mites. They are small and a yellow looking color. He has scratched and bit himself so much that the hair is off on some parts of his body. Mrs. H. F.

A.—Lice or fleas no doubt infest the cat. Clip off the hair and then rub in a 1-to-500 solution of chinosol, or wrap the cat for 10 minutes in a towel on which spritz of camphor have been freely sprinkled. The vermin will then migrate to the towel which should then be plunged into boiling water. Repeat the treatment as often as is seen to be necessary. Provide the cat with a new clean bed. Flowers of sulphur sprinkled in the end helps to keep down lice and fleas. If mites be added that some of the vermin can also be got rid of by use of a fine-toothed comb.

**ENTERITIS.**—Please tell me what ailed my horse. He was taken suddenly ill one morning with something like colic. He would sit up like a dog and then lie down again. He breathed hard and groaned continually. At the last his breath had a bad odor, and he seemed to smother to death, dying about ten that night. C. A. K.

A.—Stoppage of the small intestine by feed, a calculus (stone), gut-tie or hernia of the bowel, cause inflammation (enteritis) and death. A post-mortem examination should have been made to determine the exact condition present. Pint doses of raw linseed oil and dram doses of fluid extract of nux vomica should have been given at intervals of three or four hours. Gut-tie and hernia cannot, however, be remedied by giving drugs.

**URINARY DIFFICULTY.**—I have a puppy that urinates in her sleep every time she goes to sleep. I have also noticed her when she was standing on her hind legs with her front paws on the window-sill. Little white flat worms have passed from her. She seems to tire easily and is out of doors when she cares to be. Mrs. E. P. C.

A.—Worms are the probable cause of the weakness described. Give her 15 drops of syrup of iodine of iron in a little water twice daily for two or three consecutive days a week. Increase the dose if it seems to be necessary. Stronger worm medicine may irritate the bladder. Let the dog live outdoors and have one small meal a day. Do not feed sweets, potatoes or corn meal in any form. Keep the bowels active.

**FITS.**—I wish you would give me some idea what ailed my dog. Three or four months ago she had running fits. At one time she would be out playing and all at once a fit would strike her, and she would turn around and around as though she were trying to catch her tail, bawling and howling at the same time, then running under or into the house. She would come out all right, but seemed nervous and excited. She had six of these spells in three weeks. Mrs. W. O. C.

A.—An irritant may cause such fits but in most cases indigestion or worms induce the trouble. Treatment should consist in withholding feed for 24 hours and then giving the dog, for every 25 pounds of body weight, one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered aconite in one tablespoonful of simple syrup. Repeat the dose in four or five days. Burp the dogging. At time of fit give the dog 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water and repeat the dose in 20 minutes, if seen to be necessary.

**DEPRAVED APPETITE.**—Our milk cows want to eat everything within their reach—harness, horse blanket, ropes, cloth, in fact anything they can chew. We have them in a corral all the time, feeding them plenty of hay and they have salt. Can anything be done to break them of the habit? M. C.

A.—The cows crave ingredients of a complete or balanced ration not present in the hay ration. If you can allow them free range on grass, that may suffice. Usually it is necessary to feed bran, oilmeal and grain. Bicarbonate of soda dissolved in the drinking water or bone meal mixed in the feed daily may help. Start with a tablespoonful of either and increase the dose gradually, if that is found necessary.

**FISTULA.**—Can you tell me what to do for a fistula on the shoulder of a horse? Several have seen it, but do not know how to treat it. Mrs. J. C. H.

A.—You should have described the condition present. If you mean that pus is discharging from sinuses (pipes) in the withers at the top of the shoulders, each pipe and pocket should be laid open to secure free drainage for pus and at the same time dead or diseased cartilage or other tissue should be cut out. Then swab the wound with tincture of iodine and pack the cavity

with a rope of teased oskum saturated with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Renew the packing daily. If you cannot have this done, then use a proprietary fistula cure according to instructions given by the manufacturer. You can buy it at a drug store.

**WARTS ON TEATS.**—I have a Gurnsey cow that has warts on two right side quarters. They grow out long and get hard and dry. I pull them off when they get long but they grow back again. I tried lard and linseed oil, but nothing I try will do them any good and when they grow out long annoy the cow and she kicks. Can you tell me something that will cure or help them? T. D. C.

A.—Snip off the long-necked warts with scissors, a few at a time, and then apply tincture of iodine. Masses of small warts may be got rid of by immersing the teats for five minutes or so night and morning in water containing all the bicarbonate of soda it will dissolve when hot. Then dry the parts and in the evening apply a thick paste of cold-pressed castor oil, salt and sulphur.

**STIFF NECK.**—I have an eight-year-old mule that holds head and neck nearly straight out from shoulders and will hardly put his head to the ground to eat when he has the harness on. He walks as if he were sore. What is the trouble and remedy? Mrs. I. C.

A.—If the stiffness described has come on recently we suspect that it is due to tetanus (lockjaw), although that disease does not always lock the jaws. If tetanus is present the "haw" or membrana nictitans from the inner corners of the eyes will protrude part way over the eyeballs as a pink mass when the mule raises his head. Treatment with tetanus antitoxin has to be given by a qualified veterinarian in this disease and he may also inject a solution of carbolic acid and glycerine into the muscles. Pott evil might also cause stiffness or it might be due to rheumatism. Give full particulars if you write again and cannot employ a veterinarian.

**LUMP ON JAW.**—My Jersey heifer has a hard lump, about the size of a turkey egg, on her throat, between the two jaw bones. When I first noticed it she would begin slobbering when she tried to eat. It doesn't seem to bother her any, although the lump is there and sometimes it swells up as large as a quart cup. Is it safe to use her milk and what can I do for her? D. A.

A.—If you have not examined the mouth that should be done at once as such a lump or enlarged gland may be caused by a cyst under the tongue which should be opened to liberate its fluid contents. Actinomycosis of the tongue ("wooden tongue") may also cause such a condition. The swelling should, however, always suggest the necessity of having the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian as tuberculosis often causes such enlargements and is not only contagious and incurable but makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. We should not advise using the milk unless the heifer has been tested and proved free from tuberculosis. Until a qualified veterinarian can be employed to apply the test, paint the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day. Write again if we can help.

**FLEAS.**—Please tell me what remedy will rid my dog of fleas. E. M. S.

A.—Tub the dog in a warm 1-to-100 solution of coal tar dip, which you can buy at a drug store, or follow instructions given by the manufacturer. Repeat the treatment when seen to be necessary. When bathing cannot be done, dust pyrethrum powder on the infested parts of the body. Sprinkle flowers of sulphur in the bed.

### Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

#### "Ship Drives East"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

One ship drives east, and another west  
With the self-same winds that blow;  
'Tis the set of the sails  
And not the gales  
Which decide the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate  
As we voyage along through life;  
'Tis the will of the soul  
That decides its goal,  
And not the calm or the strife.

#### A Love Song to Nature

I love thy streams that gently flow,  
Thy rosy sunset splendor,  
Thy evening skies that softly glow,  
Thy golden moonbeams tender.  
Thy waving grass, thy whispering trees,  
Thy happy birds that twitter,  
I love thy soft and balmy breeze,  
Thy twinkling stars that glitter.

I love thy cool and shady dawns,  
Thy mighty, towering mountains,  
Thy noble hills, thy peaceful vales,  
Thy sparkling, foaming fountains,  
Thy summer's heat and winter's cold,  
Thy bleak and stormy weather,  
When sheep come bleating to the fold,  
From off thy downy heather.

I love thy raindrops, falling light,  
In sweet, refreshing showers,  
Thy fairy snowflakes soft and white,  
Upon thy trees and bowers.  
I love thy flowers along the way—  
Thy brightly blooming flowers,  
That breathing fragrance all the day,  
Make glad the fleeting hours.

I love thy night that closing down,  
Shuts out the daylight splendor,  
And guarding, lets not sight nor sound  
Come through my open window.  
And when the day comes back again,  
I love its morning beauty;  
Dear Nature may thy sweetness win  
My life for love and duty.

—Marion Richards.

#### Where the Flag Is Full of Stars

BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

'Tis fine to see the Old World and travel up and down  
Among the famous places and cities of renown.  
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the  
Kings.

But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

Chorus

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be.  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;  
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;  
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,  
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German firwoods, in green battalions drilled;  
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;  
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day  
In the friendly Western woodland, where nature has her way.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;  
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back.  
But the glory of the present is to make the future free,  
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

Last Chorus

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea.  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

## Earn Your Choice Of These Splendid Rewards All Given Free For Small Clubs To Comfort



Reward No. 7557

**Reward No. 7557** The "Leonard Earl" Gent's watch, thin model, antique nickel-silver case, 12 size, open face, antique bow and flat crown. Guaranteed American-made movement, atom wind, pull-out, pendant set, white dial, Arabic numerals. Looks like a \$25.00 watch and will keep just as good time. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8211

**Reward No. 8621** Peggy is the name of this cute, lovable Doll. She is nearly one foot tall and wears a pretty dress with sash. A New York manufacturer in order to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at a greatly reduced price. We are, therefore, able to send you "Peggy" free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.



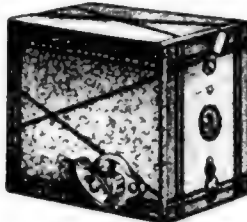
Reward No. 8621

**Reward No. 8214** New style Hand Bag, 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches in size, made of genuine leather, color black. It has two large pockets, mirror pocket with mirror and special money pocket which fastens tightly together. Sent to you free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



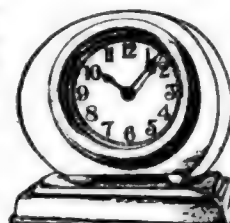
Reward No. 8214

**Reward No. 7944** Premo Camera made by the Eastman Kodak Company, adapted for either snapshots or time exposures, uses the regulation roll film cartridge, can be loaded in broad daylight, takes a picture 1 1/4 x 1 1/4 inch size. Not a toy but a real camera. So simple that a child can use it, yet it produces fine pictures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7944

**Reward No. 9093** Just what every three-piece Scissors set a woman wants—a three-piece Scissors set in a handsome leatherette case. Set consists of one pair of six-inch scissors, one pair of five-inch scissors and one pair of four-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7638

**Reward No. 7638** Beautiful Ivory Clock for sleeping-room, living-room or desk, 3 1/2 inches high with a 3 1/2-inch base, American movement, fully guaranteed. This makes a splendid boudoir clock as it matches the different French ivory toilet articles possessed by most every woman. Sent to you, free and prepaid for eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 9882** Fifty-four inch Pearl Necklace—full opera length—made all of pearls of uniform size, of perfect finish and luster, equal in appearance to some necklaces sold at a high price. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9882

**Reward No. 1142** Latest style Crystal Head Necklace, 30 inches in length, made of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with long oval and round bead ornaments and tassels. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire. Be sure to mention color wanted. Given to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



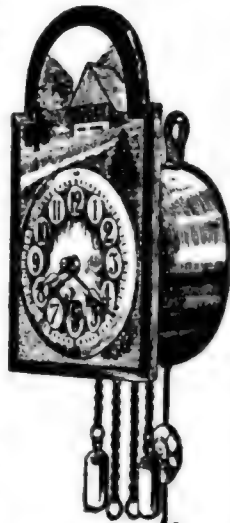
Reward No. 9952

**Reward No. 9982** A good grade Toilet Set that pleases every woman. We have given away thousands of them. Set is finished in the new popular "Malachite" green, brush has silverine shield on the back. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 1152** The latest Vanity Case, handsomely embossed, silver finished, thin model and very light weight, weighing only two ounces. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. All the rage of the big cities. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

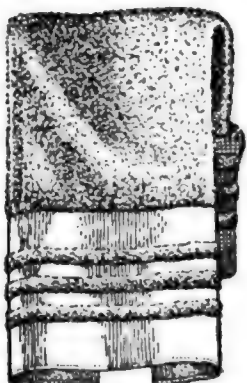
**Reward No. 9952** A handsome oxidized silver which never tarnishes. Illustration shows the beautiful design which is heavily embossed. It is silk lined and of just the right size for small articles of jewelry trinkets, etc., that every woman loves to count among her treasures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

**Reward No. 8194** Antique Wall Clock, patterned after a European clock of the eighteenth century. Has a hand-colored face, brass chains with weights and brass pendulum with regulator. A good time-keeper as well as a novelty. It is made to hang in any desired position on the wall. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8194

**Reward No. 9912** A pair of Turkish Towels, 16x32 inches in size, of good weight, well made and finished. Just the right towel for everyday use in the home. Some families send for a dozen pairs at a time. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9912

Address All Orders  
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



### You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom



#### For a Club of Four

**BEADWORK** is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handiest purses, chains, necklaces, belts, collars, cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, etc. In fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas Bead Loom"—it is very easy to understand and everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit. Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas Bead Loom," five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

**Special Club Offer.** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas Bead Loom and Outfit" free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8234.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Crystal Beads

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

#### Given For A Club Of Two!

**THESE** Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklaces are 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch and the smallest  $\frac{1}{16}$  inch in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1052.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Gate Top Mesh Purse



**THIS** is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following:

**Club Offer.** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7833.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department, subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

**Mrs. G. R. Iowa.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow and brothers and sisters as his only heirs at law and next of kin, the widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all of the community property and one-half of his separate real estate absolutely.

**Y. J. Texas.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow and brothers and sisters as his only heirs at law and next of kin, the widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all of the community property and one-half of his separate real estate absolutely.

**Mrs. H. A. M., Florida.**—Under the laws of Georgia, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, after payment of debts and expenses, his surviving widow is entitled to a child's part of his estate, unless the shares exceed five, in which case the wife takes one-fifth and the children or descendants of children share the balance equally per capita as to children, per stirpes as to descendants of children, but should the wife choose to take dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, she would be barred of her absolute interest in such real estate; we think any of the children can compel the partition of the real estate, or the sale of the same and a division of the proceeds of sale in the proper partition action brought for the purpose.

**Mrs. V. F., Pennsylvania.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow and brothers and sisters, the surviving widow, in addition to her exemption, is entitled to receive the real or personal estate or both to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, and if such estate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, such surviving widow shall be entitled to the sum of five thousand dollars absolutely to be chosen by her from real or personal estate, or both, and in addition thereto shall be entitled to one-half part of the remaining real and personal estate.

**F. E. S., Illinois.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive the whole of the personal estate and one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to descendants, heirs, depending upon who is left; we think his estate would include any property left him by an ancestor in which he had an absolute vested right at the time of his death, even though such property had not been divided at the time of his death.

**Mrs. A. H. B., Louisiana.**—We do not think you can now recover the property awarded your ancestor for his services in the Revolutionary War.

**Mrs. F. L., Kansas.**—Under the laws of Maryland, we are of the opinion that adverse possession gives title to real estate after a period of twenty years.

**Mrs. W. M., Kansas.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that any married person may devise one-half of his or her property to other persons than the husband or wife.

**Mrs. J. W. J., California.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property, both real and personal, of either husband or wife, owned before marriage, and all acquired afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, with the rents issues and profits thereof, is separate property, and may be sold, conveyed, mortgaged or assigned without the consent of the other spouse; but that all property acquired after marriage, except in the manner stated above, is community property, and that upon the death of the husband the wife succeeds to one-half of the community property, after payment of debts and the expenses of administration. We think that upon the death of a married man the court of your state having jurisdiction of his estate may, upon petition therefor, set apart to the use of the surviving widow, or to the minor children of the deceased, all property, real and personal, including the homestead selected, designated and recorded, provided such homestead was selected from the common property, or if such homestead is selected from the separate property of the decedent, provided such decedent joined in the selection thereof. Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive the whole of the real estate and one-half of the personal estate, but that her share of the separate property can be reduced by will.

**F. E. S., Kansas.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a parent cannot be compelled to support children who are able to support themselves.

**Mrs. H. A., Wisconsin.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive the whole of the real estate and one-half of the personal estate, but that her share of the separate property can be reduced by will.

**Mrs. C. H., Mississippi.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his property, after payment of debts and expenses, would all go to his surviving widow and children, the widow taking a child's part of the estate.

**Mrs. M. N. S., Montana.**—In order to impress a lien for the amount of your claim against the property sold by your debtor, we think it will be necessary for you to substantiate by the proper evidence that the property was sold for the purpose of avoiding the payment of your claim and that the purchaser thereof had such knowledge at the time of making the purchase.

**Mrs. J. K., Oregon.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-half interest for life in his real estate and to one-half of the personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. (2) We think the surviving widow is entitled to be appointed administratrix of the estate unless the court finds some good reason why she should not be appointed. (3) We do not think the dispute between the decedent and his daughter during his lifetime would affect her inheritance rights in his estate, unless he left a will reducing her share therein.

**G. S. G., Ohio.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, such of his real estate as was acquired by him by onerous title and all of his personal property, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow absolutely; but that her share of such of the real estate as came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor would be limited to a life estate, and that both real and personal property coming to him from a former deceased wife would go to the children of such former deceased wife.

**W. E. G., Michigan.**—Under the laws of Indiana, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and provided the testator possessed testamentary capacity at the time same was executed, and provided no undue influence was exercised upon him in connection therewith.

**G. O. B., Montana.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and three children by a former marriage as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances, and after payment of debts and expenses, would receive one-third of his

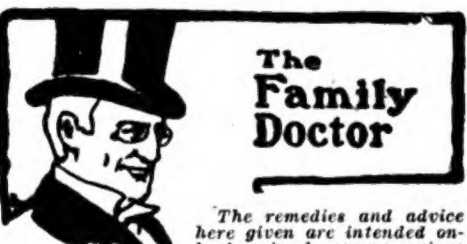
real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children; we do not think the widow's child by a former marriage would receive any interest in his estate, unless some provision was made for such child by will, and except, of course, such child will in turn receive a share from the mother's estate, unless cut off by will.

**W. G., Kansas.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that males and females attain majority at twenty-one, but a married person over eighteen is considered of age as to contracts, property rights, and liabilities, and capacity to sue and be sued.

**Mrs. H. S., Montana.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, and in addition to certain small allowances, and homestead rights, if any, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left; if none such, the widow would receive the whole estate.

**Mrs. H. E. B., Wisconsin.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a surviving widow is entitled to a share of her husband's estate which cannot be diminished by will, but that there is no other restriction as to a man's right to dispose of his property by will in any manner he may see fit, except that the court will make certain small allowances from his estate to his children under seven years of age; we think that in order to make a valid will the testator must possess testamentary mental capacity, the will must be legally drawn and executed and must express the testator's true intent, and that the testator at the time of making the will must not be under the undue influence of any other person, or persons.

**A. K., Pennsylvania.**—We think you should make a complaint to your local or state board of health against the owner of the property who pipes his sewerage in the open stream running through your village, and that, if the board of health delays action in the matter, it may be necessary for you to commence an action against this property owner to compel him to abate a nuisance.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

**Mrs. A. P. W., Whitesville, R. I.**—One of the best remedies for gotter is iodine in some form. Take ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals. Also avoid excitement of all kinds.

**Miss E. C., Weldon, Ark.**—For his lumbago have your husband take ten-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium, well diluted, after meals. Also iron the hip with a hot iron. Apply the iron to several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of mustard water.

**Mrs. D. M., South Point, Ohio.**—For lameness and soreness of your back, which is muscular, have your back ironed with a hot flatiron. First apply to the back several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of mustard water then apply the iron as indicated. For the bladder trouble have the bladder washed out with permanganate of potassium—a teaspoonful of saturated solution of the potassium to a pint of hot water. Also take after meals, a five-grain tablet of urotropin.

**Mrs. C. C., Utica, Kansas.**—There is no cure for cancer. Operation in some cases will effect a cure. Serum has been tried but without avail. Radium is now used with success in some cases.

**Mrs. J. J., Stillwater, Okla.**—For your hay fever take a teaspoonful of pertussin after meals. You will not have tuberculosis in any case.

**Miss H. M., Minot, N. Dak.**—You have nervous dyspepsia. Take a five-grain pill of asafetida after meals. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

**Mrs. V. W. L., Nashville, Tenn.**—Your weight is not excessive. If you want to reduce, try living on the alternate days, on one quart of skimmed milk in divided doses. On the other days avoid starchy foods of all kinds.

**Mrs. D. A. B., Indianapolis, Ind.**—Your husband's trouble is bleeding piles. Have them operated on at once.

**Mrs. W. R., Elkton, Mich.**—Take a five-grain tablet of asafetida after meals. You have a nervous heat action and this remedy will help you.

**Mrs. M. K., Hamptonville, N. C.**—For the eruption on your face, wash the face with a solution of salicylic acid, which lotion you can obtain at any good drugstore.

**Mrs. G. H. H., Wingate, N. C.**—For your throat trouble gargle the throat with Dobell's solution. Take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, as a tonic, after meals, to build you up. You are run down.

**Mrs. C. O., Hastings, Mich.**—Your child has a form of rickets. Have him take codliver oil in teaspoonful doses after meals.

**Mrs. H. C. A., Lone Oak, Texas.**—You might try, for the neuralgia above the eye, a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals. Apply, locally, also a solution of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor. Rub this solution well into the painful part. Mixing these drugs makes a solution with the addition of any diluent. As the sight of that eye seems to be failing you may have a disease of the eyes known as glaucoma; if so, you should consult an eye specialist at once as delay is dangerous and complete loss of sight may supervene if this is the case. One of the symptoms of glaucoma is seeing "colored rings" around a lamp in a subdued light.

**Mrs. J. B. D., Doane, Okla.**—Probably you have a chronic bronchitis. Better the sputum examined and find out the exact condition. In the meantime you might take some good emulsion of codliver oil.

**Mrs. P. Q., Tennessee, Mich.**—You should have the urine examined at once, as the swelling looks like an acute Bright's disease. If so, you should have active treatment by your local doctor to anticipate trouble later on. You can wear the corset as usual, and take exercise in the open; but have the kidney condition looked into at once.

**Mrs. D. H. L., Pennsboro, West Va.**—"Pinworms" are best cured by an enema of white oak bark, or normal saline solution. Piles, if troublesome, must be operated on to effect a permanent cure.

**Mrs. F. H. K., Smithville, Texas.**—You will have to keep a diaper on the baby for the present and wait until she is older to correct the bed-wetting. Two eggs are too many for a child of the age mentioned. Even one should not be given daily.

**Mrs. L. B. W., Caddo, Colo.**—You may have been torn during confinement and need the parts restored to normal again by operation. Your headaches may be due to the need of proper correcting lenses. Have your eyes examined for glasses.

**Miss L. D., Roanoke, Va.**—Take, for the stomach trouble, a compound bicarbonate of soda tablet after meals. The leg swelling may be due to some kidney disease. Better have your local doctor look into the matter for you. You may, in the meantime, bandage the legs during the day and remove the bandage at night.

**Mrs. S. M. R., Odon, Ind.**—For your anemic condition take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals.

**Mrs. F. W., Fairbank, Iowa.**—The trouble may be chronic malaria. Have your husband take a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted. Also have him bathe the entire body in a strong solution of sage tea, before retiring.

**Mrs. M. C., Los Angeles, Calif.**—There is nothing authentic that will cure the appetite for liquor. Have the man quit the drug and take a 1-60 gr. tablet of strychnia sulph., after meals, as a substitute and for the nervous system.

**Mrs. M. C., Edson, Alta., Canada.**—If the gallstones are small enough to get through the common duct they will pass into the intestines and pass out in the feces. If, however, they remain in the pelvis of the duct they must be removed surgically in every case.

**Miss M. D. A., Naples, Ky.**—The pain in the chest is probably due to an intercostal neuralgia. Take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals.

**Mrs. R. C., Middleton, Ga.**—Have the boy take a prolonged nap in the afternoon and give him a very sparing meal at night. If he takes a good nap in the afternoon he will not sleep so soundly and the reflexes will not be so numbed that he will not awake when he desires to urinate.

**Mrs. J. B. S., So. Richmond, Va.**—The blood pressure can be helped if your father will avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds, drink plenty of water, and take, after meals, ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted. Of course, his case should be watched by some good physician and changes made in his diet and medicine from time to time.

### Wrist Watch



For Men And Boys For A Club Of Only Ten

**THE** Wrist Watch is no longer considered effeminate or a "fad." Men and boys in all walks of life now wear them. The millions of American soldiers who went to France—from general down to dough-boy—wore them. It is a practical, common-sense method of carrying a watch.

The watch shown here is the "Leonard"—designed especially for farmers, lumbermen, surveyors, miners, campers, hunters, fishermen, etc. It is 6 size, fitted with high-grade American movement, stem wind and pendant set in strong, dust-proof, silver-nickel case with a thick, heavy crystal that cannot easily be broken.

The strap is made of goat skin, of good width, very tough yet pliable and easy on the wrist. It fastens with a nickel-plated buckle which does not come in contact with the skin. This strap may be adjusted to fit the wrist of a small boy or a full-grown man.

This also makes a splendid wrist watch for the women and girls on the farm. It is just what they need when engaged in outdoor work and to wear on motoring trips and on all occasions where it would not be advisable to wear a more expensive watch.

Remember this watch is fully guaranteed to keep good time. If it fails to do so or proves defective in any way within one year we will either repair or exchange it free of charge. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine Wrist Watch, exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 75210.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### 26-Piece Table Set



#### Given For A Club Of Only Five

**WE** have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7625.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and Have Me FREE!



**YES,** this beautiful curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly a foot high. She has a strong, durable, stuffed body, and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free, packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9872.



## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

business so long that they have forgotten such beautiful and happy places as Loveland exist, and their eyes have grown so red and sore from the smoke of the Hatching money mills and grudge factories that they could not be able to find their way to Loveland unless some guide, a little child, for instance, took them by the hand and led them all the way. But the saddest thing is that they would not want to start, would not believe how beautiful Loveland is, Mary, and would be quite content to stay in Hatchingburg for the rest of their smoky days.

Mary, you say you don't like history, but some day when you have the mud cleaned all off your boots and your lessons all done, sit down and write us a History of Loveland. If you have lived there for seven years you ought to know a lot about it. This will be a history everybody will be glad to study.

I don't wonder you have never been to Estes Park, Mary. There is no park, no matter how famed its scenery, that could tempt me out of Loveland if I lived in such a happy place at the lucky age of sweet sixteen.

CAMDEN, R. R. 5, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Why do I never see any letters from this state? Surely there can be none better than our South Carolina. I have been reading with interest the cousins' letters in COMFORT ever since I was a boy. Now that hasn't been long; in fact I'm a boy yet. I'm only thirty-eight and half from the old Palmetto State. I am one of Uncle Sam's boys—a rural mail carrier driving a filver every day over twenty-five miles of country road to carry to the homes of rural people the news of the busy world as well as many packages of merchandise and the hundreds of letters which, in great part, are messages of love and friendship.

I have on my route about 675 people and they are all my friends. It is interesting to study them and their lives day after day as I pass by. It is interesting to watch the correspondence of new acquaintances; to watch it, often, as it develops into friendship, then into love, and to see them later link their lives together and, with love as a foundation, begin to build that highest and holiest earthly institution called home.

I am ten miles east of the historic old town of Camden. Many people from the Northern States spend their winters here. We are in the sand-hill section separating the Piedmont, or hill country, from the coastal plain. This is the land of cotton and corn, the home of the blue-eyed and good old Southern hospitality. Our winters are mild and our summers filled with bright, sunny days, silvery moonlight nights and a panorama of wild flowers and song birds. So you see I have much to make for happiness; but there is one thing I have not told you: I have just bushels of love for a little miss of five summers, with blue eyes and dark, curly brown hair. Because her mother is dead, we live with her grandparents, nearly two hundred miles away. So you see I have something to make me lonely, too; and that is why I am looking forward to getting lots of good friendly letters from the cousins and will promise to answer as many as I can—for my work on the route only requires three hours of my time each day and I have plenty to spare.

Your nephew, ARTHUR H. ARNOLD.

You write in the vein of a poet, Arthur, and while many people could not make a Pegasus out of a filver or find poetry in driving every day over the same twenty-five miles of road, you have had vision enough to look beyond the bare facts of your job and discover its human elements. And in doing this you have found, of course, new interest and happiness. To be able to say that the 675 people along your route are all your friends means that you have been a friend yours-elf to the 675 of 'em—which is a good record for anyone who has adventured in friendship will know.

It is too bad that you who have brought so many lovers together must now be separated so far from your own tiny sweetheart. We can be lonely in being away from somebody we love, Arthur, but think of the utter loneliness of those who have nobody to love! Better a two-hundred-mile sweetheart than none at all, and I know you are wise enough to agree.

You'll get loads of "good friendly letters," Arthur, you may be sure of that—more than even you ever delivered in one day's ride of your Cupid-filver. Our Big Family is a friendly one if ever there was one, and curing loneliness and delivering cheer is something we accomplish by mail sacks and wagon loads. Arthur, those 675 friends of yours are going to be increased considerably in the next few months. Wait and see.

INDIAN SPRINGS, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I am not at school today I will write to you for my first time. We take COMFORT and think it just fine.

I am in the seventh grade at school. My teacher says I am doing fine. I joined the Girls' Canning Club the other day and hope to make a success.

I will describe myself: I am a girl thirteen years old, fair complexion, and have light curly hair and blue eyes. We live on a thirty-two acre farm. It is rocky, too; but I would rather live here than in Kingsport or in any other of your towns. Wouldn't you?

I have four sisters and one brother and I am the oldest of them all. Well, I will close. Give my love to all, but keep a big lot for yourself.

Your niece, RUTH McCONNELL.

You flatter me, Ruth, when you suggest that I am the owner of Kingsport and other Tennessee towns—even if you do say that you would rather

live in Injun Springs than in Lishville, Uncle-ton, or any such town with which you might credit me as owner. Ruth, although it may disappoint you—and I know it does me—I have to confess that I do not own a square foot of Sullivan County—not even a space large enough to furnish pasture for a Leghorn yearling critter. If I ever do buy a town I'll let you know, and then you can try living in it and see if it suits as well as Injun Springs.

I don't see why in the world you Tennessee girls have formed this Girls' Canning Club, Ruth. I think the nice, fresh garden variety of girl is far more tasty and better flavored than any preserved product—no matter how successfully the canning may be done and the seasoning put in. And, anyway, Cousin Jack Wilcox and Cousin Gus Trick have tried their best to "can" the girls and find it's hard to do. Just leave the Tennessee girls alone, Ruth, my dear. Let them ripen well and be picked fresh—or left to wither on the bush according to time, seasons and suitors. There is nothing worse than a girl who is "well-preserved."

MARSHALL, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am just a little dried-up—I mean a big fourteen-year-old, red-checked, healthy girl (but it isn't paint that makes the red cheeks). I live in a part of North Carolina where grapes, peaches, apples, cherries and all good eating are common things.

Now I don't want to be changing the subject so quick, but I want to ask Uncle Lisha and all of you if you like to go to parties? I do. I am going to give a lawn party next Friday evening and I am extending a cordial invitation to all of you who would like to be present.

Say! How many of you girls ever put on a pair of riding pants or overalls and go 'possum hunting with your brothers? I have several times, but it was in the night-time, of course. I can sympathize with you and Ted about your curls, for I wore my hair down in curls for a long time until everybody began calling me "Curis," and then my hair went up on my head and it stays there, too, unless I decide I want to see my curls again.

All right, Isabel, you think you can beat me making fudge, but you just send Uncle Lisha a box of yours and when he comes to my party on Friday evening I'll give him a box of mine—then he can award the prize to the one who has the best candy.

Uncle Lisha, did you like to go to school when you was a little girl—I mean a little boy? I have gone to a nine months school since I was six years old. I have been going to a high school for two or three years and will take the tenth grade next year. Most girls like boys best, but here's one who wouldn't give a cent a thousand for them. But Ted, I would like to have you here to teach me to ride a "wild western" pony. I can ride a horse well and I think you would find me an apt pupil.

If I don't stop I will have writer's cramp. I just must close by saying I will accept all letters I receive with a "kind word and a pleasant smile"—and I will promise to answer all I can.

If any of you wish to know who you are corresponding with, just clear out your brain cells and place in your mind the picture of a girl five feet tall, a medium fair complexion, a fluff of dark brown hair (sometimes curly), a pair of dark brown eyes, a small nose with a few little brown freckles spotted on it—and you have the picture.

I know I will have to come to a close as this is my last sheet of paper, so I will say,

Au revoir. GEORGIA HELEN RECTOR.

Georgia, I certainly will be at your party Friday night if I can arrange things so I can get away on the Owl Express on the Seaboard Line tomorrow evening. You need not meet me at the station; I'll have a local filver bring me up and drop me off at the first house where I smell chocolate fudge being cooked. I do like parties, especially when they are given by a hostess who, like you, has the proper ideas regarding "good eating." I am strong for good eats, Georgia, and to prove it I always eat good. So please see that they serve my strawberry ice cream with a soup ladle when you see me edging up to the table for the fourth time. I remember going to a New England lawn party where all they served was lemon ice cream and Uneda biscuit. And some of the guests were so famished they ate up all the paper lanterns and I found a candle end in my vest pocket when I got home. But I know this won't happen at your party, Georgia, and the fudge will be as delicious (I don't dare say more delicious) as the dry goods but I'll tell that Isabel sent me by freight from Michigan.

G. Helen, you offer a rather low bid for boys. Some of 'em aren't worth much, that's sure; but yet a cent a thousand will hardly buy damaged seconds, badly raveled and tobacco stained. Perhaps two or three years from now, if your cheeks stay just as red and your hair as curly, you may decide to raise your offer a little—say to a cent apiece. Or perhaps you won't have to pay that much. Yes, Georgia, I'm willing to bet my second best pair of suspenders (the pair with the safety-pin in the right shoulder) you will have all you want offered you for nothing—and F. O. B. Marshall, N. C., too.

## League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. J. M. Perkins, Deer Park, R. R. 2, Wash. This poor woman has three children, the oldest four years of age, and will soon have a fourth month to feed. She is unable to work because of a late operation. Clothing will help, but cash will help more. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless as a baby for the past twenty years, with a devoted and failing wife as the only aid. Asks that cheer and comfort be sent him for his birthday of August 4th. Moriah Ledwell, Lassiter, N. C. This is a woman of fifty, afflicted with fits, who is supported by a half-sister who is unable to give her complete care. Clothing or money will be helpful joys to this struggling household. Mrs. James A. Whipple, Jamestown, O. With a husband almost blind and unable to work, this mother has to fight to support herself and two children of nine and seven years and a baby of seven months. A well-recommended and most worthy case. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 33, Va. Bedridden for 37 years and dependent on the outside world for aid. This man's condition is pitiful in the extreme. Miss Emma Adolf, Sandusky, R. R. 4, Mich. Unable to walk because of a spinal injury, this shut-in asks for letters of sympathy and cheer to aid in passing lonely hours. Mrs. Martha Clark, Spring Hill, R. R. 1, Box 92, Tenn. A widow of 69 years who has been for ten years afflicted with rheumatism. She asks for money to aid in buying necessary medicine, and also for books or magazines to cheer her shut-in hours. Mrs. Hollie Honeycutt, Stanfield, R. R. 2, Box 141, N. C., care of Mrs. G. Travis Burris. An old lady of 79, blind and helpless. Asks any help, particularly money and clothing. An appeal like this should open all hearts.

The best of summers, the most bountiful of harvests, cannot bless those who are shut away from the sunlight and unable to work to earn their own bread. The help for these shadowed souls and broken bodies can only come from those free from the burdens of sickness and poverty. If any measure of happiness, of surcease from pain is to be granted the sufferers whose appeals appear for our League's consideration, it must come from a picture in mind of the conditions outlined—and then by glad and free giving of the much-needed help.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

## What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee When You Give Her This Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Carriage—All For Her Very Own!

Of course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful doll which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silver-colored buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a real doll carriage? You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

## For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and car-

## Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into a big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." and a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

## How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

## Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 25 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of William Clinton Ponder, last heard from in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif., 1918, please notify his sister, Rosa Ponder, Beach, Ga. Wanted: To find my brother and two sisters, Ely, Betty and Perline Smith, of Patrick Co., Virginia. Were parted when children. Please write me. Your sister, Mrs. Mattie Smith Kyker, Strawberry Plains, R. R. 3, Tenn.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Arthur Moore, who was in York County 40 years ago, kindly write Mrs. A. Burdick, 320 14th St., Portland, Oregon.

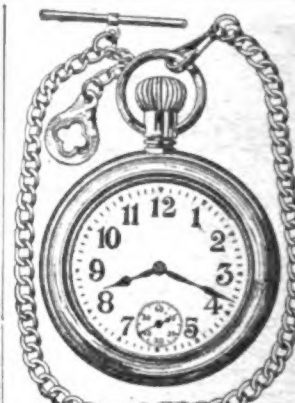
Will anyone knowing the address or any information about Smith Tompkins or any of his people kindly write to R. V. Smith, Tecumseh, Box 455, Okla.

Wanted: Information of my half-brother, Marion Annonjump; 68 years, December 18; white hair. On way to old Mexico 10 or 12 years ago. Would like to find him.

To Canada readers: Herman Hilger left Streator for Indiana in 1895. Never heard from him since. Twenty years ago he was living in Canada on a cattle ranch. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please notify his parents. Address, Mrs. William Hilger, Streator, 704 South Bloomington St., Ill.

If any reader knows the whereabouts of Marion Garrett or Frank Nichols, last heard of in Tyrola, Okla., kindly write to Maud Flinn, Hartman, Ark.

More is paid for a mutton chop in New York hotels than for a sheep in Colorado, according to reliable reports.—Dearborn Independent.



## Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to wear, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 19 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you a Teddy Bear free if you will accept the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

It makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you a Teddy Bear free if you will accept the following special offer:

## Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort



C.E. Brooks, Inventor

With every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No ties. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet free.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157 R STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

## "DON'T SHOUT"



one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

## The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. Free. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 166 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.





# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

*Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.*



## AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted to advertise our goods and distribute Free Samples to consumer, 90c per hour. Write for full particulars. American Products Co., 5330 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Bagdale, Drawer 8, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Bo-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Greatest Sensational Eleven-piece soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for \$1.75 with \$1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans all repeats. 100% profit. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 665, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35 Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—\$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—\$1.75 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 22-B, Chicago.

Agents—\$5 to \$15 Daily Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We Deliver and Collect. Experience unnecessary. Quality contains all colors and grades including silks. Mac-O-Che Mills Co., Desk 548, Cincinnati, O.

300% Profit—Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1448 W. Irving Park, Chicago.

Sell Mintmud For Tires And Tubes—Get 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing, saves 600%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made \$21 first day. Hart \$156 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agent! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales. Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 678 Broadway, New York.

If You Sell Hosiery, if you have sold hosiery, if you want to sell hosiery, write for our attractive proposition. Nomin Knitting Mills, 34 So. 17th St., Dept. C, Philada., Pa.

Ladies, Self-threading Needles save time and eyesight. Agents wanted. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

\$195 Earned by Schleicher in first twelve hours. Self-selling proposition establishes new money-making records. Automatic hot or cold running water bath equipment without plumbing or waterworks, only \$7.50. Exclusive territory. Investigate. Send no money. Terms Write today. Allen Mfg. Co., 686 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Free Samples Rolly's Washday Wonder—New Chemical Dirt Solvent—Harmless—No Rubbing \$100 weekly—enormous profits repeat orders. Rolly Co., D1, Hastings, Nebr.

## AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit worth \$2.50. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory Co., 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkers, boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Agents—Best seller; Jern Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supercedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amason Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 588.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your chance to make Big Money silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metalplating. Outfit free. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 5th Ave., New York.

We pay \$3 a day taking orders for Inside Tires. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B320, Cincinnati, Ohio.

House-to-House Distributors write Joy-Jel Company, Dept. J, Saint Joseph, Mo. Joy-Jel "jells" any fruit juice like magic. Sensation of the century.

Sales Agents. Men or women. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings New Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear and give satisfaction or replaced free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 123, Dayton, Ohio.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make \$15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogue free. Thirty days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H-8, Chicago, Ill.

Agents the Christensen Double Cone Mop Wringers rubs, scrubs, mops clean. Sold by H. K. Christensen Mfg. Co., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 925 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents wanted big profits territory free sample \$1.10 postage paid. Wendell Washer Company, Galesburg, Ill.

Tailoring Explosion! Competition knocked out! One price line, \$60.00 All-Wool suits at \$25.75, including a good profit for you. You get your profit the minute you take the order. Big Switch Line—80 different fabrics in handsome carrying case. Salesmen make \$100.00 a week. Can use a few more good men. Write fully, state experience. Park Tailoring Company, Dept. 340, Chicago.

## FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

## FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment, works on all sewing machines; easily adjusted. Price \$2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Send Name and address and a one dollar bill for my book exposing methods of brokers and others to get your savings on false stock schemes, chapter on mortgages valuable to those who have their homes mortgaged. E. C. Kornhoff, Garfield, N. J.

Hemstitching and picotting attachment; superior device; fits any sewing machine; attaches firmly, easily adjusted. Price \$3.00 delivered, with complete instructions and samples of work. Orders filled promptly. Superior Hemstitching Attachment Co., 509 Starr St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Twenty popular songs, all different, words, music complete, postpaid \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Longs Music Shop, San Bernardino, Calif.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting. Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Battern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$40 to \$75 a week. R. K. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

\$92 month. Women—girls. Government Clerical positions. List free. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-9, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Women. Learn Gown Designing. \$35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-61, Rochester, N. Y.

Women. Be Millinery Designers. Big Fall demand. \$35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-60, Rochester, N. Y.

Earnest, refined women wanted to introduce Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Easy, pleasant work. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Co., 404 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

## STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$600 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

## AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garage-men. Repairmen, send for free copy America's Popular Motor Magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest 925 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

## MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

## POULTRY

Baby Chickens; 8c up. 1,000,000 for 1922. 12 Best breeds. Purebred. Greatest layers. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Gurray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-K, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 15, willing to accept Government Positions, \$133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! \$110 to \$200 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted Men—Boys. \$35 week. Become Automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-410, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

## MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Opportunity. \$10 to \$50 starts you on 20, 40 or 80 acres near thriving city in Lower Michigan. Balance long time. Write for big Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

## FARMS FOR SALE

165-Acre Boulevard Farm with Furnished House, 5 Cattle, 3 Horses, poultry, tools, 13 acres growing crops, 9-room house, barn, garage, only \$3200, part cash. Page 13 Free Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassau St., New York City.

320 Acres Ranch, 60 head of cattle, 6 horses, implements, furniture in National Forest Reserve, \$12,000.00. E. H. Merce, Pagoda, Colo.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

## MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

\$30 A Week, Evening—1 made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. I trust you for \$3.00. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

## HELP WANTED

Men—Women wanted, \$95-\$195 month. Government jobs. Steady work. List positions free. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Keener Bldg., Chicago.

## SCENARIOS WANTED

Scenarios Wanted for immediate production by us. Submit in any form. Enclose postage. Battric Pictures, Candler Bldg., New York.

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

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Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

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## SALESMEN WANTED

Only One Policy A Day Means \$130 Per month profit; same on renewal. Policy pays \$5,000 Death; \$25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium \$19 yearly. Fail or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F34, Newark, N. J.

In Your County, If Open, Want man or woman to demonstrate the Sechrist Pressure Cooker and canner and sell on payments carried by Company. See articles showing Sechrist Cookers June Dellinatore, Page 70, July Good Housekeeping, Page 87. Max Norton of Oakland made \$510 last month; Mrs. Rohde, Ann Arbor, Mich., \$320. Cooks cheaper cuts of meat deliciously tender and cooks all food in one third time. Used by Government demonstrators and at all State Universities. Gives method of canning used by canning factories. Public demonstration and souvenir plan make work interesting. Write and see if your County is open. Give references. Albert Sechrist Mfg. Co., Dept. M, Denver, Colo.

## TYPEWRITERS

Typewriters. Save one-half. Thoroughly rebuilt in our factory by the famous "Young Process." Fully guaranteed. Free trial. We handle all standard makes. Cash or sold on easy terms. Write for catalog. Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 401, Chicago.

## Three Wheel Chairs in July

649 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three July wheel chairs go to Mrs. M. A. Hazel, R. F. D. 4, Warsaw, Mo.,



ALVERLINE LOGAN ENJOYING HER WHEEL CHAIR.

116; Mrs. Annie E. Wright, Anadarko, Okla. 98; Lillian Atchley, Delta, Colo. 54. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of sub-

scriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. M. A. Hazel, age 69, has suffered from rheumatism the past four years, and for more than a year has been helpless from the effects of the disease. She is a widow and lives mostly with her son who is also a cripple.

Mrs. Annie E. Wright, age 76, has been crippled the past six months due to a broken leg and dislocated hip which have not only disabled her but cause her great suffering. She is a widow living with and dependent on her son. Mrs. F. F. Davis and Miss Emma A. Robright, her two friends who procured the subscriptions for her, were desirous of obtaining the chair as soon as possible because, as they write me, "the weather is very warm for an invalid in bed."

Lillian Atchley, age 17, has suffered from rheumatism and Bright's disease since 1919, which have reduced her to the state of a chronic invalid unable to walk and almost helpless. The chair will in part relieve this unfortunate girl's suffering and be a great help to her mother, who obtained the subscriptions, in caring for her.

It is now vacation season for those fortunate enough to have the means and and leisure to spare for a holiday, and most people manage to get at least a few days off for a change of scene and recreation. But there is no vacation for the crippled shut-ins; so don't forget this month to do something to help our Wheel-Chair Club to make the sad lot of these unfortunates more endurable.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,  
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers, let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year sub-

scriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Well Satisfied with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair  
Reginald, La.

Dear Mr. Gannett: After so long a time I have had my picture taken and I am sending it to you in the hope that you will print it in COMFORT to show how I enjoy the wheel chair you were so kind to send me. I am well satisfied with it, and I thank you and all others for their kindness in helping me to get it. I am  
Yours truly,  
Alverline Logan.

Much Pleased with His COMFORT Wheel Chair  
Whitney, R. 2, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett: I am sending you a snap shot of Jack Simmons enjoying his wheel chair. The chair arrived in good condition and he is so pleased with it he says "It is the grandest chair in the world." He wishes me to thank you and all the good friends who helped to get it for him.  
Sincerely your friend,  
(Mrs.) Parrie Hullett.

## COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during

the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Mary Atchley, Colo., for Lillian Atchley, 86; Mrs. I. L. Smalley, Ala., for John Oliver Smalley, 41; Florida Pratt,



JACK SIMMONS ENJOYING HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

Mo., for Mrs. J. P. Kerr, 30; Miss Eula White, Miss., for Mrs. Kittie White, 32; Mrs. Mike Robb, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 98; Mrs. Herman Olson, N. D. for

Mrs. Ruth Williams, 16; Mrs. Conley Joyner, Ark., for own Wheel Chair, 16; Mrs. Fannie Quick, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 13; Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Kans., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 12; Robert Louis Dickerson, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 8; Mary Linn, Ark., for Conley Joyner, 6; Mary Nell Williams, Okla., for Mrs. Kittie White, 5; Mrs. E. M. Dervishian, Calif., for general, 5; Mrs. G. C. Huizinga, N. Dak., for Alice Mae Huizinga, 5; James Adair, Wyo., for Bertha Adair, 5; Rebecca Lodge, Mrs. F. F. Davis and Miss Emma Robright, Okla., for Mrs. Annie Wright, Okla., 58 subs and \$7.75; Mrs. W. F. Martin, Tenn., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 2 subs and \$1.00; Miss Irene Kochel, Mo., for Vertice Borders, \$3.00; Mable Graham, Mo., for general, \$1.00; Miss F. Parnell, for Neoma Derebery, \$1.00.

## Valuable Advice

"A cat sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now I don't want to have any bother with my neighbor, but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word.

"I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand."

"No, but the fence does."

"Ah!" exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence!"—London Ideas.

## Not Always that Way

Jones—"It's remarkable how soon a man is forgotten after he is dead." Jenkins—"I guess you didn't know my wife's first husband."—Portland Express





## New Set with Solid Comfort Morris Rocker

Only \$1.00 with the coupon below brings this positively sensational furniture bargain—Straus & Schram's newest offer—on 30 days trial. An entire roomful of furniture—6

splendid pieces, fumed solid oak—including a wonderfully luxurious and comfortable reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest and adjustable back—at a slashed price that is positively sensational when you consider the value, the usefulness and the supreme comfort of this set. A few months ago a set like this would have cost you \$40.00. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to offer you this complete set, 6 splendid pieces, at only \$29.80, and on easy payments of only \$2.70 a month—less than you can duplicate this set for elsewhere, even if you paid spot cash. Get this special price, special terms, and special comfort. Seize this opportunity on our special offer—we take all the risk.

## 30 Days Trial—Only \$2.70 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines which lend character to all the pieces. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest that only a Morris rocker will give, with foot-rest and adjustable back extended, affording every possible comfort of a couch. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter, more beautiful and more luxurious. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain, you alone to judge—return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

## Get this Offer—Send NOW!

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Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.

Don't delay. Just send \$1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

**Straus & Schram, Department C304**

**Chicago, Ill.**

## 6 Pieces Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstery is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service. Morris Rocker has the real comfort giving features of the Morris chair and couch, as well as the additional advantages of a rocker. The back is adjustable to 3 positions, affording great comfort and luxury. Foot rest can be extended or hidden entirely under seat. Seat measures 20 x 20 inches, width of back 27 inches, height of back from seat 23 inches. Arms 4 inches wide.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Library Table—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs, with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2-inch stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼ x 34 inches.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 inches, height 36 inches.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17¼ inches high, the top 12 x 12 inches. Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 230 pounds.

Order by No. B7049A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.70 a month, price \$29.80.

**Straus & Schram, Dept. C304 Chicago**

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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